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WALKS IN LONDON

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TO

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

PLEASANT WALKS IN A GREATER AND OLDER CITY

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE.

LONG ago, when I was a boy at a private tutor's near Edmonton, the only book in which I could find any interest or amusement in the scanty library of the house was Charles Knight's "London," and the pleasure derived from it led to my spending every sixpence I could save, and every holiday on which I could get leave, in seeing some of the places it described.

London is much changed since that time; but the solitary expeditions I then made through its historic sights, so inexpressibly delightful at the time, laid a foundation for the work of the last two years, of which these volumes are the result. They aim at nothing original, indeed any one who attempts a work of the kind must, to borrow the language of the author of "Eöthen," be "subjected to the immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering now and then some sentiment not his own, as though, like the French peasant under the old *régime*, he were bound to perform a certain amount of work on the public highways." But, when I was wishing to know something about London

myself, in spite of the multiplicity of works upon the subject, I felt the want of having things brought together in the order in which they occur, of one recollection being interlaced with another in a way which might help me to remember it, and this is what I have tried to do for others.

In these two volumes I believe that all the objects of interest in London are described consecutively, as they may be visited in excursions, taking Charing Cross as a centre. The first volume is chiefly devoted to the City, the second to the West End and Westminster.

I have followed the plan adopted in my books on Italy, of introducing quotations from other and better authors, where they apply to my subject; and, while endeavouring to make "Walks in London" something more interesting than a Guide-book, I have tried, especially in Westminster Abbey and the Picture Galleries, to give such details as may suggest new lines of inquiry to those who care to linger and investigate.

The Histories of London, and the Histories of especial points connected with London, are too numerous to mention. They are all to be found in the admirable Library at the Guildhall, which is the greatest advantage to a local antiquarian, and leaves little to be desired except a better Catalogue. Of the various works by which I have benefited in my own rambles through London, I should mention with marked gratitude the many volumes of Mr. John Timbs, especially his "Curiosities of London," enriched by "Sixty Years' Personal Recollections," and the admirable articles

on the old houses and churches of London which, for many years, have from time to time appeared in "The Builder."

Some of the chapters in "Walks in London" have been already published, in a condensed form, in "Good Words" for 1877. The illustrations, with two or three exceptions, are from my own sketches taken on the spot, and carefully transferred to wood by the skill of Mr. T. Sulman.

I shall gladly and gratefully receive any corrections of errors found in my work by those who follow in my footsteps.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOLMHURST, HASTINGS,
November, 1877.

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INTRODUCTORY.

"SIR, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." Such was the dictum of Dr. Johnson when he was seated with Boswell in the Mitre Tavern near Temple Bar, and how many thousands of people before and since have felt the same cat-like attachment as the old philosopher to the vast town of multitudinous life and ever-changing aspects? As Cowper says—

> "Where has Pleasure such a field,
> So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
> As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London."

Macaulay had the reputation of having walked through every street in London, but if we consider the ever-growing size of the town we cannot believe that anyone else will ever do so: for more people live in London already than in the whole of Denmark or Switzerland, more than twice as many as in Saxony or Norway, and nearly as many as in Scotland. And, if we trust to old prophecies, London has

still to be doubled in circumference, for Mother Shipton says that the day will come when Highgate Hill shall be in the middle of the town. Few indeed are the Londoners who see more than a small circuit around their homes, the main arteries of mercantile life, and some of the principal sights. It is very easy to live with eyes open, but it is more usual, and a great deal more fashionable, to live with eyes shut. Scarcely any man in what is usually called "society" has the slightest idea of what there is to be seen in his own great metropolis, because he never looks, or still more perhaps, because he never inquires, and the architectural and historical treasures of the City are almost as unknown to the West End as the buried cities of Bashan or the lost tombs of Etruria. Strangers also, especially foreigners, who come perhaps with the very object of seeing London, are inclined to judge it by its general aspects, and do not stay long enough to find out its more hidden resources. They never find out that the London of Brook Street and Grosvenor Street, still more the odious London of Tyburnia, Belgravia, and South Kensington, is as different to the London of our great-grandfathers as modernised Paris is to the oldest town in Brittany, and dwellers in the West End do not know that they might experience almost the refreshment and tonic of going abroad in the transition from straight streets and featureless houses to the crooked thoroughfares half-an-hour off, where every street has a reminiscence, and every turn is a picture. There is a passage in Heinrich Heine which says, "You may send a philosopher to London, but by no means a poet. The bare earnestness of everything, the colossal sameness, the machine-like movement, oppresses the imagination and

rends the heart in twain." But those who know London well will think that Heine must have stayed at an hotel in Wimpole Street, and that his researches can never have taken him much beyond Oxford Street and its surroundings; and that a poet might find plenty of inspiration, if he would do what is so easy, and break the ice of custom, and see London as it really is—in its strange varieties of society, in its lights and shadows of working life, in its endless old buildings which must ever have a hold on the inmost sympathies of those who look upon them, and who, while learning the story they tell of many generations, seem to realise that they are "in the presence of their fame and feel their influence."

An artist, after a time, will find London more interesting than any other place, for nowhere are there such atmospheric effects on fine days, and nowhere is the enormous power of blue more felt in the picture; while the soot, which puts all the stones into mourning, makes everything look old. The detractors of the charms of London always lay their strongest emphasis upon its fogs—

"More like a distillation of mud than anything else; the ghost of mud,—the spiritualised medium of departed mud, through which the dead citizens of London probably tread, in the Hades whither they are translated."—*Hawthorne. Note-books.*

But if the fogs are not too thick an artist will find an additional charm in them, and will remember with pleasure the beautiful effects upon the river, when only the grand features remain, and the ignominious details are blotted out; or when "the eternal mist around St. Paul's is turned to a glittering haze." In fact, if the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most picturesque—far

more so than Paris or Vienna; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels, or Madrid.

No town in Europe is better supplied with greenery than London: even in the City almost every street has its tree. And pity often is ill bestowed upon Londoners by dwellers in the country, for the fact is all the best attributes of the country are to be found in the town. The squares of the West End, with their high railings, and ill-kept gardens, are certainly ugly enough, but the parks are full of beauty, and there are walks in Kensington Gardens which in early spring present a maze of loveliness. Lately too, since window gardening has become the fashion, each house has its boxes of radiant flowers, enlivening the dusty stonework or smoke-blackened bricks, and seeming all the more cheerful from their contrast. Through the markets too all that is best in country produce flows into the town: the strawberries, the cherries, the vegetables, are always finer there than at the places where they are grown. Milton, who changed his house oftener than anyone else, and knew more parts of the metropolis intimately, thus apostrophizes it—

> "Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
> Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
> Too blest abode! no loveliness we see,
> In all the earth, but it abounds in thee."

There is a certain class of minds, and a large one, which stagnates in the country, and which finds the most luxurious stimulant in the ceaseless variety of London, where there is always so much to be seen and so much to be heard, and these make so much to be thought of.

"I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. . . . I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city."—*Charles Lamb to Wordsworth, Jan.* 30, 1801.

Many derivations are given for the name London. Some derive it from Lhwn-dinas, the "City in the Wood;" others from Llongdinas, the "City of Ships;" others from Llyndun, the "Hill Fortress by the Lake." Geoffrey of Monmouth says that Brute "builded this citie" about A.C. 1008. From the time at which it is reported to have been founded by Brute, says Brayley, "even fable itself is silent in regard to its history, until the century immediately preceding the Roman invasion." * Then King Lud is said to have encircled it with walls, and adorned it "with fayre buildings and towers." The remains found certainly prove the existence of a British city on the site before the Londinium, or Colonia Augusta, spoken of by Tacitus and

* Londiniana.

Ammianus Marcellinus, which must have been founded by the Roman expedition under Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43. Tacitus mentions that it was already the great "mart of trade and commerce" and the "chief residence of merchants," when the revolt of the Iceni occurred under Boadicea in A.D. 61, in which it was laid waste with fire and sword. It had however risen from its ashes in the time of Severus (A.D. 193—211), when Tacitus describes it as "illustrious for the vast number of merchants who resorted to it, for its extensive commerce, and for the abundance of every kind of commodity which it could supply." *

Stow says that the walls of London were built by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, "about the year of Christ 306," at any rate there is little doubt that they were erected in the fourth century. They were rather more than two miles in circumference, defended by towers, and marked at the principal points by the great gates, Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate. The best fragments of the old wall remaining are to be seen opposite Sion College, and in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate: there is also a fragment in St. Martin's Court on Ludgate Hill. Quantities of Roman antiquities, tessellated pavements, urns, vases, &c., have been found from time to time within this circuit, especially in digging the foundations of the Goldsmiths' Hall, and of the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street. For a long time these remains were carelessly kept or not kept at all, but latterly some of them have been collected in the admirable little museum under the Guildhall. Several Roman cemeteries have been discovered, one of them by

* Annali. Lib. xiv. c. 33.

Sir Christopher Wren when he was laying the foundation of the new St. Paul's. All the excavations show that modern London is at least fifteen feet higher than the London of the Romans, which has been buried by the same inexplicable process which entombed the Roman Forum, and covered many of its temples with earth up to the capitals of the columns.

Very little is known of London in Saxon times except that St. Paul's Cathedral was founded by Ethelbert, in 610, in the time of King Sebert. Bede, who mentions this, describes London as an "emporium of many nations who arrived thither by land and sea." London was the stronghold of the Danes, but was successfully besieged by Alfred, and Athelstan had a palace here. His successor Ethelred the Unready was driven out again by the Danes under Sweyn. On the death of Sweyn, Ethelred returned, and his son Edmund Ironside was the first monarch crowned in the capital. London grew greatly in importance under Edward the Confessor, who built the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, and it made a resistance to the Conqueror which was for some time effectual, though, on the submission of the clergy, he was presented with the keys of the City and crowned at the Confessor's tomb. He immediately tried to conciliate the citizens, by granting them the charter, which, written in the Saxon language, on a strip of vellum, is still preserved amongst the City archives.

"William the King greeteth William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you all to be law-worthy as ye were in King Edward's days. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you wrong. God preserve you."

The chief events in the after story of London, its insurrections, its pageants, its martyrdoms, its conspiracies, its pestilences, its Great Fire, its religious agitations, its political excitements, are all noticed in describing those parts of the town with which they are especially connected.

Fuller says that London "is the second city in Christendome for greatnesse, and the first for good government." Its chief officer under the Saxons was called the Portreeve. After the Conquest the French word Maire, from Major, was introduced. We first hear of a *Mayor* of London in the reign of Henry II. His necessary qualifications are, that he shall be free of one of the City Companies, have served as Sheriff, and be an Alderman at the time of his election.* The name of *Alderman* is derived from the title of a Saxon noble, *cald* meaning old, *ealder* elder. It is applied to the chief officer of a ward or guild and each Alderman of London takes his name from a ward. The *City Companies* or Merchant Guilds, though branches of the Corporation, have each a distinct government and peculiar liberties and immunities granted in special charters. Each Company has a Master and other officers, and separate *Halls* for their business or banquets. The oldest of the Companies is the Weavers, with a charter of 1164. Then come the Parish Clerks, instituted in 1232, and the Saddlers, in 1280. The Bakers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Grocers, Carpenters, and Fishmongers, all date from the fourteenth century. There are ninety-one Companies, but of these twelve are the most important, viz.—

* The Lord Mayor is elected on Michaelmas Day, but "Lord Mayor's Day" is November 9.

Mercers	Merchant Tailors
Grocers	Haberdashers
Drapers	Salters
Fishmongers	Ironmongers
Goldsmiths	Vintners
Skinners	Clothworkers.

In the second year of Elizabeth the pictorial map of Ralph Aggas was published, which shows how little in those days London had increased beyond its early boundaries. Outside Aldgate, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate, all was still complete country. "The Spital Fyeld" (Spitalfields) and "Finsburie Fyeld" were archery grounds: Moorfields was a marsh. St. Giles, Cripplegate, was the church of a little hamlet beyond the walls. Farther west a few houses in "Little Britanne" and Cock Lane clustered around the open space of "Schmyt Fyeld," black with the fires of recent martyrdoms. A slender thread of humble dwellings straggled along the road which led by Holbourne Bridge across the Fleet to St. Andrew's Church and Ely Place, but ceased altogether after "Holbourne Hill" till the road reached the desolate village and leper-hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. A wide expanse of open pasture-land, only broken by Drury House and the Convent Garden of Westminster, extended southwards from St. Giles's to the Strand, where the houses of the great nobles lined the passage of the sovereign from the City to the small royal city and great palace of Westminster. From Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane and the Haymarket were hedge-girt roads leading into a solitude, and there was scarcely any house westwards except the Hospital of St. James, recently turned into a palace.

After the time of Elizabeth, London began to grow

rapidly, though Elizabeth herself and her immediate successors, dreading the power of such multitudes in the neighbourhood of the Court, did all they could to check it. In July, 1580, all persons were prohibited from building houses within three miles of any of the City gates, and, in 1602, a proclamation was made for "restraining the increase of buildings," and the "voyding of inmates" in the cities of London and Westminster, and for three miles round. But in spite of this, in spite of the Plague which destroyed 68,596 people, and the Fire which destroyed 13,200 houses, the great city continued to grow. Latterly it has increased so rapidly westwards, that it is impossible to define the limits of the town. It has been travelling west more or less ever since the time of the Plantagenets;—from the City to the Strand, and to Canonbury and Clerkenwell; then, under the Stuart kings, to the more northern parts of the parish of St. Clement Danes and to Whitehall: then, under William III. and Anne, to Bloomsbury and Soho: under the early Georges, to the Portland and Portman estates, then to the Grosvenor estates, and lastly to South Kensington. By its later increase the town has enormously increased the wealth of nine peers, to whom the greater portion of the soil upon which it has been built belongs—*i.e.* the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, and Westminster; the Marquises of Exeter, Salisbury, Northampton, and the Marquis Camden; the Earl Craven and Lord Portman. No one can tell where the West End will be next year. It is always moving into the country and never arriving there. Generally Fashion "is only gentility moving away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it," but in this case it is also a perpetual flight before the smoke, which still always drives

westwards, so that when the atmosphere is thickest in Brompton, the sky is often blue and the air pure in Ratcliff Highway.

In all the changes of generations of men and manners in London, the truth of the proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," has been attested by the way in which the members of the same nationalities and those who have followed the same occupations have inhabited the same district. Thus, French live in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Soho, Italians in Hatton Garden, and Germans in the east of London. Thus, Lawyers live in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; Surgeons and Dentists in George Street and Burlington Street; Doctors in Harley Street; and retired Indians in Cavendish Square and Portman Square, with their adjoining streets, which have obtained the name of Little Bengal. Thus, too, you would go to look for Booksellers in Paternoster Row, Clockmakers in Clerkenwell, Butchers in Newgate and Smithfield, Furniture Dealers in Tottenham Court Road, Hatmakers in Southwark, Tanners and Leather-dressers in Bermondsey, Bird and Bird-cage sellers near the Seven Dials, Statuaries in the Euston Road, and Artists at the Boltons.

The poorest parts of London also have always been its eastern and north-eastern parishes, and the district about Soho and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. So much has been said and written of the appearance of poverty and crime which these streets present, that those who visit them will be surprised to find at least outward decency and a tolerably thriving population; though of course the words of Cowley are true—

"The monster London,
* * * * *
Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow
A solitude almost."

The great landmarks are the same in London now that they were in the time of the Plantagenets: the Tower is still the great fortress; London Bridge is still the great causeway for traffic across the river; St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are still the great churches; and Westminster Palace is only transferred from the sovereign to the legislature. The City still shows by its hills—Ludgate Hill, Cornhill, and Tower Hill—why it was chosen as the early capital. One feature however of old London is annihilated—all the smaller brooks or rivers which fed the Thames are buried and lost to view. The Eye Bourne, the Old Bourne, and the Wall Brook, though they still burrow beneath the town, seem to have left nothing but their names. Even the Fleet, of which there are so many unflattering descriptions in the poets of the last century, is entirely arched over, and it is difficult to believe that there can ever have been a time when Londoners saw ten or twelve ships at once sailing up to Holborn Bridge, or still more that they can have gone up as high as Baggnigge Wells Road, where the discovery of an anchor seems to testify to their presence. Where the aspect is entirely changed the former character of London sites is often pleasantly recorded for us in the names of the streets. "Hatton Garden," "Baldwin's Gardens," and "Whetstone Park" keep up a reminiscence of the rural nature of a now crowded district as late as the time of the Stuarts, though

with "Lincoln's Inn Fields," and "Great and Little Turnstile," they have a satirical effect as applied to the places which now belong to them. In the West End, Brook Street, Green Street, Farm Street, Hill Street, and Hay Hill, commemorate the time, two hundred years ago, when the Eye Bourne was a crystal rivulet running down-hill to Westminster through the green hay-fields of Miss Mary Davies.

Few would re-echo Malcolm's exclamation, "Thank God, old London was burnt," even if it were quite true, which it is not. The Fire destroyed the greater part of London, but gave so much work to the builders that the small portion unburnt remained comparatively untouched till the tide of fashion had flowed too far westwards to make any systematic rebuilding worth while. It is over the *City* of London, as the oldest part of the town, that its chief interest still hovers. Those who go there in search of its treasures will be stunned on week-days by the tourbillon of its movement, and the constant eddies at all the great crossings in the whirlpool of its business life, such as no other town in Europe can show. But this also has its charms, and no one has seen London properly who has not watched the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, threaded the labyrinth of the Bank, wondered at the intricate arrangements of the Post Office, attended a Charity Children's service at St. Paul's, beheld the Lord Mayor drive by in his coach; stood amid the wigged lawyers and whirling pigeons of the Guildhall; and struggled through Cheapside, Cornhill, and Great Tower Street with the full tide of a week-day.

But no one can see the City properly who does not walk in it, and no one can walk in it comfortably except on a

Sunday. On that day it is thoroughly enjoyable. The great chimneys have ceased smoking, the sky is blue, the trees look green, but that which is most remarkable is, the streets are empty. What becomes of all the people it is impossible to imagine; there are not only no carriages, there are scarcely any foot-passengers: one may saunter along the pavement with no chance of being jostled, and walk down the middle of the street without any fear of being run over. Then alone can the external features of the City be studied, and there is a great charm in the oddity of having it all to one's self, as well as in the quietude. Then we see how, even in the district which was devastated by the Fire, several important fragments escaped, and how the portion which was unburnt is filled with precious memorials of an earlier time. Scarcely less interesting also, and, though not always beautiful, of a character exceedingly unusual in England, are the numerous buildings erected immediately after the Fire in the reign of Charles II. The treasures which we have to look for are often very obscure —a sculptured gateway, a panelled room, a storm-beaten tower, or an incised stone—and in themselves might scarcely be worth a tour of inspection; but in a city where so many millions of inhabitants have lived and passed away, where so many great events of the world's history have occurred, there is scarcely one of these long-lived remnants which has not some strange story to tell in which it bears the character of the only existing witness. The surroundings, too, are generally picturesque, and only those who study them and dwell upon them can realise the interest of the desolate tombs in the City churches, the loveliness of the plane-trees in their fresh spring green rising amid the smoky

houses in those breathing spaces left by the Fire in the old City churchyards where the churches were never rebuilt, or the soft effects of aerial perspective from the wharfs of the Thames or amid the many-masted shipping in the still reaches of "the Pool," where the great White Tower of the Conqueror still frowns at the beautiful church built in honour of a poor ferry-woman,

One hundred and seven churches were destroyed in the Fire, and only twenty-two were preserved. Of these many have since been pulled down, and there are now only thirteen churches in existence which date before the time of Charles II. Those which were built immediately after the Fire, however, are scarcely less interesting, for though Wren had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never forgot that the greatest acquirement of architecture is the art of *interesting*, and the inexhaustible power of his imagination displayed in his parish churches is not less astonishing than his genius evinced at St. Paul's. He built fifty-three churches in London, mostly classic; in one or two, as St. Mary Aldermary and St. Alban, Wood Street, he has attempted Gothic, and in these he has failed. Almost all the exteriors depend for ornament upon their towers, which are seldom well seen individually on account of their confined positions, but which are admirable in combination. The best is undoubtedly that of Bow Church; then St. Magnus, St. Bride, St. Vedast, and St. Martin deserve attention. The saints to whom the old City churches are dedicated are generally the old English saints honoured before the Reformation, whose comparative popularity may be gathered from the number of buildings placed under the protection of each. Thus there were four churches dedi-

cated to St. Botolph, four to St. Benet, three to St. Leonard, three to St. Dunstan, and two to St. Giles, while St. Ethelburga, St. Etheldreda, St. Alban, St. Vedast, St. Swithin, St. Edmund, and St. Bridget, had each their single church. Twelve of the City churches have been wantonly destroyed in our own time, and, though perhaps not beautiful in themselves, the thinning of the forest of towers and steeples, which was such a characteristic of ancient London, is greatly to be deplored. The interiors of the churches derive their chief interest from their monuments, but they are also often rich in Renaissance carvings and ironwork. They almost always have high pews, in which those who wish to attend the service may share the feelings of the little girl who, when taken to church for the first time, complained that she had been shut up in a closet, and made to sit upon a shelf.

Interesting specimens of domestic architecture before the Fire are to be found in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and their surroundings. Crosby Hall and Sir Paul Pindar's House in the City; the Water Gate of York House; and Holland House in Kensington, are the most remarkable examples which come within the limits of our excursions.

When the new London arose after the Fire, the persistence of the citizens who jealously clung to their old landmarks caused the configuration of the former city to be observed, to the destruction of the grand designs of renovation proposed by Evelyn and Wren, but to the preservation of many old associations, and the rescuing of much historic interest from oblivion. The domestic buildings which were then erected are no less interesting than the churches,

including as they do many of the noble old Halls of the City Companies, and private houses built by Wren. With the landing of William III. the Dutch style of regular windows and flat-topped uniform brick fronts was introduced, which gradually deteriorated from the comfortable quaint houses of Anne's time with the carved wooden porches which may be seen in Queen Anne's Gate, to the hideous monotony of Wimpole Street and Baker Street. Under the brothers Adam and their followers there was a brief revival of good taste, and all their works are deserving of study—masterly alike in proportion and in delicacy of detail. In fact, though the buildings of the British Classical revival were often cold and formal, they were never bad.

Some people maintain that Art is dead in England, others that it lives and grows daily. Certainly street architecture appeared to be in a hopeless condition, featureless, colourless, almost formless, till a few years ago, but, since then, there has been an unexpected resurrection. Dorchester House is a noble example of the Florentine style, really grandiose and imposing, and the admirable work of Norman Shaw at Lowther Lodge seems to have given an impulse to brick and terra-cotta decoration, which has been capitally followed out in several new houses in Cheapside, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and South Audley Street, and which is the beginning of a school of architecture for the reign of Victoria, as distinctive as that of Inigo Jones and Wren was for the time of the Stuarts. The more English architects study the brick cities of Northern Italy and learn that the best results are brought about by the simplest means, and that the greatest charm of a street

is its irregularity, the more beautiful and picturesque will our London become.

Besides the glorious collection in its National Gallery, London possesses many magnificent pictures in the great houses of its nobles, though few of these are shown to the public with the liberality displayed in continental cities. In the West End, however, people are more worth seeing than pictures, and foreigners and Americans will find endless sources of amusement in Rotten Row—in the Exhibitions—and in a levée at St. James's.

"The Courts of two countries do not so differ from one another, as the Court and the City, in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside."—*Addison.*

"In the wonderful extent and variety of London, men of curious inquiry may see such modes of life as very few could ever imagine. . . . The intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

If a stranger wishes at once to gain the most vivid impression of the wealth, the variety, and the splendour of London, he should follow the economical course of "taking a penny boat"—embarking in a steamer—at Westminster Bridge, descend the Thames to London Bridge, and ascend the Monument. The descent of the river through London will give a more powerful idea of its constant movement of life than anything else can: the water covered with heavily laden barges and churned by crowded steamboats: the trains hissing across the iron railway bridges: the numerous bridges of stone with their concourse of traffic: the tall chimneys: the hundreds of church towers with the great

dome of St. Paul's dominating the whole: the magnificent embankment: the colossal Somerset House: the palaces on the shores jostled by buildings of such a different nature, weather-stained wooden sheds, huge warehouses from whose chasm-like windows great cranes are discharging merchandise, or raising it from the boats beneath: and each side artery giving a fresh glimpse into the bustle of a street.

Throughout its long career, London has owed its chief prosperity, as it probably owed its existence, to the Thames, no longer here the "fishful river" of the old records, but ever the great inlet and outlet of the life of London, "which easeth, adorneth, inricheth, feedeth, and fortifieth it."

> "As a wise king first settles fruitful peace
> In his own realms; and with their rich increase
> Seeks wars abroad, and then in triumph brings,
> The spoils of kingdoms and the crown of kings,
> So Thames to London."
>
> *Sir J. Denham.*

The Thames is still the greatest highway in London, formerly it was the only highway; for even the best streets were comparatively mere byeways, where the men rode upon horseback, and the ladies were carried in horse-litters. It is a proof of the constant use of the river even in the time of Charles II., that Pepys makes a point of mentioning in his Diary whenever he went to a place *by land*. The Watermen then used to keep time with their oars to songs, with the chorus—

> "Heave and how, rumbelow,"

like the gondoliers at Venice. Howell, writing in 1645, says that the river Thames has not her fellow "if regard be

had to those forests of masts that are perpetually upon her; the variety of smaller wooden bottoms playing up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick; which made divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight, take land and water together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster." It is a proof of the little need there was to provide for any except water traffic, that except London Bridge there was no bridge over the river in London until Westminster Bridge was built in the middle of the last century. *All* the existing bridges date from the present century. Hackney coaches were not invented till the seventeenth century, and these excited the utmost fury in the minds of the Watermen, who had hitherto had the monopoly of all means of public locomotion. Taylor, the Water Poet, who died in 1654, writes—

"After a mask or a play at the Court, even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them."

The first Hackney Coach stand, which existed till 1853, was established in front of St. Mary-le-Strand by Captain Baily in 1634, in which year also Strafford's Letters relate that "sometimes there are twenty of them together, which disperse up and down," and that "they and others are to be had everywhere as Watermen are to be had at the waterside." In the same year the Watermen complained vehemently to the king that the hackney coaches were "not confined to going north and south, but that their plying and carrying of people east and west, to and fro, in the streetes and places abutting upon the river doth utterly

ruinate your petitioners." In 1635 the hackney-coaches were limited. In June 1636 the coachmen petitioned to be made into a corporation, so that one hundred might have coaches and pay the king a hundred a year for the right. This number gradually increased, but has only been unlimited since 1833.

In their early existence hackney-coaches had not only the Watermen to contend with. Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham had brought back with them from Spain several Sedan chairs, and, though these at first excited the utmost contempt, people "loathing that men should be brought to as servile a condition as horses," their comparative safety on such rugged pavements as the streets were afflicted with in those days soon made them popular, and they continued to be the fashion for a century and a half. They were not, however, without their disadvantages. Swift describes the position of a London dandy in a shower—

> "Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
> While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
> And ever and anon with frightful din
> The leather sounds;—he trembles from within."

The discomforts of the streets, however, then made all means of locomotion unpleasant; thus Gay says—

> "Let others in the jolting coach confide,
> Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
> Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
> And trust their safety to another's feet:
> Still let me walk."

Not only are the pavements improved, and the streets lighted by gas, but we have now every facility of transport.

Cabs are unlimited, and Hansom-cabs, so named from their inventor. Omnibuses, only introduced from Paris in 1830, now run in every direction, and transport those who are not above using them, for immense distances and very small fares. More expensive, and more disagreeable, but still very convenient for those who are in a hurry, is the underground Metropolitan Railway, which makes a circle round London from Cannon Street (the "Mansion House") to Aldgate, with stations at all the principal points upon the way.

A pleasant way of learning one's London, as of seeing Rome, is to follow some consecutive guiding thread, such as the life of a particular person, and seeing what it shows us. The life of Milton, for example, would lead from his birthplace in Bread Street and his school at St. Paul's, to the sites of his houses in St. Bride's Churchyard, Holborn, Spring Gardens, Scotland Yard, Petty France, Bartholomew Close, and Jewin Street, and so by the place of his death in Bunhill Fields to his grave at St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

No one can consider the subject without regretting that no official care-taker is appointed for the historical memorials of London, without whose consent the house of Milton in Petty France could not have been swept away, and whose influence might be exerted to save at least the picturesque tower of the church which commemorates his baptism, with Dryden's inscription; who might have interposed to save the Tabard Inn, and have prevented the unnecessary destruction of St. Antholin's Tower: who, when a time-honoured burial-ground is turned into a recreation-ground, might suggest that, as in France, advantage

should be taken of all the sinuosities and irregularities which gave the place its picturesqueness, instead of levelling them, and overlaying them with yellow gravel and imitation rock-work, ruthlessly tearing up tombstones from the graves to which they belong, and planting paltry flowers and stunted evergreens in their place, as in the historic though now ruined burial-ground of St. Pancras. "Les Monuments sont les crampons qui unissent une génération à une autre; conservez ce qu'ont vu vos pères," is well said by Joubert in his "Pensées."

Dwellers in the West End never cease to regret the need of the street scavengers, who in even the smaller towns of France and Germany would be employed daily to gather up and carry away the endless litter of orange-peel and paper which is allowed to lie neglected for months, hopelessly vulgarising the grass and flowers of London parks and squares,—a small but contemptible disgrace to our city, which is much commented upon by foreigners.

Another point which greatly requires a competent and well-informed supervision is the nomenclature of the streets. Almost all the older blocks of houses have possessed an inmate or seen an event they might commemorate, and new streets are usually built on land connected with something which might give them a name; so that it is simply contemptible that there should be 95 streets in London called King; 99 Queen; 78 Princes; 109 George; 119 John; 91 Charles; 87 James; 58 Thomas; 47 Henry; 54 Alfred; 88 William; 57 Elizabeth; 151 Church; 69 Chapel; 129 Union; 166 New; 90 North and South; 50 East and West; 127 York; 87 Gloucester; 56 Cambridge; 76 Brunswick; 70 Devonshire; 60 Norfolk; 50 Richmond, &c.

The Artist in London will find much less difficulty than he anticipates in sketching in the streets, as people are generally too busy to stop to look at him. But, if accustomed to the facilities and liberality met with in Continental cities, he will be quite wearied out with the petty obstacles thrown in his way by every one who can make an obstacle to throw. From the Benchers of the Temple to the humblest churchwarden, each official demands to the utmost, orders signed and countersigned, so that no jot of the little meed of homage to their individual self-importance can by any possibility be overlooked.

There are many who, amid the fatigues of society, might find the utmost refreshment of mind and body in mornings spent amid the tombs at Westminster; the pictures of the City Companies, the Learned Societies or the great houses of the West End; but most of all in rambles through the ancient bye-ways of the City. There are many more, especially young men, for whom time in London hangs very heavy, and to whom the perpetual lounge in the Park must end by becoming wearisome and monotonous; and for these a new mine of interest and pleasure is only waiting to be worked. If they will take even the Walks indicated in these volumes, they can scarcely fail to end them by agreeing with Dr. Johnson that "he who is tired of London is tired of existence." To them especially the author would say, in the words of Shakspeare—

> I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials, and the things of fame,
> That do renown this city."

CHAPTER I.

THE STRAND.

DR. JOHNSON said, "I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross." It is the first point which meets the eyes of the traveller on arriving from the Continent, and it may well be taken as a centre in an explanation of London.

In 1266 a village on this site was spoken of as Cherringe, where William of Radnor, Bishop of Landaff, asked permission of Henry III. to take up his abode in a hermitage during his visits to London. This earlier mention of the name unfortunately renders it impossible to derive it, as has been often done, from *La Chère Reine*, Eleanor, wife of Edward I., "mulier pia, modesta, misericors, Anglicorum omnium amatrix," to whom her husband erected here the last of the nine crosses which marked the resting-places of the beloved corpse in 1291 on its way from Lincoln to Westminster. More probably the name is derived from the Saxon word Charan, to turn, both the road and river making a bend here. The other crosses in memory of Eleanor were at Lincoln, Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Cheap; and

of these only those of Northampton and Waltham remain. That of Charing was the most magnificent of all: it was designed by Richard and Roger de Coverdale, with figures by Alexander of Abingdon. The modern cross erected in front of Charing Cross Railway Station is intended as a reproduction of it. The old cross was pulled down in 1647 by the Puritans, amid great lamentations from the opposite party.

> "Methinks the common-council should
> Of it have taken pity,
> 'Cause good old Cross, it always stood
> So firmly to the City.
> Since crosses you so much disdain,
> Faith, if I were as you,
> For fear the king should rule again,
> I'd pull down Tyburn too."
>
> *The Downefall of Charing Cross.*

The site of the cross was the spot chosen in 1660 for the execution of the Regicides. Hither (October 13) Major-General Thomas Harrison was brought to the gallows in a sledge, "with a sweet smiling countenance," saying that he was going to suffer for "the most glorious cause that ever was in the world." "As he was about to die," having his face towards the Banqueting House at Whitehall, "one, in derision, called to him, and said, 'Where is your good old cause?' He, with a cheerful smile, clapt his hand on his breast, and said, 'Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood.'" Three days after, Hugh Peters, who had preached against Charles I. at St. Margaret's as "the great Barabbas at Windsor," with Cook the republican counsel, suffered on the same spot, and afterwards eight other of the regicides. Here, where his murderers had

perished, the *Statue of Charles I.*,* the noblest statue in London, was set up in 1674. The figure of the king is what it professes to be—*royal*, and gains by being attired, not in the conventional Roman costume, but in a dress such as he wore, and by being seated on a saddle such as he used. It is the work of *Hubert Le Sueur*, and was originally ordered by the Lord Treasurer Weston for his

At Charing Cross.

gardens at Roehampton. Walpole narrates that it was sold by the Parliament to one John Rivet, a brazier, living at the Dial near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it to pieces. Instead of doing this he concealed it in the vaults under the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and making some brass handles for knives, and producing them as fragments of the statue, realised a large sum

* Only the names of still existing (1877) monuments and buildings are printed in italics.

by their sale, as well to royalists who bought them from love of the king, as to rebels who saw in them a mark of their triumph. At the Restoration the statue was mounted upon its present beautiful pedestal, which is the work of *Joshua Marshall*, Master Mason to the Crown, and which, till recently, was always wreathed with oak on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration. The metal round the fore-foot of the horse bears the inscription HVBER(T) LE SVEVR (FE)CIT. 1633. On the erection of the statue, Waller wrote the lines—

> "That the first Charles does here in triumph ride;
> See his son reign, where he a martyr died;
> And people pay that reverence, as they pass
> (Which then he wanted!), to the sacred brass;
> Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
> To which we owe the statue and the stone.
> But heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
> That mortalls may eternally be taught,
> Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
> And kings, so killed, rise conquerors again.
> This truth the royal image does proclaim,
> Loud as the trumpet of surviving fame."

Close beside the statue was the pillory where Edmund Curll the bookseller, "embalmed in the bitter herbs of the Dunciad,"* was punished. We may also give a thought to the brave old Balmerino as asking here from his guards the indulgence of being allowed to stop to buy "honey-blobs," as the Scotch call gooseberries, on his last journey to the Tower after his condemnation.†

Harry Vane the Younger lived at Charing Cross, next door to Northumberland House. Isaac Barrow, the mathe-

* Alibone, "Dictionary of English and American Authors."
† Walpole to Montague, August 2, 1746.

matician and divine, called by Charles II. "an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every subject," died here over a saddler's shop (1677) in his forty-seventh year. In Hartshorn Lane, close by, lived the mother of Ben Jonson, and hence she sent her boy "to a private school in the Church of St. Martin in the Fields."*

"Though I cannot with all my industrious inquiry find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from long-coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

The Swan at Charing Cross was the scene of Ben Jonson's droll extempore grace before James I., for which the king gave him a hundred pounds. The fact that proclamations were formerly made at Charing Cross, giving rise to the allusion in Swift—

"Where all that passes inter nos
May be proclaimed at Charing Cross,"

has passed into a byword.

The most interesting approach to the City of London is by that which leads to it from Charing Cross—the great highway of the Strand, "down which the tide of labour flows daily to the City,"† and where Charles Lamb says that he "often shed tears for fulness of joy at such multitude of life." To us, when we think of it, the Strand is only a vast thoroughfare crowded with traffic, and the place whither we go to find Exeter Hall, or the Adelphi or Gaiety theatres,

* Sir Thomas Pope Blunt's "Censura Authorum."
† Blanchard Jerrold.

as our taste may guide us. But the name which the street still bears will remind us of its position, following the *strand*, the shore, of the Thames. This was the first cause of its popularity, and of its becoming for three hundred years what the Corso is to Rome, and the Via Nuova to Genoa, a street of palaces. The rise of these palaces was very gradual. As late as the reign of Edward II. (1315) a petition was presented complaining that the road from Temple Bar to Westminster was so infamously bad that it was ruinous to the feet both of men and horses, and moreover that it was overgrown with thickets and bushes. In the time of Edward III. the rapid watercourses which crossed that road and fell into the Thames were traversed by bridges, of which there were three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar. Of two of these bridges the names are still preserved to us in the names of two existing streets—Ivy Bridge Lane and Strand Bridge Lane; the third bridge has itself been seen by many living persons. It was discovered in 1802, buried deep beneath the soil near St. Clement's Church, and was laid bare during the formation of some new sewers. In the reign of Henry VIII. "the road of the Strand was still described as full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." But the Strand was the highway from the royal palace at Westminster to the royal palace on the Fleet, and so became popular with the aristocracy. Gradually great houses had sprung up along its course, the earliest being Essex House, Durham House, and the Palace of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards called York House; though even in Elizabeth's time the succession was rather one of country palaces than of town residences, for all the great houses looked into fields upon the north,

and on the south had large and pleasant gardens sloping towards the river.

Till the Great Fire drove the impulse of building westwards and the open ground of Drury Lane and its neighbourhood was built upon, the Strand was scarcely a street in its present sense; but it was already crowded as a thoroughfare. Even in 1628 George Wither, the Puritan Poet, in his "Britain's Remembrancer," speaks of—

> "The Strand, that goodly throw-fare betweene
> The Court and City: and where I have seene
> Well-nigh a million passing in one day."

It was in the Strand that (May 29, 1660) Evelyn "stood and beheld and blessed God" for the triumphal entry of Charles II.

As the houses closed in two hundred years ago and the Strand became a regular street, it was enlivened by every house and shop having its own sign, which long took the place of the numbers now attached to them. Chaucer and Shakspeare when in London would have been directed to at the sign of the Dog, or the Golden Unicorn, or the Three Crowns, or whatever the emblem of the house might be at which they were residing. The signs were all swept away in the reign of George III., both because they had then acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, and because on a windy day they were blown to and fro with horrible creaking and groaning, and were often torn off and thrown down, killing the foot-passengers in their fall. Many old London signs are preserved in the City Museum of the Guildhall, and are very curious. The persons who lived in the houses so distinguished were frequently sur-

named from their signs. Thus the famous Thomas à Becket was in his youth called "Thomas of the Snipe," from the emblem of the house where he was born.

One only of the great Strand palaces has survived entire to our own time. We have all of us seen and mourned over Northumberland House, one of the noblest Jacobean buildings in England, and the most picturesque feature of London. The original design was by Jansen, but it was altered by Inigo Jones, and from the plans of the latter the house was begun (in 1603) by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who was ridiculed for building so large a residence in the then country village of Charing. He bequeathed it to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk, who was the builder of Audley End, and who finished the garden side of the house. It was then called Suffolk House, but changed its name (in 1642) when Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. On his death it passed to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was twice a widow and three times a wife before she was seventeen. Her third husband was Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, who was one of the chief figures in the pageants and politics of six reigns, having supported the chief mourner at the funeral of Charles II., and carried the orb at the coronation of George II. It was this Duke who never allowed his daughters to sit down in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, in his eighty-seventh year at Northumberland House, and who omitted one of his daughters in his will because he caught her involuntarily napping by his bedside. In his last years his punctiliousness so little decreased that when

his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulder, he turned round upon her with, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty." It was a son of this proud Duke who was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his only daughter, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. Added to, and altered at different periods, the greater part of the house, though charming as a residence, was architecturally unimportant. But when it was partially rebuilt, the original features of the Strand front had always been preserved—and as we saw its beautiful gateway, so with the exception of a few additional ornaments, Inigo Jones designed it. The balustrade was originally formed by an inscription in capital letters, as at Audley End and Temple Newsam, and it is recorded that the fall of one of these letters killed a spectator as the funeral of Anne of Denmark was passing. High above the porch stood for a hundred and twenty-five years a leaden lion, the crest of the Percies (now removed to Syon House); and it was a favourite question, which few could answer right, which way the familiar animal's tail pointed. Of all the barbarous and ridiculous injuries by which London has been wantonly mutilated within the last few years, the destruction of Northumberland House has been the greatest. The removal of some ugly houses on the west, and the sacrifice of a corner of the garden, might have given a better turn to the street now called Northumberland Avenue, and have saved the finest great historical house in London, "commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, and completed by a Seymour"—the house in which the restoration of the

monarchy was successfully planned in 1660 in the secret conferences of General Monk.

It is just beyond the now melancholy site of Northumberland House that we enter upon what is still called "the Strand." If we could linger, as we might in the early morning, when there would be no great traffic to hinder us, we should see that, even now, the great street is far from unpicturesque. Its houses, projecting, receding, still ornamented here and there with bow-windows, sometimes with a little sculpture or pargetting work, present a very broken outline to the sky; and, at the end, in the blue haze which is so beautiful on a fine day in London, rises the Flemish-looking steeple of St. Mary le Strand with the light streaming through its open pillars.

The Strand palaces are gone now. In Italian cities, which love their reminiscences and guard them, their sites would be marked by inscribed tablets let into the later houses. This is not the way with Englishmen; yet, even in England, they have their own commemoration, and in the Strand the old houses and the old residents have their record in the names of the adjoining streets on either side the way. Gay, calling upon his friend Fortescue to walk west with him from Temple Bar, thus alludes to them:—

"Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray.
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watchhouse stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers's,—now no more."

Charing Cross Railway Station, in front of which a copy of the ancient Cross of Queen Eleanor has been recently erected by *E. Barry*, occupies the site of the mansion of Sir Edward Hungerford (created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II.), which was burnt in April, 1669. On the ground thus accidentally cleared Hungerford Market was erected, which was decorated with a bust of Sir Edward Hungerford "the Spendthrift," who died in 1711, and was represented here in the wig for which he gave 500 guineas. The Hungerford Suspension Bridge which here crossed the Thames now spans the tremendous chasm beneath St. Vincent's Rocks at Clifton.

We must turn to the right, immediately beyond the station, to visit the remnants of the famous palace known as York House. The Archbishops of York had been without any town house after York Place, now Whitehall, was taken away from them by Wolsey, and this site, previously occupied by the Inn of the Bishops of Norwich, was given to them by Mary. The Archbishops, however, scarcely ever lived here. They let it to the Lords Keepers of the Great Seal, and thus it was that Sir Nicholas Bacon came to reside at York House, and that his son, the great Lord Bacon, was born here in 1560. He in his turn lived here as Chancellor, and was greatly attached to the place; for when the Duke

of Lennox wished him to sell his interest in it, he answered, "For this you will pardon me, York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed, and there I will yield my last breath, please God and the king."

"Lord Bacon being in Yorke house garden, looking on fishers, as they were throwing their nett, asked them what they would take for their draught; they answered *so much*: his lordship would offer them no more but *so much*. They drew up their nett, and it were only 2 or 3 little fishes. His lordship then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught; *but*, said his lordship, '*Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.*' "—*Aubrey's Lives.*

Steenie, James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, obtained York Place by exchange, and formed plans for sumptuously rebuilding it, but only the Watergate was completely carried out to show how great were his intentions.

"There was a costly magnificence in the fêtes at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware; they eclipsed the splendours of the French Court; for Bassompierre, in one of his despatches, declares that he never witnessed similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time."—*D'Israeli. Curiosities of Literature.*

The Parliament gave the house to their General, Fairfax, but when his daughter married George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, it brought the property back into that family. Cromwell was exceedingly angry at this marriage. The Duke was permitted to reside at York House with his wife, but on his venturing to go without leave to Cobham to visit his sister, he was

arrested and sent to the Tower, where he remained till the Protector's death. It was this Duke—

> "Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."
>
> *Pope.*

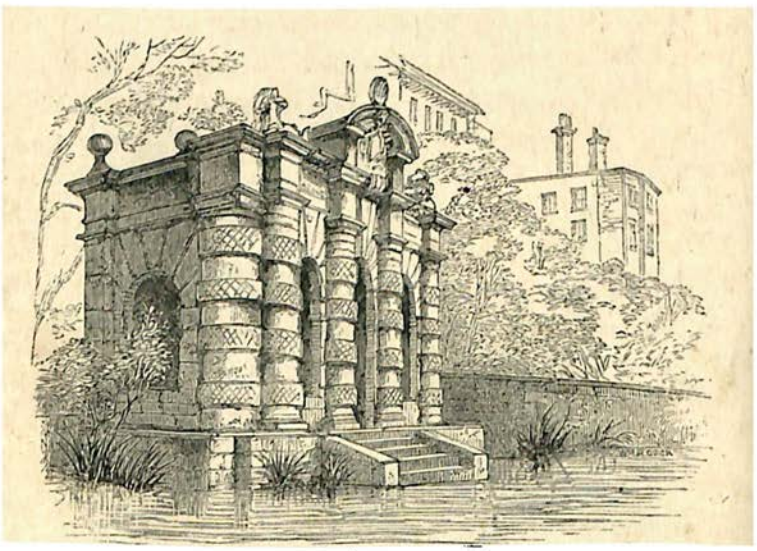
He sold York House and its gardens for building purposes, at the same time buying property in Dowgate, but insisted as a condition of purchase that he should be commemorated in the names of the streets erected on his former property, and this quaint memorial of him still remains in the names of George Street, Villiers Street, with Duke Street and Buckingham Street, formerly connected by Of Lane—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. This nomenclature was much laughed at at the time, and gave rise to the satire called "The Litany of the Duke of Buckingham," containing the lines—

> "From damning whatever we don't understand,
> From purchasing at Dowgate, and selling in the Strand,
> Calling streets by our name when we have sold the land,
> Libera nos Domine!"

Villiers Street, where John Evelyn tells us that he lived 1583-4, "having many important causes to despatch, and for the education of my daughters," leads by the side of Charing Cross Railway Station to the pretty gardens on the Thames Embankment, where we may visit the principal remnant of York House—and a grand one it is—the stately *Watergate*, built for Duke Steenie, and perhaps the most perfect piece of building which does honour to the name of Inigo Jones.* On the side towards the river are the

* See Ralph's "Critical Review of Public Buildings."

Duke's arms, and on the side towards Buckingham Street the Villiers motto, "Fidei coticula Crux"—"The Cross is the Touchstone of Faith." The steps, known as York Stairs, and the bases of its columns, have been buried since the river has been driven back by the Embankment, and the "Watergate" has now lost its meaning; but since it is undoubtedly one of the best architectural monuments



The Watergate of York House.

in London, perfect alike in its proportions and its details, it is a great pity that a large fountain or tank is not made in front of it, so that its steps might still descend upon water. At present it only serves curiously to mark the height to which the Embankment has been raised. In ancient days the river was fordable at low-water opposite York Stairs.

Immediately behind the gate is, at the end of Buckingham Street on the left, the only remaining portion of the house of the Duke of Buckingham. It is now used for the Charity Organization Society, but retains its old ceilings, decorated with roses and apples magnificently raised in stucco of extraordinary bold design; and, in the centre, pictures, perhaps by Verrio, of Spring and Summer. Peter the Great lived in the upper part of this house when he was in England, and used to spend his evenings here with Lord Caermarthen, drinking hot brandy with pepper in it; and here also Dickens, who lived here for some time himself, makes his David Copperfield reside in "a singularly desirable, compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman." The house on the other side the way, upon which the windows of this old house looked out, was occupied by Samuel Pepys. York House itself contained a fine picture gallery in the time of Charles I., and the Cain and Abel of John of Bologna was amongst the decorations of its garden.

Beyond the gardens of York House, on the same side of the Strand, the houses of the great nobles once ranged along the Thames bank, as the Venetian palaces do along the Grand Canal. First came Durham House, with great round towers, battlemented like a castle towards the river. The Earls of Leicester had a palace here, at the water-gate of which Simon de Montfort hospitably received his enemy, Henry III., when he was driven on shore by a tempest to which his boat was unequal. The Bishop of Durham first possessed it under Bishop Beck, in the time of Edward I., but it was rebuilt by Bishop Hatfield in 1345. Edward VI. gave it to his sister Elizabeth. Afterwards it was inhabited

by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and here, says Holinshed, were celebrated in May, 1553, three marriages —that of Lord Guildford Dudley, fourth son of Northumberland, with Lady Jane Grey; that of her sister Katherine with Lord Pembroke; and that of Katherine Dudley, youngest daughter of Northumberland, with Lord Hastings. Lady Jane's marriage was intended as a prelude to placing her on the throne, and from hence she set forth upon her unhappy progress to the Tower to be received as Queen. Elizabeth afterwards granted the house to Sir Walter Raleigh.

"I well remember his study, which was on a little turret, that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect, which is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eie-sight, but cheers the spirits, and (to speake my mind) I believe enlarges an ingeniose man's thoughts."—*Aubrey's Lives.*

But, on the death of Elizabeth, the Bishops of Durham reasserted their claims to their palace, and Raleigh was turned out. On part of the site of Durham House was built, in 1608, the New Exchange, called "the Bursse of Britain" by James I. It was here that the wife of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, sold gloves and washballs, at the sign of "The Three Spanish Gypsies," when married to her first husband, Thomas Radford the farrier; and here that "La Belle Jennings," the heroic widow of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, ruined by the fall of James II., sate working in a white mask and was known as "the White Milliner," under which name she appears in a drama by Douglas Jerrold.

Part of the site of Durham House and its gardens is now occupied by *Adelphi Terrace*, approached by streets with

names which commemorate each of its founders, the four enterprising brothers, John, Robert, James, and William Adam (1768); while the name Adelphi, from the Greek word ἀδελφοί (brothers), commemorates them collectively. David Garrick, whose "death eclipsed the gaiety of nations,"* expired (1779) in the centre house of the Terrace, which has a ceiling by Antonio Zucchi, and hence he was borne with the utmost pomp, followed by most of the noble coaches in London, to Westminster Abbey. The witty Topham Beauclerk also died in the Terrace, and Boswell narrates how he "stopped a little while by the railings, looking on the Thames," and mourned with Johnson over the two friends they had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind them. In John Street, Adelphi, poor King Kamehameha II., of the Sandwich Islands, and his Queen both died of the measles, July, 1824. Here is the Hall of the *Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.*

Free admission is granted to visitors every day between 10 and 4, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The *Committee Room* contains the six great pictures of James Barry (1741—1806) which were intended to illustrate the maxim that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral. The artist was employed upon them for seven years. They represent—

1. *Orpheus*, as the founder of Grecian theology, instructing the savage natives of a savage country.

2. *A Grecian Harvest Home*, as pourtraying a state of happiness and simplicity.

* Dr. Johnson.

3. *Crowning the Victors at Olympia.* The finest portion of this immense picture represents the sons of Diagoras of Rhodes carrying their father in triumph round the stadium. He is said to have died of joy on beholding his three sons victors on the same day.

4. *Commerce, or the Triumph of the Thames.* The figures of Drake, Raleigh, Sebastian Cabot, and Captain Cook are absurdly introduced as Tritons!

5. *The Distribution of Rewards by the Society of Arts.* This picture is interesting as containing a number of contemporary portraits—Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Mrs. Montagu, the Duchesses of Devonshire, Rutland, Northumberland, &c.

6. *Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution*, being an apotheosis of those whom the artist considered to be the chief cultivators and benefactors of mankind.

"Whatever the hand may have done, the mind (in these pictures) has done its part; there is a grasp of mind here which you will find nowhere else."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"The audacious honesty of this eminent man conspired against his success in art; he talked and wrote down the impressions of his pencil. The history of his life is the tale of splendid works contemplated and seldom begun, of theories of art, exhibiting the confidence of genius and learning, and of a constant warfare waged against a coterie of connoisseurs, artists, and antiquarians, who ruled the realm of taste."—*Allan Cunningham.*

In the *Anteroom* is a good portrait, by *R. Cosway*, of William Shipley, brother of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, by whom the Society was founded in 1754.

Returning to the Strand, we may notice that at *Coutts's Bank* (between Buckingham Street and Durham Street) the royal family have banked since the reign of Queen Anne.

On the right of the Strand is *Ivy Bridge Lane*, where, says Pennant, "the Earl of Rutland had a house in which several of that noble family breathed their last." It was in a house opposite the entrance of this lane that "that olde, olde man," Thomas Parr, died, having done penance in Alderbury Church for being the father of an illegitimate

child when he was above an hundred years old. Salisbury Street and Cecil Street now commemorate Salisbury House, the town residence of Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer in the time of James I. No trace of it is left except in the names.

The district to the north of the Strand, where the palaces we have been describing looked into the open country, belonged to the Dukes of Bedford, and is known as *Bedfordbury*. *Brydges Street* and *Chandos Street* here commemorate the marriage of the 4th Earl of Bedford with Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of Giles Brydges, 3rd Lord Chandos, whose mansion once occupied their site. The title of the 5th Earl, created Marquis of Tavistock at the Restoration, remains in *Tavistock Street*. His eldest son, the famous William, Lord Russell, married Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, whence *Southampton Street*. Here the "Bedford Head" was situated, where Paul Whitehead gave his supper parties, and which is celebrated in the lines of Pope—

> "When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
> Except on pea-chicks—at the Bedford Head."

Southampton Street—where phosphorus was first manufactured in England—leads into *Covent Garden*, a space which, as early as 1222, under the name of Frère Pye Garden, was the convent garden of Westminster, and which through all the changes of time and place has ever remained sacred to the fruits and flowers of its early existence, so that, though they are no longer growing, it has never lost its old name of "garden." At the Dissolution Edward VI. granted the garden to his uncle the Protector Somerset, but, reverting

to the crown on his attainder, it was afterwards granted, with the seven acres called Long Acre, to John, Earl of Bedford, who built his town-house on the site now occupied by Southampton Street. It was not till 1621 that the houses around the square were built from designs of Inigo Jones, but then, and long afterwards, the market continued to be held under the shade of what Stow calls "a grotto of trees," hanging over the wall of the grounds of Bedford House (now commemorated in Bedford Street), which bounded Covent Garden on the south. Many allusions in the works of the poets of Charles II.'s time show that this, which Sydney Smith calls "the amorous and herbivorous parish of Covent Garden," was then one of the most fashionable quarters of London—in fact, that it was the Belgrave Square of the Stuarts, and it will always be classic ground from its association with the authors and wits of the last century. When Bedford House was pulled down in 1704, the market gradually, by the increasing traffic, became pushed into the middle of the area, and finally has usurped the whole, though a print by Sutton Nichols shows that as late as 1810 it only consisted of a few sheds.

The north and east sides of the market are still occupied by the arcade, first called "the Portico Walk," but which has long borne the quaint name of *Piazza*, an open corridor like those which line the streets of Italian towns. It is common-place enough now with ugly plastered columns, but when originally built by Inigo Jones, was highly picturesque, with its carved grey stone pillars relieved upon a red brick front. There is an odd evidence of the popularity of the piazza in the time of Charles II., James II., and William III., in the fact that "piazza" was

chosen as the favourite name for the foundling children of the parish. The registers abound in such names as Peter Piazza, Mary Piazza, and Paul Piazza. It was the custom in those days to lay all foundling children at the doors of the unfortunate Bishop of Durham, and leave them there. In the last century the square was used for the football matches, which are described by Gay:—

> "Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
> That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
> Columns with plain magnificence appear,
> And graceful porches lead along the square;
> Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far
> I spy the furies of the football war;
> The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
> Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
> O whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
> The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
> The dexterous glazier strong returns the bound,
> And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound."

Attention was much drawn to Covent Garden in 1799, by the murder of Miss Reay, who was shot in the Piazza by Mr. Hackman, a clergyman (from jealousy of Lord Sandwich), as she was coming from Covent Garden Theatre. In the *Old Hummums* Tavern died Parson Ford, whose ghost-story, of his twofold appearance in the cellar of that house, is told in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

It was in Covent Garden that the famous "Beefsteak Club" was founded in the reign of Queen Anne, and meeting every Saturday in "a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, would never suffer any dish except Beef Steaks to appear."* The Club was composed "of the chief wits and illustrious men of the nation;" the badge worn by the

* The *Connoisseur*, No. XXIX.

members being a golden gridiron suspended round the neck by a green riband.* The Club was burnt in 1808, and Handel's organ and the manuscript of Sheridan's Comedies were destroyed in the fire. Amongst those who lived in the square were Sir P. Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

When St. Martin-in-the-Felds became too small for its parishioners, Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, to whom all this neighbourhood belonged, desired Inigo Jones to build him a chapel in Covent Garden, but said that he would not go to any expense about it—in short, that it must be little better than a barn. "Then it shall be the handsomest barn in England," said Inigo Jones, and he built *St. Paul's, Covent Garden* (always interesting as the first important Protestant church raised in England), which exactly fulfils his promise. Bare, uncouth, and featureless in its general forms, it nevertheless becomes really picturesque from the noble play of light and shade caused by its boldly projecting roof, and the deeply receding portico behind its two pillars. The most serious defect is that this portico leads to nothing, for, in order to have the altar to the east, the entrance is at the side, and the altar behind the portico. The interior is a miserable, featureless parallelogram. The portico alone escaped a fire in 1795, all the rest, which was originally of brick, perished, together with the tomb of Sir P. Lely (whose real name was Vandervaes), and his famous picture of Charles I. as a martyr, kneeling with a crown of thorns in his hand, having cast his royal crown aside. Southerne the dramatist, the friend of Dryden, (ob. 1746) used regularly to attend evening prayers

* Chetwood's "Hist. of the Stage."

here; a "venerable old gentleman, always neatly dressed in black, with his silver sword and silver locks." *

A great number of eminent persons besides Lely were buried here when Covent Garden was in fashion. They include Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset (1645), the notorious favourite of James I., who lived hard by in Russell Street; Tom Taylor—"the Water Poet"—whose endless works do so much to illustrate the manner of his age (1654); Dr. John Donne, son of the famous poet-dean of St. Paul's, but himself described by Wood as "an atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thought" (1662); Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles I. (1673); Richard Wiseman, the companion of Charles II. in exile, and his serjeant-surgeon after the Restoration, whose works attest the cures worked "by his Majesty's touch alone" (1676); Sir Edward Greaves, physician of Charles II. (1680); Dick Estcourt the actor, whose death is described by Steele in No. 468 of the *Spectator* (1711-12); Edward Kynaston the famous actor of female parts, who kept Charles II. waiting because "the queen was not shaved yet,"* and who left his name to "Kynaston's Alley" (1712); William Wycherley the dramatist (1715); Grinling Gibbons the sculptor (1721); Mrs. Susannah Centlivre the dramatist (1723); Robert Wilks the comedian (1731); Dr. John Armstrong the physician and poet, attacked by Churchill (1779); Tom Davies the bookseller, the friend of Boswell, who introduced him to Johnson (1785); Sir Robert Strange†

* Oldys.

† Knighted, in spite of his having fought for Prince Charles Edward, and having narrowly escaped from arrest and execution by being concealed from his pursuers under the wide-spreading hoop of a young lady from whom he implored protection, and whom he afterwards married.

the engraver (1792); Charles Macklin the actor, who appeared in his hundredth year in the character of Shylock (1797); Thomas Girtin the "Father of Water-colour painting" (1802); Thomas King the actor (1805); and Dr. John Walcott—"Peter Pindar" (1819). Under the north-west wall of the church rests Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras" (1680).

"His feet touch the wall. His grave 2 yards distant from the pilaster of the dore, (by his desire) 6 foot deepe."—*Aubrey.*

"In the midst of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Amongst the grave-stones in the miserable churchyard is that of James Worsdale, the painter (1767), which bore the lines (removed in 1848) by himself—

> "Eager to get, but not to keep, the pelf,
> A friend to all mankind except himself;"

and that of Henry Jerningham, goldsmith (1761), with the lines by Aaron Hill—

> "All that accomplish'd body lends mankind
> From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd;
> All that e'er graced a soul from Heaven he drew,
> And took back with him, as an angel's due."

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, its especial market-days, Covent Garden should be visited. It is really one of the prettiest sights in London, and it is difficult to say whether the porch given up to flowers, or the avenue devoted to fruit, is most radiant in freshness and colour. How many London painters, unable to go farther afield, have come hither with profit to study effects of colour,

which the piles of fruit give, as nothing else can! Turner's early love for the oranges, which he knew so well in his home near Covent Garden, comes out in his later life, in his "Wreck of the Orange Vessel," in which the fruits of his boyish study are seen tossing and reeling on the waves.

The later existence of Covent Garden has become associated with actors and actresses, from its neighbourhood to the Cock-pit, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden Theatres.

"The convent becomes a playhouse; monks and nuns turn actors and actresses. The garden, formal and quiet, where a salad was cut for a lady abbess, and flowers were gathered to adorn images, becomes a market, noisy and full of life, distributing thousands of fruits and flowers to a vicious metropolis."—*W. S. Landor.*

Thackeray has left a vivid description of Covent Garden in its present state:—

"The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote or history; an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many actors long since silent; who scowl and smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight, a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which presses in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk, a squat building with a hundred columns, and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other over the footways."

The names of the greater part of the streets around Covent Garden bear evidence to the time of their erection. Besides those called after the noble family which owned them, we have King Street, Charles Street, and Henrietta Street, called after Charles I. and his Queen; James Street and York Street from the Duke of York; Catherine Street from Catherine of Braganza. Some of the doors in King Street are of mahogany, for here lived the lady by whom that wood was first introduced. That *Bow Street*, on the west of Covent Garden, was once fashionable, we learn from the epilogue of one of Dryden's plays—

> "I've had to-day a dozen billets doux
> From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux;"

but, as Sir Walter Scott observes, "a billet doux from Bow Street," which has been associated with the principal police-courts of London for more than a century, "would now be more alarming than flattering." Edmund Waller the poet, and Grinling Gibbons the sculptor, lived in this street, and, at one time, while he was writing "Tom Jones," Fielding the novelist. It was to this street also that Charles II. came to visit Wycherley when he was ill, and gave him £500 that he might go to the south of France for his health. Bow Street became famous in the last century as containing *Will's*—the "Wits' Coffee House," described in Prior's "Town and Country Mouse," where you might

> "see
> Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets, tea."

It was brought into fashion by its being the resort of Dryden. Hither Pope, at twelve years old, persuaded

his friends to bring him that he might look upon the great poet of his childish veneration, whom he afterwards described as "a plump man, with a down look, and not very conversable."

"Will's" continued to be the Wits' Coffee House till Addison drew them to "Button's" (who had been a servant of his),* in the neighbouring Great Russell Street. Here Pope describes him as coming to dine daily, and remaining for five or six hours afterwards. At "Tom's Coffee House," at No. 17 in the same street, Dr. Mead, the most famous of English physicians from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George II., used to sit daily, prescribing for his patients upon written or oral statements from their apothecaries. This was the favourite resort of Johnson and Garrick; here also was daily to be seen the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his spectacles on his nose, his trumpet always in his ear, and his silver snuff-box ever in his hand. It was at No. 8 in this street that Boswell first saw Dr. Johnson.

In *Maiden Lane*, which runs parallel with the Strand to the south of Covent Garden, the great artist Turner was born in May, 1775, in the shop of his father, who was a hairdresser. Maiden Lane leads into *Chandos Street*, where Claude Duval was taken, at the tavern called "the Hole in the Wall," in 1669.

Returning to the Strand, *Burleigh Street* and *Exeter Street* commemorate Exeter House, where the great Lord Burleigh lived and died. Elizabeth came here to see him when he was ill, in a headdress so high that she could not enter the door. The groom of the chambers ventured to urge her to

* Pope in "Spence's Anecdotes."

stoop. "I will stoop for your master," she said, "but not for the King of Spain;" and when Lord Burleigh himself apologized for not being able to stand up to receive her on account of the badness of his legs, she replied, "My lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." The site of the house was afterwards occupied by the Exeter Change, which contained a famous menagerie, of which the elephant Chunee, whose skeleton is now at the College of Surgeons, was a distinctive feature. Between the two streets now stands *Exeter Hall* (built in 1831 by *Deering*), celebrated for its concerts and its religious "May meetings."

On the right, on the site of Beaufort Buildings, stood Worcester House, once the palace of the Bishops of Carlisle, afterwards rented from the Marquis of Worcester by the Lord Chancellor Hyde. Here it was that, with outward reluctance and secret glee, he connived at the strange marriage of his daughter Anne, which was celebrated in the middle of the night of September 3, 1662, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The house was pulled down when the Duke of Beaufort bought Buckingham House in Chelsea. In Beaufort Buildings lived Fielding the novelist, and it was here that, having given away to a needy friend the money which had been advanced to him in his poverty by Jacob Tonson the publisher, for the payment of his taxes, he said coolly to the astonished collector, "Friendship has called for the money, and had it, let the tax-gatherer call again."

We must now turn aside by a narrow street upon the right of the Strand, and it will be with a sense of almost surprise as well as relief that we find ourselves transported from the

noise and bustle of the crowded thoroughfare to the peaceful quietude of a sunny churchyard, where the old grey tombstones are shaded by a grove of plane-trees and lilacs, and where an ancient church stands upon a height, with an open view towards the gleaming river with its busy Embankment, and Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament rising in the stillness of the purple haze beyond. We are "completely out of the world, although on the very skirt, and verge, and hem of the roaring world of London."* In this churchyard, and on the ground now occupied by all the neighbouring courts and warehouses, once stood the famous *Savoy Palace*. Having been built by Peter, brother of Archbishop Boniface, and uncle of Eleanor of Provence, wife of Henry III., when he came over on a visit to his niece, it became a centre for all the princes, ecclesiastics, and artists who flowed into London in consequence of her marriage. He bequeathed it to the monks of Montjoy at Havering at the Bower, from whom it was bought by Queen Eleanor for her second son Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It continued in the hands of his descendants, and, after the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, became the residence of the captive King John of France. John was set free in October, 1360, but being unable to fulfil the conditions of his release, and unwilling to cede to his captor the Black Prince in chivalry and honour, voluntarily returned, and being again assigned a residence in the Savoy, died there April 9, 1364, at which, says Froissart, "the King, Queen, and princes of the blood, and all the nobles of England, were exceedingly concerned, from the great love and affection King John had shown them since the conclusion of peace."

* G. A. Sala.

While the Savoy was the London residence of John of Gaunt, the poet Chaucer was married here to Philippa de Ruet, a lady in the household of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, and sister of Catherine Swyneford, who became the Duke's second wife. In 1381 "the Duke of Lancaster's house of the Savoy, to the which," says Stow, "there was none in the realme to be compared in beauty and statelinesse," was pillaged and burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, to punish the Duke for the protection he had afforded to the followers of Wickliffe. Thirty-two of the assailants lingered so long drinking up the sweet wine in the cellars, that they were walled in, and "were heard crying and calling seven daies after, but none came to helpe them out till they were dead." Hardyng's Chronicle commemorates the flight of John of Gaunt from the Savoy :—

> "The cõmons brent the Sauoye a place fayre
> For evill wyll the hand vnto Duke John :
> Wherefore he fled northwarde in great dispayre
> Into Scotlande; for socoure had he none
> In Englande then, to whõ he durste make moane;
> And there abode tyll commons all were ceased
> In Englande hole, and all the land well peased."

The Savoy was never restored as a palace, but Henry VII. rebuilt it as a hospital in honour of John the Baptist, and endowed it by his will. The hospital was suppressed by Edward VI., but refounded by Mary, and only finally dissolved in the reign of Elizabeth. Over its gate, of 1505, were the lines—

> "Hospitium hoc inopi turbe Savoia vocatum,
> Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo solo."

Soon after the Restoration the Conference of the Savoy

was held here for the revision of the Liturgy so as to meet the feelings of the Nonconformists, in which twelve bishops of the Church of England met an equal number of Nonconformists in discussion. Richard Baxter, who had already published his most popular books, was one of the commissioners, and here drew up in a fortnight that reformed liturgy which Dr. Johnson pronounced "one

The Churchyard of the Savoy.

of the finest compositions of the ritual kind which he had ever seen."

The remains of the Savoy palace were all swept away when Waterloo Bridge was built. Originally dedicated to St. John the Baptist, it was called *St. Mary le Savoy*, because it served as a church for the parish of St. Mary le Strand. The church was the chapel, not of the palace, but of Henry VII.'s hospital. There is a tradition that

the Liturgy restored by Elizabeth was first read in this chapel in the vernacular tongue. It is of Perpendicular architecture (1505), with a quaint low belfry like those of many small churches in Northumberland. The interior was entirely destroyed by fire in 1860, and was for the second time renewed by the munificence of the Queen as Duchess of Lancaster. It has a rich coloured roof, and resembles a college chapel; but the tombs which formerly made it so interesting perished in the flames. Only one small figure from Lady Dalhousie's monument is preserved, and the brass of Gavin Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell the Cat, Earl of Angus, who is represented in "Marmion" as celebrating the wedding of De Wilton and Clare:—

> "A bishop at the altar stood,
> A noble lord of Douglas blood,
> With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
> Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
> But little pride of prelacy;
> More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
> Than that beneath his rule he held
> The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

Over the font is preserved the central compartment of a triptych, painted for the Savoy in the fourteenth century, stolen in the seventeenth, and recovered in 1876. Among the lost monuments were an Elizabethan tomb, wrongfully ascribed to the famous Countess of Nottingham shaken in her bed by Elizabeth; that of Sir Robert and Lady Douglas; of the Countess of Dalhousie, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower; of Mrs. Anne Killigrew (1685),

daughter of a Master of the Hospital, described by Dryden as—

"A grace for beauty, and a muse for wit;"

and of Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died (1834) of a wound received from the natives while exploring the Niger. Amongst the most remarkable persons buried here without a monument, "within the east door of the church," says Aubrey, was George Wither (1607), a voluminous poet of the Commonwealth, author of "The Shepherds Hunting," and "The Matchless Orinta," but best known by the lines—

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair."

This historic corner of the Savoy has been left untouched amid the turmoil of the town, and is still one of the quietest spots in London.

"So run the sands of life through this quiet hourglass. So glides the life away in the Old Precinct. At its base, a river runs for all the world; at its summit, is the brawling, raging Strand; on either side, are darkness and poverty and vice; the gloomy Adelphi Arches, the Bridge of Sighs, that men call Waterloo. But the Precinct troubles itself little with the noise and tumult, and sleeps well through life, without its fitful fever."—*G. A. Sala.*

Beyond the wide opening of Wellington Street are the buildings of *Somerset House*, erected from the stately plans of Sir William Chambers, 1776—86. The river front is six hundred feet in length. This building, now of little interest, occupies the site of one of the most historic houses in London, which was only destroyed when the present house was raised. The old Somerset House was built in 1549 on the site of the town houses of the Bishops of Worcester,

Lichfield, and Landaff, by Edward Seymour, the Lord Protector, brother of Queen Jane, and uncle of Edward VI. Its architecture was attributed to John of Padua, "devizer of his Majesty's buildings" to Henry VIII. The tower and the greater part of the Church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, the cloister (called Pardon Churchyard) of St. Paul's, and the chapel of Pardon Churchyard near the Charterhouse, were unscrupulously pulled down, and their materials used in its erection. But long before it was finished (1552) the Protector had been beheaded on Tower Hill, and his house was bestowed upon the Princess Elizabeth. James I. gave it to Anne of Denmark, and desired that it might be called Denmark House, and here that Queen lay in state in 1616, and James I. in 1625. Charles I. then gave the house to his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and caused a Roman Catholic chapel to be built here for her use, which was served by Capuchin monks, and in which many of her French attendants were buried. Their vaults still exist under the present courtyard. The time of the Commonwealth was marked for Somerset House by the death of Inigo Jones within its walls (1652); and here Cromwell lay in state, his "effigies being apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet," bearing "in the right hand the golden sceptre, representing Government; in his left the globe, representing Principality; upon his head the cap of Regality of purple velvet, furred with ermins."* The magnificence of expenditure on this occasion made people collect outside the gates and throw dirt upon the Protector's escutcheon at night.

With the Restoration, Henrietta Maria, then called "the

* *The Gazette*, Sept. 9, 1658.

Queen-Mother," returned to Somerset House, where the young Duke of Gloucester died in 1660, and was taken "down Somerset stairs," to be buried at Westminster. When Henrietta Maria left England, in 1665, she was succeeded by the Portuguese Queen, Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., who used to spend her days in playing at Ombre, a game which she first introduced into England, and who trembled here in her chapel as she heard the frenzied people shouting round the effigy of the Pope as they burnt it before Temple Bar, on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage with Mary of Modena. Catherine restored the old palace, which had become greatly neglected, with a magnificence which is commemorated by Cowley, who extols its position :—

"Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
The spring-tides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town.
* * * * * * *
My other fair and more majestic face
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itself below,
In the best mirror that the world can show."

General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lay in state at Somerset House in January, 1669, when his waxwork figure, afterwards preserved in Westminster Abbey, was made, to lie upon his coffin.

The formal gardens of old Somerset House extended far along the river-bank, and it was near their "water-gate" that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was declared to have been strangled (1678) by the false-witnesses who invented the

story of his death. Three men were executed for the murder, with which an attempt was made to connect the name of Catherine of Braganza, but Charles II. refused to listen, telling Burnet that she was "a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours, but was not capable of a wicked thing."

After Catherine left England for Portugal in 1692, this old Strand palace continued to be regarded as the dower house of the queens of England, but as there were no queens-dowager to inhabit it, it was used as Hampton Court is now, as lodgings for needy nobility. By an Act of 1775, Buckingham House was settled on Queen Charlotte instead of Somerset House, and the old palace of the queens of England was then destroyed. The buildings of modern Somerset House are used for the *Audit Office*, where the accounts of the kingdom and colonies are audited; the *Office of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages;* and the *Inland Revenue Office*, where taxes and legacy and excise duties are received. The centre of the south front is occupied by the *Will Office*,* removed from Doctors' Commons in 1874. The courtyard has a well-proportioned and stately gloominess. In the centre is the great allegorical figure of the Thames, by John Bacon. Queen Charlotte, whose feeling has been shared by thousands since, said to the sculptor when she saw it, "Why did you make so frightful a figure?" "Art," replied the bowing artist, "cannot always effect what is

* In the *Registry of the Court of Probate* at Somerset House, all *Wills* are preserved in a fire-proof room. Any Will inquired after can be found in a short time, and any one may peruse a Will, who obtains a shilling probate stamp. No copies or even memoranda may be made from a Will, without a separate Order, for which a fixed payment is demanded, in proportion to the length of the copy required.

ever within the reach of Nature—the union of beauty and majesty." It is amusing to see the impression which Somerset House makes on a foreigner.

"If you would see something quite dreadful, go to the enormous palace in the Strand, called Somerset House. Massive, heavy architecture, of which the recesses seem dipped in ink, the porticos smeared with soot. There is the ghost of a waterless fountain in a hole in the midst of an empty quadrangle, pools of water on the flags, long tiers of closed windows. What can men do in such a catacomb?"—*Taine. Notes sur l'Angleterre.*

Beyond the east wing of Somerset House, occupied by King's College and school, runs the narrow alley called *Strand Lane*, which formerly ended at the landing-place, called Strand Bridge, where we read in the *Spectator* that Addison "landed with ten sail of apricot-boats." On the left of the winding paved lane a sign directs us to the *Old Roman Spring Bath*, and in this quiet corner we find one of the most remarkable relics of Roman London—a vaulted room containing, enclosed in brick-work and masonry, apparently Roman, a beautiful bath of crystal water, thirteen feet long, six feet broad, and four feet six inches deep. It is believed that the wonderfully cold, clear water comes from the miraculous well of St. Clement, which gave a name to the neighbouring Holywell Street, and was once greatly resorted to for its cures. A second bath, in the same building, still used, and with chalybeate properties, is shown as having been constructed by Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, when he was residing hard by in Essex House. It is said that it was in a house in this neighbourhood that Guy Fawkes and his comrades took the oath of secrecy and received the sacrament before attempting to carry out the Gunpowder Plot.

Here, in the midst of the street, rises the *Church of St. Mary-le-Strand*, which is of interest as being the first of the fifty new churches whose erection was ordained in Queen Anne's reign, the original St. Mary's having been destroyed by the Protector Somerset when he was building Somerset House, which covers its site. Gibbs was the architect of the present church, but its steeple, so beautiful in spite of having the fault of appearing to stand upon the roof of the church, was not part of the original design. The church was to have been towerless, but a stately column 250 feet high (*i.e.* 105 feet higher than the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square) was to have risen beside it, crowned by a statue of Queen Anne. But the Queen died before the plan was carried out, and flattery being no longer necessary, the church had its steeple. It occupies the site of the famous May-pole, one hundred and thirty-four feet high, which was destroyed in the Commonwealth as "a last remnant of vile heathenism, an idol of the people." It was re-erected with great pomp under Charles II., by Clarges, the Drury Lane farrier, to commemorate the good fortune of his daughter in becoming a duchess by having married General Monk when he was a private gentleman. The tract called "The Citie's Loyaltie Displayed" relates how it was set up by seamen under the command of James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, no landsmen being able to raise it, and how, as it rose, "the little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear." Gathered around the last May-pole on this spot, four thousand London school-children sang a hymn as Queen Anne passed in triumphant procession to

take part in the public thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the Peace of Utrecht. The May-pole was finally removed in 1717, and, being given to Sir Isaac Newton, was set up in Sir Richard Child's park at Wanstead in Essex, where it was used for raising a telescope. The London May-pole was long commemorated in May-pole Lane, the old name of Newcastle Street. The exchange for the church is mentioned by Pope in the "Dunciad"—

> "Amid that area wide they took their stand,
> Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
> But now (so Anne and Piety ordain),
> A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

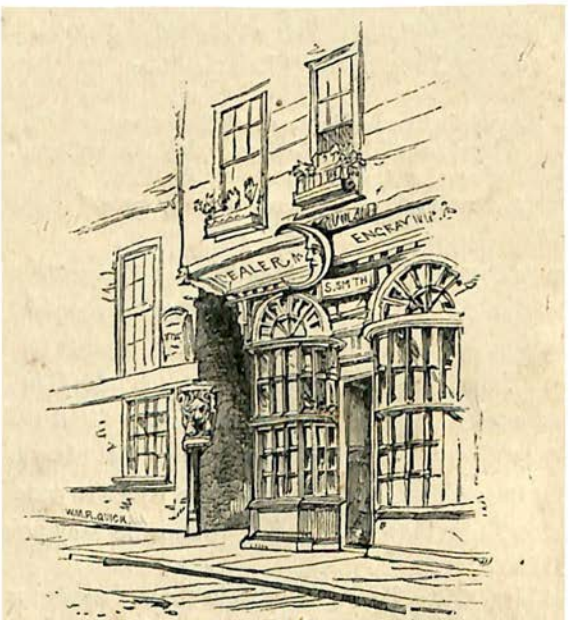
According to Hume, Prince Charles Edward's renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith took place in this church. Where an ugly little fountain now stands before its western front, the first Hackney Coach stand in London was set up by Captain Baily in 1634: it existed till 1853.

Drury Court, facing the east side of St. Mary-le-Strand, was formerly May-pole Alley, where Nell Gwynne lodged, and stood watching the dancing round the May-pole.

> "1st May, 1667.—To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing, with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging-door, in Drury Court, in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking upon me: she seemed a mighty pretty creature."—*Pepys' Diary.*

Holywell Street has nothing now which recalls Fitz-Stephen's description of its well—"sweete, wholesome, and cleere; and much frequented by schollers and youths of the citi in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire." It is full of book shops, chiefly of the lowest

description. On its south side (at No. 36) may be seen an ancient mercer's sign, the last of the old shop signs *in situ*—a crescent moon, with the traditional face in the centre. The corner post of the entry beside it, adorned with a lion's head and paws in bold relief, was (in 1877)



The Last Remnant of Lyon's Inn.

the last relic of Lyon's Inn, destroyed in 1863, which was here entered from the Strand. It stood between Wych Street and Holywell Street, and was once a hostelry, but from the reign of Henry IV. an Inn of Chancery—an ancient nursery of lawyers, where Sir Edward Coke was brought up, and where "his learned lectures so spread

forth his fame that crowds of clients came to him for counsel." * In the south-east corner of the Inn lived William Weare, the gambler, murdered (1828) by Thurtell at Elstree in Hertfordshire, and commemorated in the ballad—

> "They cut his throat from ear to ear,
> His brains they battered in;
> His name was Mr. William Weare,
> He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

Holywell Street formerly ended in Butchers' Row, where, covered with roses, fleurs-de-lis, and dragons, was the old timber house of the French ambassadors.

We have arrived—

> 'Where the fair columns of Saint Clement stand,
> Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand."
> *Gay. Trivia.*

The *Church of St. Clement Danes* was erected in 1680 by Edward Pierce, under the superintendence of Wren. In the old church, from its vicinity to Exeter House, were buried John Booth, Bishop of Exeter (1478), and his brother, Sir William, who died in the same year; and John Arundell, Bishop of Exeter (1503). Here also was a monument to the first wife of Dr. John Donne, the poet-dean of St. Paul's, who preached in the church soon after her death on the words, "Lo, I am the man that hathseen affliction." And "indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man." It was this wife whose spirit he saw twice pass through his room at Paris, bearing the dead child to which she was then giving birth. Like all Wren's parish churches, the existing building depends entirely upon its

* Lloyd's "State Worthies."

steeple, which is built in several stories, for its reputation. Its bells chime merrily, even to a proverb—

> "Oranges and lemons,
> Say the bells of St. Clement's;"

but the chimes can also play the Old Hundredth Psalm and other tunes. Here Dr. Johnson sate in church, "repeating," as Boswell says, "the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy," and here in his seventy-fifth year (1784) he returned public thanks for a recovery from dangerous illness. A brass plate now appropriately marks the pew (No. 18) in the north gallery whither the old man, who was so vehement in discussion and fierce in argument on week-days, never failed to come humbly on Sundays, to seek, in his own words, "how to purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the Highest." It was in this church that, on October 11, 1676, Sir Thomas Grosvenor was married to Miss Mary Davies, the humble heiress of the farm now occupied by Grosvenor Square and its surroundings, which have brought such enormous wealth to his family. In the vestry house is a painting executed for the church as an altar-piece, by Kent the landscape gardener, intended to represent a choir of angels playing in chorus. In 1725 an order was issued by Bishop Gibson for its removal on account of its being supposed to contain surreptitious portraits of the Pretender's wife and children. It was removed to a neighbouring tavern—the Crown and Anchor—celebrated for the meetings of "the Whittington Club." Here it was parodied in an engraving by Hogarth, with a comic description which caused intense amusement at the time. After some years it was restored to the parish, but not to the church.

Of the strange name, St. Clement Danes, various explanations are given. Stow tells how the body of Harold, the illegitimate son of King Canute, buried at Westminster after a reign of three years, was exhumed by his successor, the legitimate Hardicanute, and thrown ignominiously into the Thames, and how a fisherman, seeing it floating upon the river, took it up and buried it reverently on this spot. This is the more picturesque story; but perhaps that of Strype is more likely, who says that when Alfred expelled the remnant of the Danish nation in 886, those who had married English wives were still permitted to live here, whence the name—St. Clement Danes.

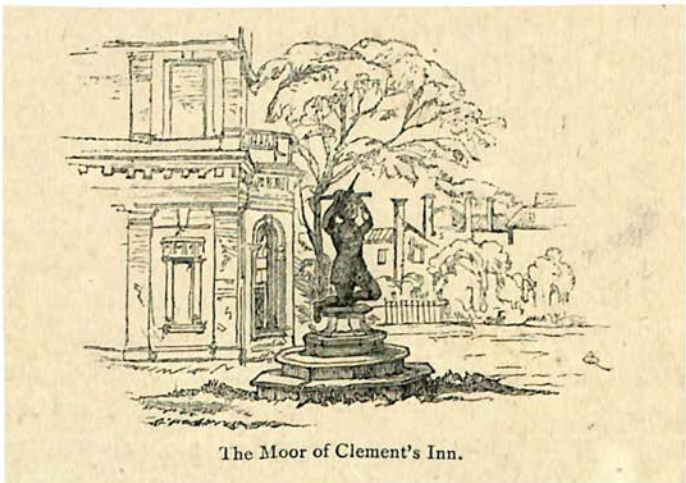
The "fair fountain," formerly called St. Clement's Well, after becoming a pump, was finally destroyed in 1874, but is commemorated in *Clement's Inn*—to the left, at the entrance of Wych Street, now an Inn of Court dependent on the Temple, but originally intended for the use of patients coming to the miraculous waters of the well. Shakespeare introduces it in his *Henry IV.* as the home of "Master Shallow." We should walk through its quiet red-brick courts, by the quaint chapel, where an anchor commemorates the martyrdom of the sainted Pope Clement, who was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea. Hence, through a brick archway, we have a pleasant glimpse of trees and flowers, and enter a garden square, in the centre of which, in front of "the Garden House," a picturesque relic of Queen Anne's time, is a curious kneeling figure of a Moor supporting a sun-dial, brought from Italy by Holles, Lord Clare. At the time when these examples of "God's image carved in ebony" were popular in ancient gardens,* a clever

* There are similar figures at Knowsley, and at Arley in Cheshire.

squib upon its owners was once found attached to the Moor of Clement's Inn :—

> "From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
> Lawyers less quarter give;
> The first won't eat you till you're slain,
> The last will do't alive."

A further archway leads into the poor and crowded district of *Clare Market*, named, as is told by a tablet on



The Moor of Clement's Inn.

one of the houses, "by Gilbert Earl of Clare, in memory of his uncle Denzil, Lord Holles, who died in 1679, a great honour to name, and the exact paturne of his father's great meritt, John, Earl of Clare." From the same person the neighbouring *Denzil Street* takes its name, which became notorious as the resort of the thieves known as the "Denzil Street Gang," while *Houghton Street* marks the residence of William Holles, created Baron Houghton in 1616, and *Holles Street*, built 1647, is associated with the second Earl

who lived on the site of Clare House Court. In Pope's time Clare Market was famous for the lectures of the insolent "Orator Henley," commemorated in the "Dunciad."

> "Imbrowned with native brass, lo! Henley stands,
> Tuning his voice and balancing his hands.
> * * * * * * *
> Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain."

Wych Street (Via de Aldwych), which opens behind Holywell Street, close to the entrance of Clement's Inn, contains some curious old houses and is excessively narrow. Theodore Hook said he "never passed through Wych Street in a hackney coach, without being blocked up by a hearse and coal-waggon in the van, and a mud cart and the Lord Mayor's carriage in the rear." This street is famous in the annals of London thieving for the exploits of Jack Sheppard, who gave rendezvous to his boon companions at the White Lion (now pulled down) in White Lion Passage. It was from the Angel Inn in Wych Street that Bishop Hooper, in 1554, was taken to die for his faith at Gloucester.

A hosier's shop, which occupies one of three picturesque houses built in the time of Charles I. in the Strand parallel with Holywell Street, has an old street sign of the Golden Lamb swinging over its door. The streets which debouch here from the Strand—Surrey Street, Norfolk Street, and Howard Street—mark the site of Arundel House, originally the palace of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, in which, according to the parish register of Chelsea, died (February 25th, 1603) Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, who yielded to her husband's solicitation in not sending the ring intrusted to her by Lord Essex for Elizabeth,

and confessing this to the Queen upon her deathbed, was answered by "God may forgive you, but I never can." The house was sold by Edward VI. to his uncle, Lord Thomas Seymour, described by Latimer as "a man the furthest from the fear of God that ever he knew or heard

Wych Street.

of in England." Here he married and greatly ill-treated the Queen-Dowager Katherine Parr, and incurred much censure for his impertinent familiarities with the Princess Elizabeth, who was living under her protection. After the execution of Seymour for treason the house was sold to the Earl of Arundel, and being thenceforth called Arundel House,

became the receptacle of his busts and statues, a portion of which, now at Oxford, are still known as the "Arunde Marbles." It was Lord Arundel who brought up "Old Parr" to London from Shropshire to make acquaintance with Charles I., when far advanced in his hundred and fifty-third year. The Earl's good fare killed him, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph narrates how he lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, and had a son by his second wife when he was a hundred and twenty years old. After the Great Fire, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, gave a shelter at Arundel House to the Royal Society, who were driven out of Gresham College, which was temporarily needed as a Royal Exchange.

Norfolk Street will recall Sir Roger de Coverley, who there, "by doubling the corner, threw out the Mohocks," who "attacked all that were so unfortunate as to walk through the streets which they parade."* Peter the Great was lodged here, "in a house prepared for him near the water-side," on his first arrival in England in the reign of William III., and in the same house—that nearest the river—lived William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. He had a peeping-hole at the entrance, through which he surveyed every one who came to see him before they were admitted. One of these having been made to wait for a long time, asked the servant impatiently if his master would not see him. "Friend," said the servant, "he hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee."† The fact was he had discovered him to be a creditor.

* The follies and cruelties perpetrated by the Mohocks are described in the *Spectator*, No. 324, 332, 335, 347.

† Hawkins' Life of Johnson.

In *Howard Street*, which connects Norfolk Street with Surrey Street, Mr. Mountfort was killed (December 9, 1692) by Captain Richard Hill, in a duel fought for the sake of the beautiful and virtuous actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle, "the Diana of the stage." Lord Mohun, afterwards himself killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, was Hill's second in this quarrel.

William Congreve (1666–1729), in whose licentious plays the immaculate Mrs. Bracegirdle obtained her greatest successes, lived and died in *Surrey Street*. Condemned now, no English author was more praised by his contemporaries; Pope dedicated his Iliad to him, Dr. Johnson lauded his merit "as of the highest kind," and Dryden wrote—

> "Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
> To Shakspeare gave so much, he could not give him more."

Perhaps the only snub which Congreve received was from Voltaire, who came to visit him here, and being received with the airs of a fine gentleman, announced that if he had thought he was *only a gentleman*, he should not have come thither to see him.

Milford Lane (right) takes its name from a corn-mill and from a famous ford which once existed across the river here. It leads to Milford stairs, where Pepys used "to take boat;" and is commemorated by Gay in the unflattering lines—

> "Behold that narrow street, which steep descends,
> Whose building to the slimy shore extends."
>
> *Trivia.*

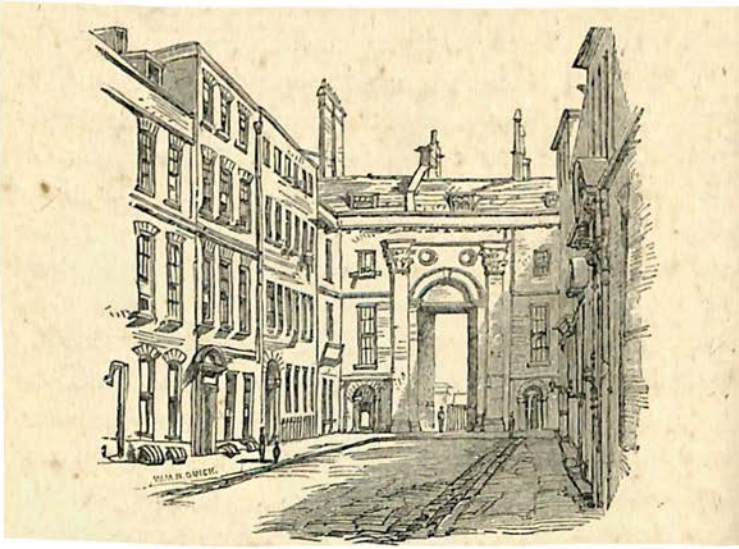
We now come to *Essex Street*, where Dr. King in his Anecdotes of his own Time describes his presentation to Prince Charles Edward in September 1750, at the house

of Lady Primrose. It was the Prince's only visit to London, and he was only there five days. The same Lady Primrose (daughter of Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh, and widow of Hugh, 3rd Viscount Primrose) gave a home in 1747 to Flora Macdonald after her release by the government. Essex Street occupies the site of Exeter House, which was built by Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter. Here he was besieged by the people when he was holding London for Edward II., and, having fled to take sanctuary at St. Paul's, was beheaded, and brought back to be buried under a dust-heap by his own gateway. After the Reformation, Exeter House was inhabited by the Earl of Leicester, and then by Elizabeth's latest favourite, the Earl of Essex (whose Countess was the widow of Sir Philip Sidney), when the name was changed to Essex House. It was here that the handsome earl tried to rouse the people against Sir R. Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other reigning court favourites whom he believed to have been the cause of his losing his ascendancy over the Queen. Here he was blockaded, cannon being pointed at Essex House from the roofs of the neighbouring houses and the tower of St. Clement Danes, and hence, having surrendered, he was taken away to the Tower, where he was beheaded. It is to Essex House that Spenser alludes, after describing the Temple, in the Prothalamion :—

> "Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
> Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
> Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
> Whose want too well now feels my freendles case."

A pair of stone pillars at the end of the street, which perhaps belonged to its water-gate, are the only existing

remains of the old house. But in *Devereux Court* (on the left of Essex Street), high up on a wall, is a bust of Lord Essex, attributed to Cibber. It marks the celebrated Grecian coffee-house, where the wits of the last century loved to congregate, and whence Steele, in the first number of the *Tatler*, says that he shall date all his learned articles.



The Water-gate of Essex House.

The dandyism and affectation displayed by the young students of the Inns of Court frequenting the Grecian excited the contempt of Addison (*Spectator*, 491), who says, "I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early

for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be the ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments."

Palsgrave's Place, the next entry on the right of the Strand, marks the site of the "Palsgrave's Head Tavern," which commemorated the marriage of Frederick, Palsgrave of the Rhine, with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I. Ship Yard, opposite, destroyed in building the Law Courts, was a relic of Sir Francis Drake, as containing the Tavern which took as its sign the ship in which he circumnavigated the world.

We now arrive where, black and grimy, in much sooty dignity, Temple Bar still ends the Strand, and marks the division between the City of London and the Liberty of Westminster. It was never a city gate, but as defining the City bounds, was, according to ancient custom, invariably closed, and only then, when a sovereign approached the City on some public occasion. When the monarch arrived, one herald sounded a trumpet, another herald knocked, a parley ensued, the gates were flung open, and the Lord Mayor presented the sword of the City to the sovereign, who returned it to him again. Thus it was at the old Temple Bar with Elizabeth when she went to return thanks at St. Paul's for the destruction of the Armada; so it was with Cromwell when he went to dine in state in the City in 1649; so with Queen Anne after the battle of Blenheim; so with Queen Victoria when she has gone to the City in state.

Strype says that "anciently there were only posts, rails,

and a chain" at Temple Bar. It is first mentioned as Barram Novi Templi in a grant of 1301 (29, Edward I.), but we have no definite idea of it till the sixteenth century. In the time of Henry VII. it is believed that a wooden edifice was erected, and was the gate beneath which the bier of Elizabeth of York, on its way from the Tower to Westminster, was sprinkled with holy water by the abbots of Bermondsey and Westminster. We know that it was "newly paynted and repayred" for the coronation of Anne Boleyn (1533), and that it was "painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags" (1547) for the coronation of Edward VI.* It was by this "Tempull Barre" that Sir Thomas Wyatt was taken prisoner. Being summoned to surrender, he said he would do so to a gentleman, when Sir Maurice Berkeley rode up, and "bade him lepe up behind him, and so he was carried to Westminster."

The present Temple Bar was built in 1670. Charles II. promised (but never paid) a large contribution towards it from the revenue he received from licensing the then newly invented hackney coaches. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect and Joshua Marshall the mason. Bushell, a sculptor who died mad in 1701, was employed to adorn it with four feeble statues, those on the west representing Charles I. and Charles II., those on the east Elizabeth and James I.

The statue of the popular Elizabeth used annually to receive an ovation on the anniversary of her accession, which was kept as the chief festival of Protestantism, till after

* Stow.

the coming of William III., when Protestant ardour was transferred to Guy Fawkes' day. Roger North, in his "Examen," describes how the statue was provided every 17th of November with a wreath of gilded laurel and a golden shield with the motto—"The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta," and how, while the figure of the Pope was burnt beneath it, the people shouted and sang—

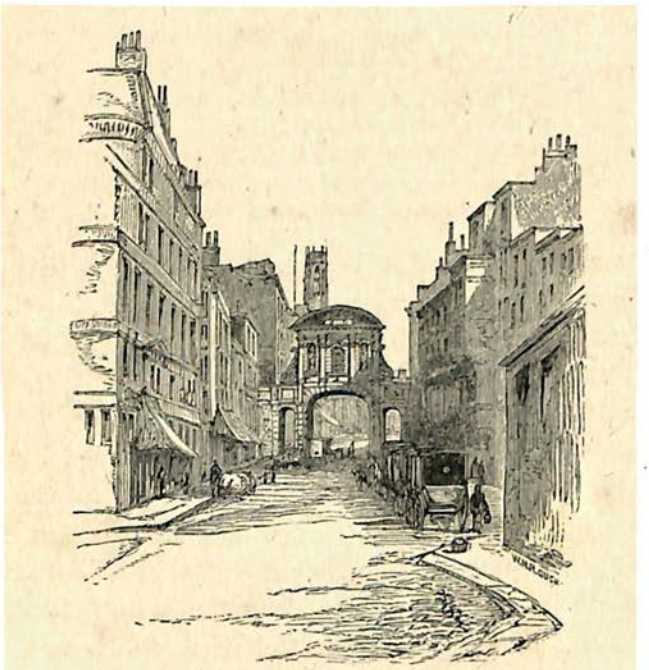
> "Your popish plot and Smithfield threat
> We do not fear at all,
> For lo! beneath Queen Bess's feet,
> You fall! You fall! You fall!
> O Queen Bess! Queen Bess! Queen Bess!"

It was on the occasion of a tumult which arose at one of these anti-papal demonstrations (1680) that the Archbishop of York going to Lord Chief Justice North, and asking what was to be done, received the answer—"My Lord, fear God, and don't fear the people."

Within the arch hung the heavy oaken panelled gates, festooned with fruits and flowers, which opened to receive Charles II., James II., and every succeeding sovereign. In 1769 these gates were forcibly closed in "the Battle of Temple Bar," by the partisans of "Wilkes and Liberty," against the civic procession which was on its way to George III. The whole of the gateway was hung with black for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

No one sees Temple Bar without connecting it with the human remains—dried by summer heats, and beaten and occasionally hurled to the ground by winter storms—by which it was so long surmounted. The first ghastly ornament of the Bar was one of the quarters of Sir William Armstrong, Master of the Horse to Charles II., who

was concerned in the Rye House Plot, and who, after his execution (1684), was boiled in pitch and divided into four parts. The head and quarters of Sir William Perkins and the quarters of Sir John Friend, who had conspired to assassinate William III., "from love to



Temple Bar from the Strand.

King James and the Prince of Wales," were next exhibited, "a dismal sight," says Evelyn, "which many pitied." The next head raised here was that of Joseph Sullivan, executed for high treason in 1715. Henry Osprey followed, who died for love of Prince Charlie in 1716; and Christopher Layer, executed for a plot to seize the king's person in

1723. The last heads which were exposed on the Bar were those which were concerned in the "rebellion of '45." It is difficult to believe that it is scarcely more than a hundred and twenty years since Colonel Francis Townley, George Fletcher, and seven other Jacobites were so barbarously dealt with—hanged on Kennington Common, cut down, disembowelled, beheaded, quartered, their hearts tossed into a fire, from which one of them was snatched by a bystander, who devoured it to show his loyalty. Walpole afterwards saw their heads on Temple Bar, and says that people used to make a trade of letting out spy-glasses to look at them at a halfpenny a look. The spikes which supported the heads were only removed in the present century. It was in front of the Bar that the miserable Titus Oates stood in the pillory, pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs, and that De Foe, placed in the pillory for a libel on the Government, stood there enjoying a perfect ovation from the people, who drank his health as they hung the pillory with flowers.

"I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.' When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered, 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."—*Dr. Johnson.*

With the removal of Temple Bar an immensity of the associations of the past will be swept away. Almost all the well-known authors of the last two centuries have somehow had occasion to mention it. Fleet Street, just within its bounds, is still the centre for the offices of nearly all the leading newspapers and magazines, and those who stood beneath the soot-begrimed arches had to the last somewhat

of the experience which Dr. Johnson describes in his "Project for the Employment of Authors" (1756).

"It is my practice, when I am in want of amusement, to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers; and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening, but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discovering their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been totally neglected; another cursing the French, who fight away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion; another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy; another perusing as he walks his publisher's bill; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken a drowsy world to a sense of his merit."

CHAPTER II.

THE INNS OF COURT.

JUST within Temple Bar we may turn aside into the repose of the first of the four Inns of Court (Middle Temple, Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn), which Ben Jonson calls "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom." Here, beside the bustle of Fleet Street, yet utterly removed from it, are the groups of ancient buildings described by Spenser :—

> "—those bricky towers,
> The which on Thames' broad aged back doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whilom wont the Temple knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride."

The earliest residence of the Knights Templar was in Holborn, but they removed hither in 1184. After their suppression in 1313 Edward I. gave the property to Aymer de Valence. At his death it passed into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but was leased to the Inns of Court, so called because their inhabitants, who were students of the law, belonged to "the King's Court." It is interesting to notice how many of the peculiar terms used by the Templars seem to have descended with the

place to their legal successors. Thus the serjeants-at-law represent the *fratres servientes*—"freres serjens" of the Templars; and the title of Knight reappears in that of the Judges. The waiters were, and are still, called panniers, from the *panarii*, bread-bearers, of the Templars; and the scullions are still called wash-pots. The register of the Temple is full of such entries as "On March 28th died William Brown, wash-pot of the Temple."

Before the Temple was leased by the lawyers, the laws were taught in hostels—*hospitia curiæ*, of which there were a great number in the metropolis, especially in the neighbourhood of Holborn, but afterwards the Inns of Court and Chancery increased in prosperity till they formed what Stow describes as "a whole university of students, practisers or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their owne private maintenance." The name of *Hostel* was continued in that of *Inn*. Butler, playing on the latter, speaks of

"—the hostess
Of the Inns of Court and Chancery—Justice."

The prosperity of the lawyers, however, was not without its reverses, and such was their unpopularity at the time of Jack Cade's rebellion that they were chosen as his first victims. Thus, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* (Pt. II. Act iv. sc. 2), Dick, the Butcher of Ashford, is introduced as saying, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers;" to which Cade replies, "Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, should undo a man?" And in scene 7 Cade

says, "Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court; down with them all!"

In the end, Jack Cade really did the lawyers no harm, but their houses were pulled down in the invasion of Wat Tyler, and their books burnt in Fleet Street. Nevertheless the Inns of the Temple continued to increase in importance till the reign of Mary I., when the young lawyers had become such notorious fops that it was actually necessary to pass an Act of Parliament to restrain them. Henceforth they were not to wear beards of more than three weeks' growth upon pain of a fine of forty shillings; and they must restrain their passion for Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, gowns, hats, or daggers at their girdles. Only Knights and Benchers might luxuriate in doublets or hose of bright colours, except scarlet or crimson; and they were forbidden to wear velvet caps, scarf-wings to their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, velvet shoes, double shirt-cuffs, or feathers and ribbons in their caps.

The Temple was not finally conferred upon the lawyers till the time of James I., who declared in one of his speeches in the Star Chamber that "there were only three classes of people who had any right to settle in London—the courtiers, the citizens, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court." The division into two Halls dates from the time of Henry VI., when the number of students who frequented the Temple first made it necessary, and the two Halls have ever since maintained a distinct individuality. Though their gateways rise almost side by side on the right of Fleet Street, and their courts and passages join, the utmost distinction exists in the minds of the inmates.

Before any student can be admitted to either of the four

Societies of the Inns of Court, he must obtain the certificate of two barristers, and in the case of the Middle Temple that of a bencher, to show he is "aptus, habilis, et idoneus moribus et scientia." On his admission, he has the use of the library, may claim a seat in the church or chapel of the Inn, and can have his name set down for chambers. He must then keep *commons*, by dining in hall for twelve terms, of which there are four in each year. Before keeping terms, he must also deposit £100 with the treasurer, to be returned, without interest, when he is called to the Bar.

No student can be *called* till he is of three years' standing, and twenty-one years of age: after he is called, he becomes a *Barrister*. The call is made by the *Benchers*, the governing body of seniors, chosen for their "honest behaviour and good disposition," and "such as from their experience are of best note and ability to serve the kingdom."

Lectures are given at each of the Inns, which are open to all its students; examinations take place and scholarships are awarded: but a man may be called to the Bar who has not attended lectures or passed examinations, though *keeping commons* by dining in hall is an indispensable qualification.

"The Inns of Court are interesting to others besides lawyers, for they are the last working institutions in the nature of the old trade guilds. It is no longer necessary that a shoemaker should be approved by the company of the craft before he can apply himself to making shoes for his customers, and a man may keep an oyster-stall without being forced to serve an apprenticeship and be admitted to the Livery of the great Whig Company; but the lawyers' guilds guard the entrance to the law, and prescribe the rules under which it shall be practised. There are obvious advantages in having some authority to govern such a profession as the Bar, but it is sufficiently remarkable

that the voluntary societies of barristers themselves should have managed to engross and preserve it."—*Times Journal.*

A dull red-brick *Gate-way*, by Wren (1684), forms the entrance to *Middle Temple Lane*. The site was formerly occupied by a gate decorated with the arms of Cardinal Wolsey, which was erected by Sir Amias Paulet while he was the cardinal's prisoner in the other Temple Gate-house, in the hope of appeasing his displeasure.

The second *Gate-house* belonging to the *Inner Temple* was once surmounted by gables and annexed to very picturesque buildings of great extent. Only a fragment of the ornamental portion remains, adorned with the feathers of Henry, Prince of Wales. A hairdresser of lively imagination has set up an inscription declaring it to have been the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, but it was really built in the time of James I., when it was the office for the Duchy of Cornwall. Afterwards it became "Nando's," a coffee-house, where the foundation of Lord Thurlow's fortunes was laid. Some lawyers overheard him here arguing cleverly about some famous cause, and the next day he received his first important brief. The sides of this gate are adorned with the arms of the Inner Temple, as that of the Middle Temple is with the lamb bearing the banner of Innocence and the red cross, which was the original badge of the Templars. Here the shields bear a horse, now representing Pegasus, with the motto, "Volat ad astera virtus," but when this emblem was originally chosen it was a horse with two men upon it, the two men on one horse being intended to indicate the poverty of the Templars. The men gradually became worn from the shield, and when it was restored they were mis-

taken for wings; hence the winged horse. A wit once wrote here:—

"As by the Templars' hold you go,
The horse and lamb display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

The clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

Oh! happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

But very soon another inscription appeared from another witty hand:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
The *clients*—not *themselves*.

'Tis all a trick; these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you:
But have a care—for *you're* the *lambs*,
And they the *wolves* that eat you.

Nor let the thought of 'no delay'
To these their courts misguide you:
'Tis *you're* the showy horse, and they
The *jockeys* that will ride you."

It was at No. 1 on the right of the *Inner Temple Lane* (now rebuilt as Johnson's Buildings) that Dr. Johnson lived from 1760 to 1765. Boswell describes his visit to him there.

"His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted

stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment he began to talk."

By Inner Temple Lane we reach the only existing relic of the residence of the Knights Templars in these courts, their magnificent *Temple Church* (St. Mary's), which fortunately just escaped the Great Fire in which most of the Inner Temple perished. The church was restored in 1839—42 at an expense of £70,000, but it has been ill-done, and with great disregard of the historic memorials it contained.

It is entered by a grand Norman arch under the western porch, which will remind those who have travelled in France of the glorious door of Loches. This opens upon the Round Church of 1185 (fifty-eight feet in diameter), built in recollection of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the only four remaining round churches in England; the others being at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex. Hence, between graceful groups of Purbeck marble columns, we look into the later church of 1240; these two churches, built only at a distance of fifty-five years from each other, forming one of the most interesting examples we possess of the transition from Norman to Early English architecture. The Round Church is surrounded by an arcade of narrow Early English arches, separated by a series of heads, which are chiefly restorations. On the pavement lie two groups of restored effigies of "associates" of the Temple (not Knights Templar), carved in freestone, being probably the "eight images of armed knights" mentioned by Stow in 1598. They cannot be identified with any certainty, but are supposed to be—

Right.

1. William Marshall the younger, husband of Eleanor, sister of King Richard I. and John, sheathing his sword.

2. His father, the Protector Pembroke, Earl Marshall, 1119, his sword piercing an animal. It is this William Marshall who, a man of unsullied life, is introduced by Shakspeare as interceding for Prince Arthur.

3. Unknown.

4. Gilbert Marshall, another son of Pembroke, drawing the sword which he never was able to bear to the Crusades, having been killed by a runaway horse at a tournament in 1241, when he was going to start. His wife was Princess Margaret of Scotland. This was the last of the great family of the Marshalls, whose extinction was at that time believed to be due to a curse of the Abbot of Fernes, whom the Protector had robbed of his lands. Matthew Paris narrates how the abbot "came with great awe," and standing here by the Earl's tomb, promised him absolution if the lands were restored. But the dead gave no sign, so the curse fell.

Left.

1. The first Earl of Essex.

2. Geoffry de Magnaville, who was driven to desperation by the acts of injustice he received from Stephen, and fought against him. He was mortally wounded whilst attacking Burwel Castle in Cambridgeshire and died excommunicated. His body was soldered up in lead and hung up by the Templars on a tree in their orchard, till he received absolution upon its being proved that he had expressed repentance in his last moments.

3. Unknown.

4. Unknown.

The sight of these effigies will recall the lines in Spenser's "Fairy Queen—"

> "And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore,
> The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
> For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
> And dead, as living, ever him adored.
> Upon his shield the like was also scored,
> For sovereign hope which in his help he had."

Against the wall, behind the Marshalls, is the effigy of Robert Ros, Governor of Carlisle in the reign of John.

He was one of the great Magna Charta barons, and married the daughter of a king of Scotland, but he was not a Templar, for he wears flowing hair, which is forbidden by the rites of the Order: at the close of his life, however, he took the Templars' habit as an associate, and was buried here in 1227. On the opposite side is a Purbeck marble sarcophagus, said to be that of Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, but her effigy is at Fontevrault, where the monastic annals prove that she took the veil after the murder of Prince Arthur. Henry II. left five hundred marks by his will for his burial in the Temple Church, but was also buried at Fontevrault. Gough considers that the tomb here may be that of William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry III., who died in infancy, and (according to Weaver) was buried in the Temple in 1256.

In olden times the Round Church was the place where the lawyers used to meet their clients and—

> "Retain all kinds of witnesses
> That ply i' the Temple under trees;
> Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,
> About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts."
>
> *Hudibras*, *pt.* iii. *c.* 3.

Ben Jonson also speaks of this in the *Alchemist*.

A staircase in the wall leads to the triforium of the Round Church, which is now filled with the tombs, foolishly removed from the chancel beneath. Worthy of especial notice is the coloured kneeling effigy of Martin, Recorder of London, and Reader of the Middle Temple, 1615. Near this is the effigy—also coloured and under a canopy—of Edmund Plowden, the famous jurist, of whom Lord Ellenborough said that "better authority could not be

cited;" and referring to whom Fuller quaintly remarks, "How excellent a medley is made, when honesty and ability meet in a man of his profession!" There is also a monument to James Howell (1594—1666), whose entertaining letters, chiefly written from the Fleet, give many curious particulars relating to the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Opening upon the stairs leading to the triforium is a penitential cell (four feet six inches by two feet six inches) with slits towards the church, through which the prisoner, unable to lie down, could still hear mass. Here the unhappy Walter de Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was starved to death for disobedience to the Master of the Templars; and hence probably it was that, with the severe discipline of the Templars, other culprits were dragged forth naked every Monday to be flogged publicly by the priest before the high altar.

The Church (eighty-two feet long, fifty-eight wide, thirty-seven high), begun in 1185 and finished in 1240, is one of our most beautiful existing specimens of Early English Pointed architecture: "the roof springing, as it were, in a harmonious and accordant fountain, out of the clustered pillars that support its pinioned arches; and these pillars, immense as they are, polished like so many gems."* In the ornaments of the ceiling the banner of the Templars is frequently repeated—black and white, "because," says Fawyne, "the Templars showed themselves wholly white and fair towards the Christians, but black and terrible to them that were miscreants." The letters "Beausean" are for "Beauseant," their war-cry.

* Hawthorne.

In a dark hole to the left of the altar is the white marble monument of John Selden, 1654, called by Milton "the chief of learned men reputed in this land." The endless stream of volumes which he poured forth were filled with research and discrimination. Of these, his work "On the Law of Nature and of Nations" is described by Hallam as amongst the greatest achievements in erudition that any English writer has performed, but he is perhaps best known by his "Table Talk," of which Coleridge says, "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer." His funeral sermon was preached here by Archbishop Usher, to whom he had said upon his death-bed, "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, but I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity.'"

"Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of such stupendous learning in all kinds and in all languages, as may appear from his excellent and transcendent writings, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew exceeded that breeding."—*Earl of Clarendon, Life.*

On the right of the choir, near a handsome marble piscina, is the effigy of a bishop, usually shown as that of Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, by whom the church was consecrated, but he left England in a fury, after Henry II. refused to perform his vow of joining the Crusades in person, to atone for the murder of Becket. The figure more probably represents Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, 1255. In the vestry are monuments to Lords Eldon and Stowell, and that of Lord Thurlow (1806) by *Rossi.*

The organ, by Father Smydt or Smith, is famous from the long competition it underwent with one by Harris. Both were temporarily erected in the church. Blow and Purcell were employed to perform on that of Smith; Battista Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, on that of Harris. Immense audiences came to listen, but though the contest lasted a year, they could arrive at no decision. Finally, it was left to Judge Jefferies of the Inner Temple, who was a great musician, and who chose that of Smith.

By the side of a paved walk leading along the north side of the church to the *Master's House*, is the simple monument of Oliver Goldsmith, who died April 9, 1774. It is only inscribed, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

"Let not his faults be remembered; he was a very great man."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"He died in the midst of a triumphant course. Every year that he lived would have added to his reputation."—*Prof. Butler.*

"The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The preacher at the Temple is called "the Master," though he has no authority whatever, and can do nothing without permission from the Benchers. The "learned and

judicious" Hooker held the mastership and began to write his "Ecclesiastical Polity" here. "It was a place," says Walton, "which he rather accepted than desired," and whence he wrote to Archbishop Whitgift, "I am weary of the noise and opposition of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. . . . I shall never be able to finish what I have begun unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy." Hooker's chair and table remain in the Master's House, which was built for William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of the Temple. His successor was Dr. Thomas Sherlock, who held the mastership with the successive bishoprics of Bangor, Salisbury, and London. His residence here in 1748, when the sees of Canterbury and London became vacant at the same time, occasioned the epigram—

"At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman asked him, 'Which way will you float?'
'Which way?' says the Doctor; 'why, fool, with the stream!'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him;"

and he was made Bishop of London.

In the registers of the Temple, kept in the Master's House, perhaps the most interesting of many remarkable records is that which attests the marriage—the surreptitious marriage—of Mr. Sidney Godolphin with Margaret Blagg, the lady whose lovely and lovable life was portrayed by Evelyn and published by Wilberforce. The entry is not entered on the regular page, but pinned in afterwards, apparently when the event was made public, the lady having been previously provided with her "marriage lines."

The labyrinthine courts of the Temple are all replete with quaint associations. The Inner Temple is the least so. Most of it was destroyed by the great fire of 1666, which even "licked the windows" of the Temple Church, and what remained perished in the fire of January, 1678, when the Thames and the pumps were frozen so hard that no water could be obtained, and all the barrels of ale in the Temple cellars were used to feed the fire-engines. The old *Inner Temple Hall* of James I.'s time (where the last revel of the Inns of Court took place in 1733 when Mr. Talbot was made Lord Chancellor) was replaced in 1870 by a handsome perpendicular gothic hall from designs of *Sidney Smirke.*

"At the Inner Temple, on certain grand occasions, it is customary to pass huge silver goblets (loving cups) down the table, filled with a delicious composition, immemorially termed 'sack,' consisting of sweetened and exquisitely flavoured white wine: the butler attends its progress to replenish it, and each student is restricted to a *sip*. Yet it chanced not long since at the Temple, that, though the present number fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed!"—*Quarterly Review*, 1836, No. 110.

Hare Court is so called from Nicholas Hare (1557), Master of the Rolls in the time of Mary I. *Crown Office Row* was the birthplace of Charles Lamb, who afterwards lived in 4, Inner Temple Lane, whence he wrote, "The rooms are delicious, and Hare's Court trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden." In 1800 Lamb moved again—

"I am going to change my lodgings," he wrote, "I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tip-toe) over the Thames, and Surrey hills; at the Upper end of King's Bench walk, in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a

house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse with any immortal mind. I shall be airy, up four pair of steps, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain."

It was in *King's Bench Walk* that William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, had chambers (No. 5), and here that he was visited as client by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who came late in the evening, and was disgusted at finding him gone out to a supper party. "I could not tell who she was," said the servant, reporting her visit, "for she would not tell me her name, but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality."

In *Tanfield Court*, on this side of the Temple, old Mrs. Duncomb with her companion Elizabeth Harrison and her maid Anne Price, were murdered in 1732 by Sarah Malcolm, a washerwoman of the Temple, who having, after her execution in Fleet Street (opposite Mitre Court) been buried against all rules in St. Sepulchre's churchyard, was dug up again, and is now exhibited as a skeleton at the Botanic Garden at Cambridge. She was extremely handsome, and, two days before her execution, she dressed up in scarlet and sate to Hogarth for her portrait. Immediately above Tanfield Court, adjoining what is now the Master's Garden, stood the old refectory of the knights, only pulled down within the last few years.

Turning to the Middle Temple, it will be interesting to remember that Chaucer was one of its students in the reign of Edward III., and, while here, gave a sound thrashing to a Franciscan friar who insulted him in Fleet Street. On

the first floor of No. 2, *Brick Court*, lived the learned Blackstone, and here in his "Farewell to the Muse," after bidding a fond adieu to the woods and streams of his youth he wrote—

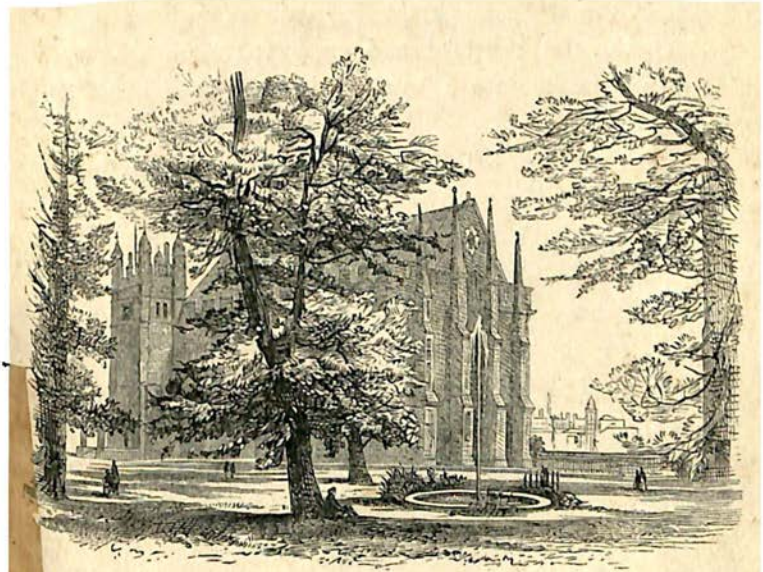
> "Then welcome business, welcome strife,
> Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
> The visage wan, the purblind sight,
> The toil by day, the lamp by night,
> The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
> The pert dispute, the dull debate,
> The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—
> For thee, fair Justice! welcome all!"

Here the great lawyer was soon immersed in writing the fourth volume of his famous Commentaries; but in his calculation of the trials of legal life, there was one which he had not foreseen. Oliver Goldsmith had taken the rooms above him, and sorely was he disturbed by the roaring comic songs in which the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was wont to indulge, and by the frantic games of blind-man's-buff which preceded his supper-parties, and the dancing which followed them.* Here Sir Joshua Reynolds, coming in suddenly, found the poet engaged in furiously kicking round the room a parcel containing a masquerade dress which he had ordered and had no money to pay for; and here, on April 9, 1774, poor Goldsmith died, from taking too many James's powders, when he had been forbidden to do so by his doctor—died, dreadfully in debt, though attended to the grave by numbers of the poor in the neighbourhood, to whom he had never failed in kindness and charity—"mourners without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to

* He took and furnished these rooms with £400 received for "The Good-natured Man."

weep for; outcasts of the great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."

The pleasantest part of the Middle Temple is the *Fountain Court*, with its little fountain, low enough now, but which, Sir Christopher Hatton says, sprang "to a vast and



Fountain Court, Temple.

almost incredible altitude" in his time. It is commemorated in a poem of L. E. L. (Miss Landon), with the lines—

"The fountain's low singing is heard in the wind,
Like a melody, bringing sweet fancies to mind;
Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them they cast
The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.
Away in the distance is heard the far sound
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of mountains or ocean's deep call;
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all."

Charles Dickens has left a pretty description of Ruth Pinch going to meet her lover in this court—"coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing;" and how, when John Westlock came at last—"merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished."

In this court is the *Middle Temple Hall*, an admirable Elizabethan building (of 1572) with a screen, which is very handsome, though it is not, as is often said, made from the spoils of the Spanish Armada, being thirteen years earlier in date. The order of the military monks is preserved here during dinner, the Benchers on the dais representing the knights, the Barristers the priors or brethren, the Students the novices. The old Cow's Horn is preserved, by the blowing of which the Benchers used to be summoned to dinner. It is a fact worth notice as showing the habits of these Benchers in former days, that when the floor of the Middle Temple Hall was taken up in 1764, no less than a hundred pair of (very small) dice were found beneath it, having slipped through between the ill-adjusted boards. In the time of Elizabeth the Benchers were so quarrelsome a body that an edict was passed that no one should come into hall with other weapons than a sword or a dagger! The feasts of Christmas, Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension were formerly kept here with great splendour, a regular Master of the Revels being elected, and the Lord Chancellor, Judges, and Benchers opening the sports by dancing solemnly three times around the sea-coal fire.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him."

This dance called forth many satires—especially from Buckingham in his play of *The Rehearsal*, from Prior in his *Alma*, and Dr. Donne in his *Satires*. In Pope's *Dunciad* we find—

"The judge to dance, his brother serjeant calls."

In this Hall Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*, was performed soon after its production, Feb. 2, 1601; and it is probably the only remaining building in which one of his plays was seen by his contemporaries. Sir John Davys was expelled the Society for thrashing his friend Mr. Richard Martin (the Bencher to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his "Poetaster") in this hall during dinner.

"Truly it is a most magnificent apartment; very lofty, so lofty, indeed, that the antique oak roof is quite hidden, as regards all its details, in the sombre gloom that broods under its rafters. The hall is lighted by four great windows, on each of the two sides, descending half-way from the ceiling to the floor, leaving all beneath enclosed by oaken panelling, which, on three sides, is carved with escutcheons of such members of the society as have held the office of reader. There is likewise, in a large recess or transept, a great window, occupying the full height of the hall and splendidly emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained to the dignity of Chief-Justices. The other windows are pictured, in like manner, with coats of arms of local dignities connected with the Temple; and besides all these there are arched lights, high towards the roof, at either end, full of richly and chastely coloured glass, and all the illumination of that great hall came through those glorious panes, and they seemed the richer for the sombreness in which we stood. I cannot describe, or even intimate, the effect of this transparent glory, glowing down upon us in the gloomy depth of the hall."—*Hawthorne. English Note-Books.*

The expression "moot (mot) point" comes from the custom of proposing difficult points of law for discussion during dinner, which was formerly observed in the halls of the Inns of Court.

Near the Hall is the *New Library* erected by *H. R. Abraham.* Its garden has a tree—Catalpa Syringifolia—said to have been planted by Sir Matthew Hale.

Three Sun-Dials in the Temple have mottoes. That in Temple Lane, "Pereunt et imputantur;" that in Essex Court, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum;" that in Brick Court, "Time and Tide tarry for no man."

"I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places!—these are my oldest recollections. . . . What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah, yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!"

Charles Lamb.

The Temple Garden is the place where Shakspeare makes the partisans of the Houses of York and Lancaster first choose a red and white rose as their respective badges.

"*Suffolk.* Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient. . . .
Plantagenet. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me. . . .
Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? . . . .
Warwick. This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

First Part of Henry VI. Act ii. sc. 4.

There are charming views of the river—the busy silent highway, from the gardens, though on Lord Mayor's Day you can no longer

"Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself on her proud stream afloat;
For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster."

Shakspeare's Henry V.

No roses will live now in the smoke-laden air, but the gardens are still famous for their autumnal show of Chrysanthemums, the especial flowers of the Temple. Near a dial given by "Henricus Wynne, Londini, 1770," are the remains of a sycamore of Shakspeare's days.

"So, O Benchers, may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! So may the sparrow, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnised the parade before ye."—*Charles Lamb.*

Opposite the Temple, occupying a space of eight acres, in the clearance of which as many as thirty wretched

courts and alleys were removed, the *New Law Courts* are rising, with a front four hundred and eighty-three feet in length towards the Strand and Fleet Street. They are built in the Decorated style from designs of *G. E. Street. R.A.*, with the view of uniting all the principal Law Courts (hitherto divided between Lincoln's Inn and Westminster) upon one site, and they promise to form one of the handsomest piles of building in London.

A little farther down Fleet Street is the entrance of *Chancery Lane*, a long winding street where the great Lord Strafford was born (1593) and where Izaak Walton, "the father of angling," lived as a London linen-draper (1627—1644). Pope says—

"Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound."

The Lane and its surrounding streets have a peculiar legal traffic of their own, and abound in wig makers, strong-box makers, and law stationers and booksellers. In former times when the Inns of Court were more like colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and when the students which belonged to them lived together within their walls, dined together, and shared the same exercises and amusements, the Inns of Court always had Inns of Chancery annexed to them. These were houses where the younger students underwent a course of preparation for the greater freedom of the colleges of the Inns of Court, to which, says Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," they bore much the same position as Eton bears towards King's College at Cambridge, or Winchester to New College at Oxford. Now the Inns of Chancery are comparative

solitudes: readers of Dickens will recollect the vivid descriptions of Symond's Inn in "Bleak House."

On the right of Chancery Lane, behind St. Dunstan's Church, are the dark brick courts of *Serjeants' Inn*, originally intended only for judges and the serjeants-at-law who derive their name from the *Fratres Servientes* of the Knights Templars. The serjeants still address each other as brothers. The degree of Serjeant is the highest attainable in the faculty of law, and indispensable for a seat on the judicial bench. The buildings were sold in 1877, and the little Hall (38 ft. by 21) and Chapel (31 ft. by 20)—both with richly stained windows—will probably ere long be pulled down.

The courts of Serjeants' Inn join those of the earliest foundation of those Inns of Chancery which we have been describing, *Clifford's Inn* (entered from Fetter Lane), which is so called because the land on which it stands was devised in the reign of Edward II. (1310) to "our beloved and faithful Robert de Clifford." It was in the hall of Clifford's Inn that Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other judges sate after the Great Fire to adjudicate upon the perplexed claims of landlords and tenants in the destroyed houses—a task which they accomplished so much to the satisfaction of every one concerned that their portraits are all preserved in Guildhall in honour of patient justice.

Farther down Chancery Lane, on the same side, is an old dingy courtyard containing the *Rolls Court* and *Chapel*. The latter was originally built in the time of Henry III., but rebuilt by Inigo Jones in 1617, when Dr. Donne preached the consecration sermon. Bishop Atterbury and Bishop Butler were Preachers at the Rolls, and also Bishop Burnet, who was dismissed on account of the offence given

to King and Court, by his preaching a sermon here on the text, "Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns."

It is little known that within the walls of this ugly chapel is one of the noblest pieces of sculpture which England possesses, a tomb which may be compared for beauty with the famous monuments of Francesco Albergati at Bologna,

The Torregiano Tomb, Rolls Chapel.

and of Bernardo Guigni in the Badia at Florence. The visitor will at once be struck by the contrast of the tomb of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls in the time of Henry VIII., with the usual types of English monuments. The aged Master reposes in the most sublime serenity of death upon a sarcophagus, shaped like a Florentine "bride-chest," within a circular arch, on the back of which the

half figure of the Saviour rises in low relief between two cherubim. In the panel of the pedestal beneath is the inscription and the date MDXVI. The whole is the work of the immortal *Torregiano*, who was the sculptor of Henry VII.'s tomb, and words would fail to give an idea of the infinite repose which he has here given to the venerable features of the dead. Another stately monument on the same side of the chapel commemorates Lord Bruce of Kinloss (1610), who was sent to open a secret correspondence with Cecil, under the pretence of congratulating Elizabeth on the failure of the revolt under Lord Essex, and who was afterwards rewarded by James I. with the Mastership of the Rolls. In front kneel his four children. The eldest son, in armour, was the Lord Bruce of Kinloss who was killed in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville. On the opposite side of the altar is the tomb of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath (1561): he kneels with his wife at an altar on which their three daughters are represented. Amongst other Masters buried here are Sir John Strange, of whom Pennant gives the punning epitaph—

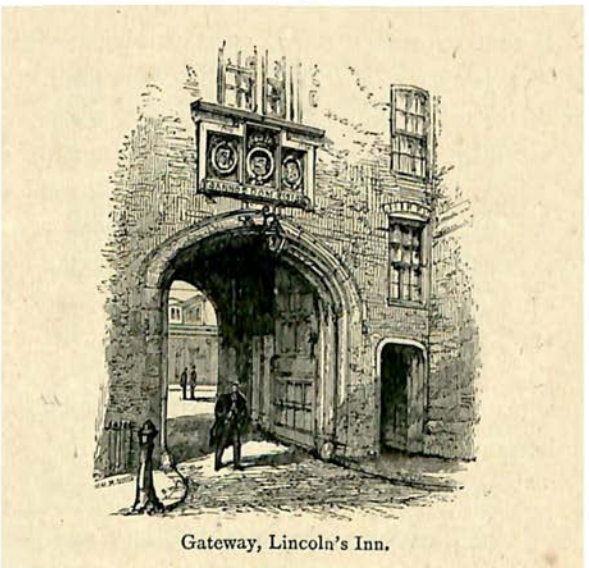
"Here lies an honest lawyer, that is—Strange,"

and Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, who was compelled to pronounce his own conviction and dismissal for bribery. On the windows are the arms of Sir Harbottle Grimston (1594—1683), Master of the Rolls.

"He was a just judge: very slow, and ready to hear any thing that was offered, without passion or partiality. He was a very pious and devout man, and spent at least an hour in the morning and as much at night in prayer and meditation. And even in winter, when he was obliged to be very early on the bench, he took care to rise so soon that he had always the command of that time, which he gave to those exercises."—*Burnet.*

Chichester Rents, the name of a wretched court on the left of Chancery Lane, still commemorates the town-house of the Bishops of Chichester, built in 1228 by Bishop Ralph Nevill, Chancellor in the time of Henry III.

On the left of the lane is the noble brick *Gateway* of *Lincoln's Inn*, bearing the date 1518, and adorned with the arms of Sir Thomas Lovell, by whom it was built in the



Gateway, Lincoln's Inn.

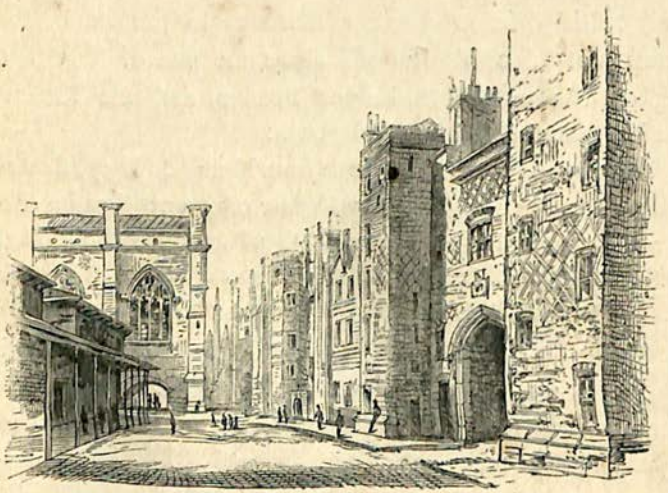
reign of Henry VIII. It is ornamented by inlaid brickwork of different colours, in the style of Hampton Court, and is the only example remaining in London, except the gate of St. James's. Stretching along the front of the Inn, on the interior, are a number of curious towers and gables with pointed doorways and Tudor windows, forming, with the chapel opposite upon its raised arches, one of the most picturesque architectural groups in London. It is upon this

gateway that Fuller describes Ben Jonson as working with his Horace in one hand, and a trowel in the other, when "some gentlemen pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations." But the generation which can delight in the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial has no admiration to spare for these grand relics of architects who knew their business, and, unless opinion speedily interferes to protect it, the gateway of Lincoln's Inn will share the fate of Northumberland House, the Burlington Portico, and the Tabard, for it is doomed to be pulled down!

The name Lincoln's Inn came from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, *ob.* 1312, whose town-house once occupied its site. Its courtyards have a greater look of antiquity than those of the Temple. On the left of the ground-floor, at No. 24 in the "Old Buildings" were the rooms of Oliver Cromwell's secretary Thurloe from 1645 to 1659, where his correspondence was discovered behind a false ceiling. There is a tradition that the Protector came thither one day to discuss with Thurloe the plot of Sir Richard Willis for seizing the persons of the three princes, sons of Charles I. Having disclosed his plans, he discovered Thurloe's clerk apparently asleep upon his desk. Fearing treason, he would have killed him on the spot, but Thurloe prevented him, and after passing a dagger repeatedly over his unflinching countenance he was satisfied that the clerk was really asleep. He was not asleep, however, and had heard everything, and found means to warn the princes.

Two of the old gables have sun-dials with the mottoes—"Qua redit, nescitis horam,"—"Ex hoc momento pendet

æternitas." The Perpendicular Chapel, at the right of the entrance, was built from designs of Inigo Jones, and is raised upon arches, which form a kind of crypt, open at the sides, where Pepys went "to walk under the chapel, by agreement." The stained windows are remarkably good; they represent different saints, and it is not to be wondered at that Archbishop Laud thought it odd that so much



Chapel and Gateway, Lincoln's Inn.

abuse should be raised against his windows at Lambeth, while these passed unnoticed, yet would not speak of it lest he should "thereby set some furious spirit on work to destroy those harmless goodly windows to the just dislike of that worthy society." The chapel bell was taken by the Earl of Essex, at Cadiz, in 1596. William Prynne, the Puritan, was buried here. Dr. Donne, Usher, Tillotson, Warburton, and Heber were preachers of Lincoln's Inn.

In the porch is a monument to Spencer Perceval (murdered May 11, 1812), Attorney-General and Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn.

Crossing one end of the old-fashioned brick square of *New Inn*, we reach a handsome group of brick buildings by *Hardwicke*, 1843-45, comprising the *Hall* and the *Library*. In the former are a great fresco by *G. F. Watts* (1854-59), representing "The Origin of Legislation," *Hogarth's* picture of Paul before Felix, and a fine statue of Lord Eldon by *Westmacott*. The latter contains a valuable collection of manuscripts, chiefly bequeathed by Sir Matthew Hale. One of the curious customs, preserved till lately at Lincoln's Inn, was that a servant went to the outer hall door and shouted three times "Venez manger" at twelve o'clock, when there was nothing on the table.

The ancient

> "Walks of Lincoln's Inn
> Under the elms,"

mentioned by Ben Jonson have perished; but *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, "perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the Law," as Dickens calls it, is still the largest and shadiest square in London, and was laid out by Inigo Jones. Its dimensions have been erroneously stated to be the same as those of the great pyramid, which are much larger. The square was only railed off in 1735, and till then bore a very evil reputation. Gay says—

> "Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
> Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
> The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
> Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
> That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
> Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band,
Still keep the public streets where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp o'erspread the ways."

It was here (Sept. 20 and 21, 1586) that Babington and other conspirators for Mary, Queen of Scots, were "hanged, bowelled, and quartered, even in the place where they used to meet and conferre of their traiterous purposes." Here, also, the brave and upright William, Lord Russell, unjustly suffered for alleged high treason, attended by Tillotson and Burnet on the scaffold.

"His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. . . . He parted with his lady with a composed silence: and as soon as she was gone, he said to me, 'The bitterness of death is passed;' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. She had the command of herself so much that at parting she gave him no disturbance. . . . Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted; he was touched with the tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said, he hoped to sing better very soon. As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said, I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly. . . . He laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance: and it was cut off at two strokes."—*Burnet.*

On the north side of the square, beyond the handsome *Inns of Court Hotel*, is (No. 13) the eccentric *Soane Museum*, formed in his own house and bequeathed to the nation by Sir John Soane (*ob.* 1837), who was the son of a bricklayer at Reading, but, being distinguished as a student in the Royal Academy, and sent to Rome with the Academy pension, lived to become the architect of the Bank of England. The museum, which Mrs. Jameson calls "a fairy

palace of *virtu*," was especially intended by its founder to illustrate the artistic and instructive purposes to which it is possible to devote an English private residence, and is open to the public from ten to four on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Few people know of it, and fewer visit it, which is much to be regretted, since, though, as Dr. Waagen says, the over-crowded and labyrinthine house leaves an impression as of a feverish dream, it contains, together with much rubbish, several most interesting pictures.

Room I.

Sir J. Reynolds. "The Snake in the Grass" or "Love unloosing the zone of Beauty"—bought at the Marchioness of Thomond's sale. In very bad condition.

Sir T. Lawrence. Portrait of Sir John Soane.

Room II.—(*Right.*)

Canaletto. The Grand Canal at Venice—a glorious picture, full of light and air, with sparkling waves and animated figures—so different to the wooden abortions usually attributed to this injured artist, that few can be said to have made his acquaintance, who have not looked upon it. From the Fonthill collection.

Hogarth. The Election. A series of four pictures.

1. *The Entertainment.* It is the end of the feast. The mayor is seized with apoplexy from a surfeit of oysters and the barber is bleeding him in vain. A candidate is flattering an old woman. A crowd of the opposing faction have thrown brickbats into the room, one of which has struck a lawyer on the head. A virago resents the refusal of a bribe by her tailor husband, whose son exhibits his need of it by showing his worn-out shoe.

2. *The Canvassing.* Bribery is exhibited in all its forms. In the background is the Excise Office. Hogarth's quaint wit is shown in the man at the end of the beam to which the crown is suspended, busily engaged in sawing it down, forgetful that he must fall with it.

3. *The Polling.* The rival candidates are seated in a booth to receive votes. A Chelsea pensioner is objected to by a lawyer, because he cannot lay his right hand, but only a stump, on the book. A man is bawling into the ear of another who is deaf the name of the

person he is to vote for. A dying man is carried to vote in blankets. In the background is Britannia upsetting in her coach, while her servants are playing cards on the box.

4. *The Chairing of the Successful Candidate.* The new Member, represented by Bubb Doddington, is in danger of being upset in his chair, one of his bearers having had his head broken by the club of a countryman who is fighting with a Greenwich pensioner. The tailor of the former scene is beaten by his wife; an old woman is thrown down amongst the pigs. In the midst of the confusion the cooks are carrying in the dinners.

"Hogarth painted life as he saw it. He gives no visions of by-gone things—no splendid images of ancient manners; he regards neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day—with the folly or the vice of the hour; to the garb and fashion of the moment, however, he adds story and sentiment for all time."—*Allan Cunningham.*

Room III.—(*Breakfast Room.*)

Francesco Goma. Portrait of Napoleon, 1797.
Isabey. Miniature of Napoleon, painted at Elba.

Upper Floor.

Hogarth. The Rake's Progress, a series of eight pictures.

1. *The Rake comes into his Fortune.* The accumulations of the relation whose fortune he has inherited are displayed, while the starved cat and the woman bringing chips to the empty grate refer to the penury in which the miser has lived. The heir, an empty-headed lout, is being measured for fine clothes. A girl whom he has seduced, accompanied by her mother, with her lap full of love-letters, vainly seeks the fulfilment of his promises. A villainous attorney, who has been employed in making an inventory, is stealing a bag of gold from the table.

2. *The Levee of the Rake.* His chamber is crowded with sycophants, and persons seeking his patronage. Amongst the portraits introduced are those of Dubois the fencing-master, Figg the prize-fighter, and Bridgeman the king's gardener.

3. *The Orgies of the Rake.* A woman picks the pocket of the drunken rake of his watch which she hands to an accomplice. On the floor are the lanthorn and staff of a watchman with whom he has been fighting. Everything indicates the most vicious dissipation. The harlot in the background, setting fire to the world, is peculiarly Hogarthian.

4. *The Arrest of the Rake.* He is arrested in his sedan chair, when he is going to court on the queen's birthday, indicated by the leek in the Welshman's cocked hat (St. David's Day being the birthday of Queen Caroline). St. James's Palace is seen in the background, with White's Chocolate House, where the Rake has probably completed his ruin at the gaming-table. The lamplighter, while gaping at the scene beneath, lets his oil stream down on the Rake's peruke. A touch of human sympathy is shown in the neglected girl of the first picture, who appears here as having redeemed the past, and who, accidentally seeing her faithless lover in trouble, offers her purse to save him.

5. *The Marriage of the Rake.* Discharged by the assistance of the girl he has injured, the Rake again deserts her to redeem his fortunes by marrying a hideous but rich old woman. While placing the ring upon her finger, he leers at her maid in the background. The neglected girl and her mother try to forbid the marriage, but are ejected from the church by the pew-opener. The absurdity of the courtship is parodied in that of the two dogs in the background. The scene is the old Church of Marylebone, then (1735) in the country and the resort of couples seeking to be privately married—the Commandments are cracked across, the Creed is effaced, the poor-box is covered with cobwebs; all is significant.

6. *The Rake at the Gambling Table.* At White's (where the incident of the fire pourtrayed here really occurred in 1733), the Rake loses the second fortune for which he has sold himself.

7. *The Rake in Prison.* The Rake is seated in despair, his wife is cursing him; only the girl whose early affections he won, remains kind, and comes to visit him, but faints on seeing his misery. A rejected tragedy by which he has tried to obtain money lies upon the table. In contrast to this scene of poverty, an alchemyst is at work in the background.

8. *The Rake in Bedlam.* Having reached the last stage of degradation, we see the Rake, naked and shaven, still sustained by the one friend who has refused to desert him. All phases of madness—the man who thinks himself an astronomer—the man who thinks himself a king, the melancholy madness of religion, the simpering idiocy of love—are introduced; and to visit and ridicule them, as was then permitted, come two fine ladies.

The other pictures here are unimportant. We may notice—

Turner. Van Tromp's barge entering the Texel.

W. Hilton (1786—1839). Marc Antony reading Cæsar's will.
Sir C. Eastlake (1793-1865). The Cave of Despair.

In the dimly-lit under chambers, surrounded by an extraordinary and heterogeneous collection, is the magnificent sarcophagus of Osiris, father of Rameses the Great, discovered by Belzoni (1816) in the valley of Behan el Malook. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and is cut out of a single block of the substance called by mineralogists aragonite.

The beautifully-illuminated manuscripts of this museum are well deserving of study, the finest being the Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles by Cardinal Marino Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileja, with exquisite miniatures by Giulio Clovio. Amongst other literary curiosities preserved here, is the original MS. of the Gerusalemme Liberata of Tasso.

At the north-western corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields is *Newcastle House* (with a double staircase to its entrance), built in 1686 by the Marquis of Powis, who followed James II. into exile, and was created Duke of Powis by him. It was inhabited by the insignificant prime minister of George II.'s reign, the Duke of Newcastle, of whom Lord Wilmington said, "he loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it all the rest of the day, without being able to overtake it." Now it is occupied by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

In *Great Queen Street*, which leads from hence into Long Acre, Lord Herbert of Cherbury lived, and wrote the first part of his "De Veritate,"—"justly deemed inimical to every positive religion." *

* Hallam, "Lit. Hist. of Europe."

"In Great Queen Street Sir Godfrey Kneller lived next door to Dr. Ratcliffe; Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden, but Ratcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut the door. Ratcliffe replied peevishly, 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it.'—'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.' "—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

Nos. 55 and 56 are good specimens of street house architecture. The fleur de lis, which till lately might be seen on the fronts of some of the houses on the south of Great Queen Street, was in compliment to Henrietta-Maria, after whom it was named.

On the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, No. 59, *Lindsey House*, afterwards *Ancaster House* (marked by its little semi-circular portico), was built by Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, Charles the First's general, who fell in the battle of Edgehill. Close to a low massive archway, leading into Duke Street, is the *Sardinian Chapel*, built in 1648, the year before Charles I. was beheaded, being the oldest foundation now in the hands of Roman Catholics in London. It was partially destroyed in the Gordon Riots, when Protestantism hung a cat dressed in priestly vestments to the lamp-post in front of it, with the holy wafer in its paws. It is the church frequented by the Savoyard organ boys who live on Saffron Hill.

In a house opposite the chapel Benjamin Franklin lived in 1725, when he was a journeyman printer in the office of Mr. Watts in Great Wild Street. He lodged with a Roman Catholic widow lady and her daughter, to whom he paid a rent of 3s. 6d. a week. When kept at home by the gout he was frequently asked to spend the evenings with his

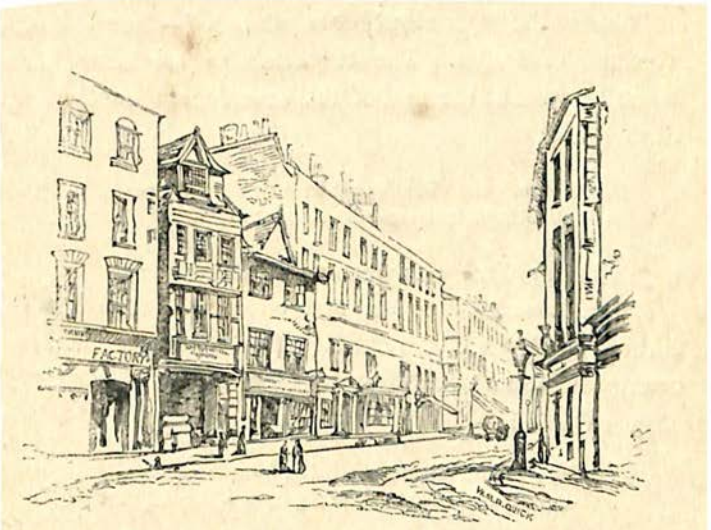
landlady. "Our supper," he says in his autobiography, "was only half an anchovy each, on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us: but the entertainment was in her conversation." In the upper floor of the same house lived—on water-gruel only—a Roman Catholic maiden lady of fortune, as if in a nunnery, spending £12 a year on herself, and giving away all the rest of her estate. While he worked in Great Wild Street, Franklin relates that he only drank water, while the other workmen, some fifty in number, were great beer-drinkers; but he used to be much stronger, and could carry far greater weights than his companions, which greatly excited their surprise against him whom they called the "Water-American."

[*Great Wild Street* (right) takes its name from Humphrey Wild, Lord Mayor in 1608. Wild House was afterwards the Spanish Embassy, and the ambassador escaped with difficulty by its back door in the anti-papal riots under James II. The site of the house is now occupied by a Baptist Chapel, where a sermon is annually preached on the great storm of Nov. 26, 1763, in which more than 800 houses were laid in ruins in London alone.

Duke Street and Prince's Street lead into *Drury Lane*, one of the great arteries of the parish of St. Clement Danes, an aristocratic part of London in the time of the Stuarts.* It takes its name from Drury House, built by Sir William Drury in the time of Henry VIII. From the Drurys it passed into the hands of William, Lord Craven, who (the grandson of a Yorkshire carrier's boy who rose to be Lord Mayor) was so celebrated in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. He

* The Duchess of Ormond was living in Great Wild Street in 1655.

rebuilt Drury House, which was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to whom he always showed the most chivalrous devotion, and who is sometimes believed to have become his wife, though twelve years his senior. Here he heroically staid during the great Plague, which began in Drury Lane, and, at the hazard of his life, assisted in preserving order amidst



The Old House in Drury Lane.

the terrors of the time. He is still commemorated in *Craven Buildings*, where a fresco, now quite obliterated, long represented him, riding on his white charger. Near the entrance of Drury Lane from the Strand, on the left, an old house, now a Mission House, still exists, which stood in the Lane, with the old house of the Drurys, before the street was built.

Aubrey mentions that the Duchess of Albemarle, wife of General Monk, was daughter of one of the five female barbers of Drury Lane, celebrated in the ballad—

> "Did you ever hear the like,
> Or ever hear the fame,
> Of five women barbers
> That lived in Drury Lane?"

This was the "plain and homely dowdy"—the "ill-look'd woman" of Pepys. The respectability of Drury Lane began to wane at the end of the seventeenth century, and Gay's lines,

> "Oh may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
> Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes!"

are still as applicable as when they were written.

Drury Lane Theatre was first opened in 1674 with an address by Dryden, who extolled the advantages of its then country-situation over those of "the Duke's Theatre" in Dorset Gardens—

> "*Our* House relieves the ladies from the frights
> Of ill-paved streets and long dark winter nights."

The burning of the theatre (Feb. 24, 1809) is rendered memorable by the publication of the "Rejected Addresses," * the famous jeu d'esprit of James and Horace Smith, the "very best imitations," says Lord Jeffrey (and often of difficult originals), "that ever were made," but of which Murray refused to buy the copyright for £20.]

At the south-west angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Portsmouth House, built by Inigo Jones for the Earl of Ports-

* Supposed to have been presented for competition at the opening of the new house.

mouth, has given a name to *Portsmouth Street.* Here the *Black Jack Public House* was long called "The Jump," from Jack Sheppard having escaped his pursuers by jumping from a window on its first floor.

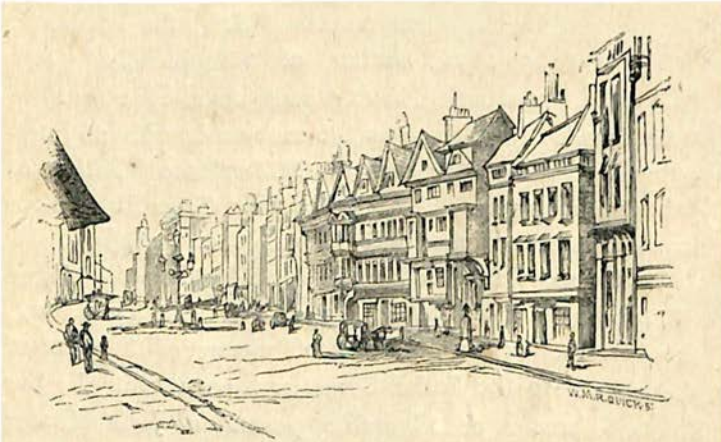
[Portsmouth Street leads into *Portugal Street* (named in honour of Catherine of Braganza), where *King's College Hospital* and its surroundings have obliterated the recollections and annihilated the grave-stones of the Burial Ground of St. Clement Danes, where Nathaniel Lee, the bombastic dramatist (1657-1692), author of "Sophonisba" and "Gloriana," was buried, having been killed in a drunken street brawl. Here also was the monument with an interesting epitaph to "Honest Joe Miller," the "Father of Jokes" (1684-1738). The neighbouring *Carey Street* takes its name from the house of Sir George Carey, 1655.]

On the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is the *College of Surgeons*, built by *C. Barry*, 1835. It has a fine library, in which the cartoon for Hogarth's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons is preserved. In the Council-Room is an admirable portrait of John Hunter (*ob.* 1792), the chief benefactor of the College, by *Reynolds.* There are several good busts by *Chantrey.*

The *Museum* (right of entrance) was founded by and is chiefly due to the exertions of Hunter; and "was intended to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life, by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are represented." The skeleton of the elephant Chunee, brought to England in 1810, is preserved here. It is 12 feet 4 inches in height.

If we follow Chancery Lane into Holborn, a long series of gables of the time of James I. breaks the sky line

upon the right, and beneath them is a grand old house, following the bend of the street with its architecture, projecting more and more boldly in every story, broken by innumerable windows of quaint design and intention, and with an arched doorway in the centre. This is the entrance to *Staple Inn*, originally a hostelry of the merchants of the Wool Staple, who were removed to Westminster by Richard II. in 1378. It became an Inn of Chancery in



Staple Inn, Holborn.

the reign of Henry V., and since the time of Henry VIII. has been a dependency of Gray's Inn.

"Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long since run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other, 'let us play at country;' and where

a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks; and it contains a little hall, with a little lantern in its roof: to what obstructive purposes devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not."—*Dickens—Edwin Drood.*

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his first visit to London, says—

"I went astray in Holborn through an arched entrance, over which was 'Staple Inn,' and here likewise seemed to be offices; but, in a court opening inwards from this, there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sun-flowers in full bloom. The windows were open; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn; and to lose all this repose as suddenly, on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet."

Beyond the miniature *Hall*—eminently picturesque, with its high timber roof and lanthorn, its stained windows and ancient portraits and busts of the Cæsars—is a second court containing some admirable modern buildings on a raised terrace (by *Whig and Pownall*, 1843), of the architecture of James I., devoted to the offices of the taxing masters in Chancery. It was to Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson removed from Gough Square, and here that—to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral and fulfil the few debts she left behind her—he wrote, what he described to Miss Porter as a little story-book—*i.e.* his "Rasselas."

A little lower down on the same side of Holborn a

passage under a public-house forms the humble entrance to *Barnard's Inn*, a little Inn of Chancery belonging to Gray's Inn. Again, there are tiny courts with a single tree growing in them, and flowers lining the window sills, divided by a tiny hall with a baby lanthorn, and a line of quaint windows decorated by coats of arms and set in a timber framework.

On the opposite side of the street is *Furnival's Inn*, which was called after a Sir William Furnival, who once owned the land. It was an Inn of Chancery attached to Lincoln's Inn. Its buildings are shown by old prints to have been exceedingly stately, and were for the most part pulled down in the time of Charles I., and it was entirely rebuilt in 1818. A statue of Henry Peto, 1830, stands in the modern courtyard. Sir Thomas More was a "reader" of Furnival's Inn, and Dickens was residing here when he began his "Pickwick Papers."

Very near this was Scroope's Inn, described by Stow as one of the "faire buildings" which stood on the north side of "Old Borne Hill," above the bridge. It belonged to the Serjeants at Law, but is entirely destroyed.

On the opposite side of the street, close to where St. Andrew's Church now stands, was Thavie's Inn, the most ancient of all the Inns of Court, which in the time of Edward III. was the "hospitium" of John Thavie, an armourer, and leased by him to the "Apprentices of the Law." Its buildings were destroyed by fire at the end of the last century.

Gray's Inn Lane leads from the north of Holborn to *Gray's Inn*, which is the fourth Inn of Court in importance. It derives its name from the family of Gray de Wilton, to which it formerly belonged. Its vast pink-red court, with

the steep roofs and small-paned windows which recall French buildings, still contains a handsome hall of 1560, in which, on all festal meetings, the only toast proposed is "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth," by whom the members of Gray's Inn were always treated with great distinction.

Sir William Gascoigne, the just judge who committed Henry V. as Prince of Wales to prison for contempt of court; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Bishop Gardiner; Lord Burleigh; Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the great Lord Bacon, were members of Gray's Inn, as were Archbishop Whitgift, Bishop Hall, and Archbishop Laud. Lord Bacon wrote the "Novum Organum" here, a work which, in spite of King James, who declared it was "like the peace of God which passeth all understanding," was welcomed with a tumult of applause by all the learned men of Europe. Dr. Richard Sibbes, who wrote the "Soul's Conflict" and the "Bruised Reed," was a Preacher in this Inn, and died here in one of the courts—he of whom Dr. Doddridge wrote—

> "Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
> Heaven was in him before he was in Heaven."

"Gray's Inn is a great quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of greensward enclosed within it. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster city's very jaws, which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell, as to pass under one of these archways, and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath."—*Hawthorne. English Note Books.*

Gray's Inn is described by Dickens in "The Uncommercial Traveller." The trees in *Gray's Inn Gardens* (now closed to the public) were originally planted by Lord Bacon, but none remain of his time. On the west side of the gardens "Lord Bacon's Mount" stood till lately, answering to his recommendation in his "Essay on Gardens"—"a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields." These gardens were a fashionable promenade of Charles II.'s time. Pepys, writing in May, 1662, says—

"When church was done, my wife and I walked to Graye's Inne, to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

In 1621 Howell wrote of them as "the pleasantest place about London, with the choicest society," and the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* thus speak of them. In their days, however, it will be remembered that Gray's Inn was almost in the country, for we read in the *Spectator* (No. 269)—

"I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend (Sir Roger de Coverley) upon the terrace, hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

The characteristics of the four Inns of Court are summed up in the distich—

"Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall."

CHAPTER III.

BY FLEET STREET TO ST. PAUL'S.

ON passing the site of Temple Bar we are in the City of London. It separates the City from the Shire, in allusion to which "Shire Lane" (destroyed by the New Law Courts) was the nearest artery on its north-western side. We enter *Fleet Street*, which, like Fleet Market and Fleet Ditch, takes its name from the once rapid and clear, but now fearfully polluted river Fleet, which has its source far away in the breezy heights of Hampstead, and flows through the valley where Farringdon Street now is, in which it once turned the mills which are still commemorated in Turnmill Street. Originally (1218) it was called the "River of Wells," being fed by the clear springs now known as Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, and the Clerks' Well or Clerkenwell, and it was navigable for a short distance. The river was ruined as the town extended westwards. Ben Jonson graphically describes in verse the horrors to which the increasing traffic had subjected the still open Fleet in his day, and Gay, Swift, and Pope also denounce them; but in 1765 the stream was arched over, and since then has sunk to the level of being recognised

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as the most important sewer—the Cloaca Maxima—of London.

Having always been considered as the chief approach to the City, Fleet Street is especially connected with its ancient pageants. All the Coronation processions passed through it, on their way from the Tower to Westminster: but perhaps the most extraordinary sight it ever witnessed was in 1448, when Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, aunt of King Henry VI., was forced to walk bare-headed through it to St. Paul's with a lighted taper in her hand, in penance for having made a wax figure of the young king and melted it before a slow fire, praying that his life might melt with the wax.

Just within the site of Temple Bar, on the right of the street, is *Child's Bank*, which deserves notice as the oldest Banking house in England, still kept where Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of Charles I.'s time, married the rich daughter of his master, William Wheeler the goldsmith, and founded the great banking family. Here "at the sign of the Marygold"—the quaint old emblem of the expanded flower with the motto "Ainsi mon ame," which still adorns the banking-office and still appears in the water-mark of the bank-cheques—Charles II. kept his great account and Nell Gwynne her small one, not to speak of Prince Rupert, Pepys, Dryden, and many others. Several other great Banks are in this neighbourhood. No. 19 is *Gosling's Bank*, with the sign of the three squirrels (represented in iron-work on the central window), founded in the reign of Charles II. No. 37 is *Hoare's Bank*, which dates from 1680: the sign of the Golden Bottle over the door, a leathern bottle (such as was used by hay-makers for their

ale), represents the flask carried by the founder when he came up to London to seek his fortunes.*

Fleet Street retains its old reputation of being occupied by newspaper editors and their offices, and it is almost devoted to them. But it also contains many taverns and coffee-houses, where lawyers and newspaper writers congregate for luncheon, and which are more frequent here than almost anywhere else in London, and, many of these, of great antiquity, are celebrated in the pages of the *Rambler* and *Spectator*.

"The coffee-house was the Londoner's house, and those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented 'the Grecian' or 'the Rainbow.'"—*Macaulay*.

It was next door to Child's Bank that the famous "Devil Tavern" stood,† with the sign of St. Martin and the Devil, where the Apollo Club had its meetings, guided by poetical rules of Ben Jonson, which began—

> Let none but guests or clubbers hither come;
> Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep home;
> Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
> And modest too; nor be choice liquor slighted;
> Let nothing in the treat offend the guest:
> More for delight than cost prepare the feast."

We hear of Swift dining "at the Devil Tavern with Dr. Garth and Addison," when "Garth treated,"‡ and of Dr. Johnson presiding here at a supper-party in honour of the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first book.

* Sir R. Colt Hoare considers it a sign adopted by James Hoar of Cheapside "from his father Ralph having been a citizen and cooper of the City of London."

† Taken down in 1788.

‡ Journal to Stella.

Close beside "The Devil," Bernard Lintot, the great bookseller of the last century, kept the stall on which Gay was so anxious that his works should appear.

> "Oh, Lintot, let my labours obvious lie
> Ranged on thy stall for every envious eye;
> So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
> And to my verse their future saleties owe."
>
> *Trivia. Book* ii.

In Shire Lane was the "Kit-Kat Club" (which first met in Westminster at the house of a pastry-cook called Christopher Cat), where the youth of Queen Anne's reign were wont to—

> "Sleep away the days and drink away the nights."

Thither it was that Steele and Addison brought Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, on the anniversary of William III., to drink to his "immortal memory," and thence, as Steele dropped drunk under the table, the scandalised bishop stole away home to bed, but was propitiated in the morning by the lines—

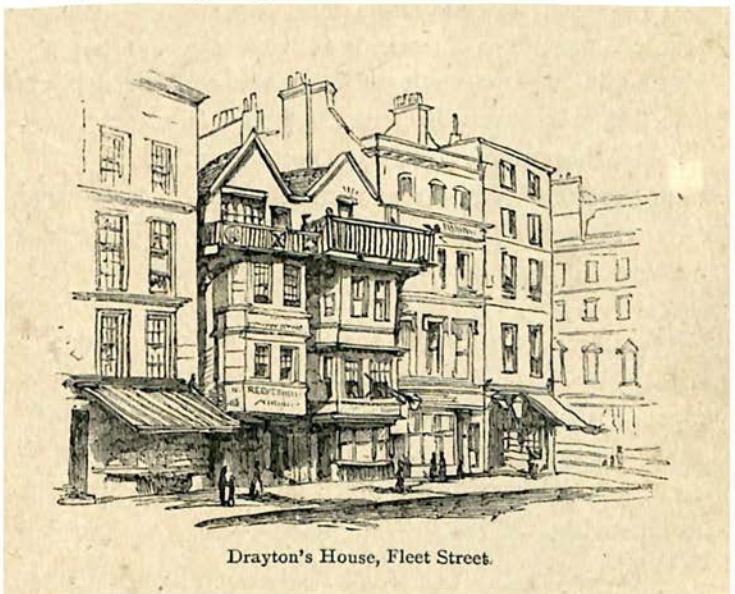
> "Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

The members of this club all had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Jacob Tonson, their secretary, and the half-size then chosen by the artist has always since caused the term "Kit Kat" to be applied to that form of portrait. The pictures painted here by Kneller are now at Bayfordbury in Hertfordshire.

Hard by, also in Shire Lane, was the tavern—"the Bible Tavern," which was appropriately chosen by Jack Sheppard for many of his orgies, for it was possessed of a

trapdoor, through which, in case of pursuit, he could drop unobserved into a subterranean passage communicating with Bell Yard, an alley which is associated with Pope, who used to come thither to visit his friend Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls.

Opposite the first gate of the Temple, No. 201 in Fleet Street, marked by its golden bird over the door, is the *Cock*



Drayton's House, Fleet Street.

Tavern, one of the few ancient taverns remaining unaltered internally from the time of James I., with its long low room, subdivided by settees, and its carved oak chimney-piece of that period. It was hither that Pepys, to his wife's great aggravation, would come gallivanting with pretty Mrs. Knipp, and where they "drank, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." Tennyson begins

"Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, made at The Cock," with the lines—

> "O plump head waiter at The Cock,
> To which I most resort,
> How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
> Go fetch a pint of port."

As we pass the angle of Chancery Lane we must recollect that the gentle Izaak Walton lived as a hosier and shirt-maker in the corner house from 1627 to 1647, and that, just beyond, in the bow-windowed house which is still standing (No. 184, 185), lived the poet Drayton. In a house close by, now demolished, Abraham Cowley was born in 1618, being the son of a grocer, and studied, as a child, the large copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen" which lay on his mother's window-sill, till he became, as he himself narrates—"irrecoverably a poet."

The chief feature of Fleet Street as seen on entering it, is the *Church of St. Dunstan in the West*, built by *Shaw*, 1831, on the site of the church in which the great Lord Strafford was baptized. This old church was famous for its clock, in which two giants struck the hour: they are commemorated by Cowper in his Table-talk:

> "When Labour and when Dullness, club in hand,
> Like the two figures of S. Dunstan's stand,
> Beating alternately, in measured time,
> The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme."

It was here that Baxter was preaching when there arose an out-cry that the building was falling. He was silent for a moment, and then said solemnly, "We are in God's service, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall

pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat."* In the middle of the last century the church became well known from the lectures of William Romaine, author of "The Life, the Walk, and the Triumph of Faith." When he preached, the crowds were so great as entirely to block up the street. The opposition of the rector, who placed all possible hindrances in his way, and prevented his having more than a single candle, which he held in his hand during his sermon, only secured for him the firmer support of the people.

Over the side entrance towards the street is a *Statue of Queen Elizabeth* holding the orb and sceptre, which is of much interest as having survived the Great Fire of London, when the building in which it stood was consumed, and as one of the few existing relics of the old city gates, for it formerly adorned the west front of Ludgate, one of the four ancient entrances to the city.

In *Falcon Court*, opposite St. Dunstan's, was the office of Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer, whose sign was the Falcon.

At the corner of *Fetter Lane* (named from the professed beggars, called Faitours or Fewters), which opens now upon the left, Lords Eldon and Stowell were upset in their sedan chair in a street row.† Here is a Moravian Chapel (No. 32) replete with memories of Baxter, Wesley, Whitfield, and in later times of Count Zinzendorf. Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in this street, and used to quarrel in verse. In 1767 Fetter Lane obtained notoriety as the abode of Elizabeth Brownrigg, the prentice-cide, who lived

* Bates's "Funeral Sermon for Baxter."
† Horace Twiss's Life of Eldon, i. 49.

in the first house on the right of the entrance of Flower de Luce (Fleur de Lis) Court. She is commemorated in the inscription for her cell in Newgate in the poetry of "The Anti-Jacobin."

> "For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
> Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
> Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
> She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
> Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
> St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
> Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
> To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
> She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
> And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
> Shaped strictest plans of discipline."

On the left of Fetter Lane is the magnificent new *Record Office*, erected 1851-66 from designs of *Sir James Pennethorne* to contain the National Records, hitherto crowded into St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, the Chapter House of Westminster and four other offices. It is a stately Gothic building, but is perhaps most effective when seen from the north-east angle. The greatest of the many treasures preserved here is the *Domesday Book*, compiled in the time of the Conqueror and written in two volumes on vellum.

On the left of Fleet Street, beyond Fetter Lane, is the opening of *Crane Court* (formerly Two-Crane Court), rebuilt immediately after the Fire and retaining many houses of Charles II.'s time. In the first house on the right (rebuilt) Dryden Leach, the printer, was arrested at midnight on suspicion of having printed Wilkes's *North Briton*, No. 45. The site at the end of the court was purchased by the Royal Society from Dr. Nicholas Barebone, son of the "Praise God Barebone," who gave his name to a

parliament of which he was a conspicuous member. It is said that the son was christened "If Jesus Christ had not died for thee thou hadst been damned Barebone," but he was generally known by the name of "damned Dr. Barebone." The situation of the house was recommended by Sir Isaac Newton, then President, as "in the middle of the town, and out of noise." The Society removed hither in 1710 from Gresham College, to accommodate the Mercers' Company, and here they remained in the house built for them by Sir Christopher Wren for seventy-two years, till in 1782 they moved to Somerset House.

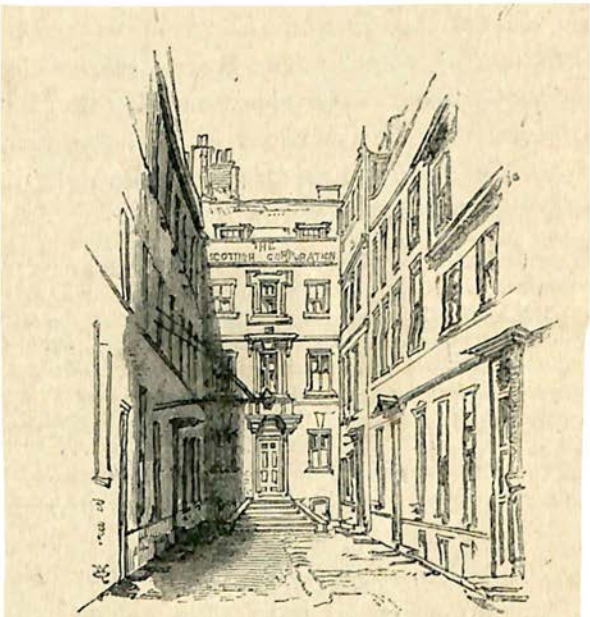
"The promotion of inoculation received its attention from 1714 to 1722; electrical experiments were the chief features of its efforts of 1745; ventilation and the suppression of fevers absorbed the efforts of 1750. In 1757 thermometers and the laws of light were the topics of investigation; astronomy came to the fore in the year following, and the Greenwich Observatory followed; and the succeeding years were directly and indirectly productive of an amount of real substantial good, by which the whole world has benefited, and which should be amply sufficient to make the story of this old house a deeply interesting one, and the house itself a relic in every way worthy of the most careful preservation."—*The Builder, Jan.* 8, 1876.

The house in Crane Court was sold by the Royal Society to *The Scottish Corporation*, an excellent national charity, founded soon after the accession of James I., for relief of persons of Scottish parentage who have fallen into distress, and which now gives constant assistance to as many as six hundred indigent persons of Scottish birth within ten miles of London.

"It has passed by the able-bodied impostors, but it has been of incalculable service to many who have hoped to find London streets paved with gold and been disappointed; to many who have entered on the great battle of life and broken down in the conflict. It relieves aged soldiers, those who from various causes have failed to lay up a

sufficient provision for old age; it lends a helping hand to those who are willing to help themselves."—*Speech of Lord Rosebery as President, 211th Anniversary.*

The Hall of the Royal Society, where Sir Isaac Newton sat as President, exists in its ancient condition, with a



House of the Royal Society, Crane Court.

richly stuccoed ceiling of 1665. It is hung with pictures, including—

Zucchero? Mary, Queen of Scots—"piissima Regina Franciæ Dotaria," 1578.
Sir Godfrey Kneller. The First Duke of Bedford.
Sir G. Kneller. The Duke of Queensberry.
Tweedie. The Third Duke of Montrose.
Wilkie. William IV.

The adjoining room, which the Royal Society employed for their larger meetings, and where the ladies' gallery with its narrow oak staircase still remains, is now used as the chapel of the Scottish Corporation.

Fleet Street is peculiarly associated with Dr. Johnson, who admired it beyond measure. Walking one day with Boswell on the beautiful heights of Greenwich Park, he asked "Is not this very fine?"—"Yes, sir, but not so fine as Fleet Street." "You are quite right, sir," replied the great critic. Thus, passing over the recollections of a tavern called "Hercules' Pillars," where Pepys enjoyed many a supper-party, and the "Mitre Tavern," whither Boswell came so often to meet Johnson, let us, if we care for them, visit in the swarthy courts and alleys on the left, a number of the different scenes in which Johnson's life was passed.

Here we may fancy him as Miss Burney describes him—"tall, stout, grand and authoritative, but stooping horribly, his back quite round, his mouth continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; with a singular method of twirling and twisting his hands; his vast body in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looking often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from its chair to the floor." There is no figure out of the past with which we are able to be as familiar as we are with that of Samuel Johnson: his very dress is portrayed for us by Peter Pindar:—

> "Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
> The large grey bushy wig, that graced his crown;
> Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
> And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles.

I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold !)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold."

The dismal court called *Gough Square* still exists, where he resided (at No. 17) from 1748 to 1758, in which his wife died, and where he wrote the greatest part of his Dictionary and began the *Rambler* and the *Idler;* in the narrow blackened *Johnson's Court* (not named from him), he dwelt (at No. 7) from 1765 to 1776; after which he lived at No. 8 in *Bolt Court,** till in December 1784, he lay upon his death-bed, surrounded by the faithful friends of his life. With Johnson, in Bolt Court, dwelt a curious collection of disappointed, cross, and aged persons, chiefly old ladies, who depended upon the bounty of the man whose bearish exterior ever covered a warm heart. It was not a very harmonious household. "Williams," he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, speaking of one of these ladies, "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both, and Poll Carmichael loves none of them." "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson," was Goldsmith's answer when some one expressed his surprise at one of the objects selected for the friendship of the lexicographer.

While Johnson was living in this neighbourhood, Goldsmith was residing at No. 6, *Wine Office Court*, and the favourite seat of the friends, in the window of the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, is still pointed out. It was in this court that Goldsmith received Johnson for the first

* The Bolt Court house of Dr. Johnson was burnt in 1819.

time at supper, who came—his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered, wishing, as he explained to Percy (of the "Reliques"), who inquired the cause of such unusual neatness, to show a better example to Goldsmith whom he had heard of as justifying his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting his practice. It was from hence, while Goldsmith's landlady was pressing him within doors and the bailiff without, that Dr. Johnson took the manuscript of a novel he had written to James Newberry, sold it for sixty pounds, and returned with the money to set him free. The manuscript lay neglected for two years, and was then published without a notion of its future popularity. It was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

An offshoot of Shoe Lane, a narrow entry on the left, called "Gunpowder Alley," was connected with the sad fate of another poet, Richard Lovelace the Cavalier, who died here of starvation.* Anthony Wood describes him when he was presented at the Court of Charles I. at Oxford, as "the most beautiful and amiable youth that eye ever beheld. A person too of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." From 1648 to the King's death, he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster for his devotion to Charles I., and when he was released, he went to serve in the French army, writing to his betrothed, Lucy Sacheverell, the lines, ending—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

* Though Aubrey says, "in a cellar at Long Acre."

But he was left for dead upon the field of Dunkirk, and when he came back his Lucy was married. He never looked up again: all went wrong, he was imprisoned, ruined, and died here in miserable destitution.

Bangor House, the town residence of the Bishops of Bangor, stood in Shoe Lane till 1828, and, hard by, the entry of *Poppin's Court* in Fleet Street still marks the site of Poppingaye, the town palace of the abbots of Cirencester. No. 109 Fleet Street, near this, is an admirable specimen of a modern house in the olden style.

One of the streets which open upon the right of Fleet Street still bears the name of *Whitefriars*, which it derives from the convent of the Brotherhood of the Virgin of Mount Carmel, founded by Sir Richard Grey in 1241.* The establishment of one of the earliest Theatres in London in the monastic hall of Whitefriars was probably due to the fact of its being a sanctuary beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Corporation, who then and ever since have opposed theatrical performances within the City. The first playhouse was at Blackfriars, and Whitefriars followed in 1576. After the Dissolution, this district retained the privilege of sanctuary, and thus it became the refuge for troops of bad characters of every description. It obtained the name of Alsatia, a name which is first found in Shadwell's Play, "The Squire of Alsatia," and to which Sir Walter Scott has imparted especial interest through "The

* It contained the tombs of Sir Robert Knolles, the builder of Rochester Bridge, celebrated in the French wars (1407); of Robert Mascall, Bishop of Hereford, who built the choir and steeple (1416); of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury and King of Man, killed in a tournament at Windsor (1343); and of Stephen Patrington, Confessor of Henry IV. and Bishop of St. David's and Chichester (1417). King Henry VIII. gave the chapter-house of Whitefriars to his physician, Dr. Butts, the enemy of Cranmer.

Fortunes of Nigel." In the reign of James I., almost as much sensation was created here by a singular crime in high life, as in Paris by the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin in our own time. Young Lord Sanquhar had his eye put out while taking lessons in fencing from John Turner, the famous fencing-master of the day. Being afterwards in France, the young King Henry IV., after inquiring kindly about his accident, said condolingly but jokingly, and "does the man who did it still live?" From that time it became a monomania with Lord Sanquhar to compass the death of the unfortunate Turner, though two years elapsed before he was able to accomplish it—two years in which he dogged his unconscious victim like a shadow, and eventually had him shot by two hired assassins at a tavern which he frequented in Whitefriars. The deputy murderers were arrested, and then Lord Sanquhar surrendered to the mercy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he was sentenced to death, and was hung before the entrance of Westminster Hall.

Bordering on Alsatia is *Salisbury Court*, marking the site of the town-house of the Bishops of Salisbury. Here we have again literary reminiscences, Richardson having written and printed his "Pamela" there, and Goldsmith having sat there as his press corrector.

In 1629 the "Salisbury Court Theatre" was erected, which was destroyed in 1649. It was rebuilt in 1660, in Dorset Gardens near the river, and attained great celebrity under the name of "The Duke's Theatre." Being burnt in the Fire, it was rebuilt by Wren in 1671, and decorated by Gibbons. Dryden describes it as "like Nero's palace, shining all with gold." It faced the river and had a land-

ing-place for those who came by water, and a quaint front resting on open arches. Pepys was a great admirer of the performances at The Duke's Theatre. Here he saw "The Bondsman"—"an excellent play and well done," and here he reports that while he was watching Sir W. Davenant's opera of the "Siege of Rhodes" "by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fall in the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport." The theatre declined in 1682, but was still in existence in 1720. The site is now occupied by the City Gas Works.

Through Alsatia, the abode of the rogues, we descend appropriately upon the site of their famous prison of *Bridewell*, which was demolished in 1863-4. It was founded, like Christ's Hospital, by King Edward VI., under the first flush of emotion caused by a sermon on Christian charity which he had heard from Bishop Ridley, who urged that there was "a wide empty house of the King's Majesty, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in," and it was used as a refuge for deserted children, long known as "Bridewell Boys." Gradually, from a Reformatory, it became a prison, and the horrors of the New Bridewell Prison are described by Ward in "The London Spy." The prisoners, both men and women, used to be flogged on the naked back, and the stripes only ceased when the president, who sat with a hammer in his hand, let it fall upon the block before him. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock; pray, Sir Robert, knock!" became afterwards often a cry of reproach against those who had been imprisoned in Bridewell. Here died Mrs. Creswell, a famous criminal of Charles II.'s reign, who bequeathed

£20 to a divine of the period upon condition that he should say nothing but what was good of her. It was a difficult task, but the clergyman was equal to the occasion. He wound up a commonplace discourse upon mortality by saying—"I am desired by the will of the deceased to mention her, and to say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say therefore is this—that she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born a Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."*

The prison was, as we have said, founded upon the old palace of Bridewell, which, in its turn, had occupied the site of the tower of Montfiquet, built by a Norman follower of the Conqueror. The palace embraced courts, cloisters, and gardens, and close against the walls ran the Fleet. It was to this Bridewell Palace that Henry VIII., after he had been captivated by Anne Boleyn, summoned the Members of Council, the Lords of the Court, and the Mayor and Aldermen, and communicated to them that scruples had "long tormented his mind with regard to his marriage with Katherine of Arragon." Shakspeare makes the whole third act of his *Henry VIII.* pass in the palace at Bridewell, which is historically correct. It was there that the unhappy Katherine received Wolsey and Campeggio, "having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens." †

The name of Bridewell comes from St. Bride's or St. Bridget's Well, a holy spring with supposed miraculous

* In the court-room of the prison hung a huge picture of Edward VI. granting a charter for the endowment of Bridewell to the mayor. It was attributed to Holbein, but could not be his, for the simple reason that it represented an event which occurred ten years after his death.

† Cavendish.

powers like that of St. Clement, which we have already noticed in the Strand. The well here, of which Milton certainly drank, has shared the fate of all the other famous wells of London, and has become a pump. *St. Bride's Church* was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and its steeple is one of those on which he bestowed particular pains, though it is often not unjustly compared to the slides of a telescope drawn out. It stands effectively at the end of a little entry at the foot of Fleet Street, but it should be remembered that, owing to its having been twice struck by lightning, it is somewhat shorn of the lofty proportions which were originally given to it by the great architect (226 ft. instead of 234). Its bells, put up in 1710, are dear to the Londoner's soul. Wynkin de Worde, the famous printer, who rose under the patronage of the mother of Henry VII., and published no less than 400 works, was buried in the old church, which also contained the graves of the poets Sackville (1608) and Lovelace (1658), and of Sir Richard Baker (1645), who died in the Fleet prison, author of the very untrustworthy "Chronicle of the Kings of England," beloved by Sir Roger de Coverley. In the existing building are monuments to Samuel Richardson (1761), who is buried here with his wife and family, and to John Nichols, the historian of Leicestershire. John Cardmaker, who suffered for his faith in Smithfield, May 30, 1553-4, was vicar of this church.

Here, in the churchyard of St. Bride, still a quiet and retired spot, John Milton came to lodge in 1643 in the house of one Russell a tailor; here he wrote his treatises "Of Reformation," "Of Practical Episcopacy," and others; and here he instructed, and very often whipped, his sister's

two boys. "Here," says Aubrey, "his first wife, Mrs. Mary Powell, a royalist, having been brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing, when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, found it very solitary; no company came to her, and oftentimes she heard his nephews beaten and cry." Her parents also, reports Milton's nephew Phillips, "began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought that it would be a blot on their escutcheon." At length the poor young wife found married life "so irksome to her, that she went away to her parents at Forest Hill." This visit was indefinitely prolonged, and the poet's letters remained unanswered. He sent a messenger to bring her back, who was scornfully dismissed; but after a time Mrs. Milton's jealousy was excited by the belief that the poet was paying attentions to the beautiful Miss Davis, and she entreated for a reconciliation of her own accord, an event which had a happy result for the Powell family, as they were able to take refuge in the house of their republican son-in-law, when the royalist cause became desperate. The poet's royalist wife Mary died in 1653, leaving her husband, who was then becoming blind, with three little daughters, of whom the eldest was only six years old.

It was in defence of this house in St. Bride's Churchyard that, on the advance of Prince Rupert's troops after the Battle of Edgehill, Milton wrote his sonnet:

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare."

At the entrance of the passage down which the tower of St. Bride's is seen from Fleet Street, the well-known figure of "Punch" will always attract attention to the office whence so much fun has emanated since the first establishment of the Paper in 1841.

Bridewell was not the only prison which was waiting on the outskirts of Alsatia for its frequenters. The great prison of the *Fleet* was only demolished in 1844, having been first used for those who were condemned by the Star Chamber. It is an evidence of the size of the river Fleet in old days, difficult as it is to believe possible now, that the prisoners used to be brought from Westminster by water, and landed at a gate upon the Fleet like the Traitor's Gate upon the Thames at the Tower. It was here that poor old Bishop Hooper was imprisoned (1555) before he was sent to be burnt at Gloucester, his bed being "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering," and here, to use his own words, he "moaned, called, and cried for help" in his desperate sickness, but the Warden charged that none of his men should help him, saying, "Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him." Here Prynne was imprisoned for a denunciation of actresses, which was supposed to reflect upon Queen Henrietta Maria, who had lately been in-

dulging in private theatricals at Somerset House, was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000, to be burned in the forehead, slit in the nose, and to have his ears cut off. Hence, six years later, for reprinting one of Prynne's books, "free-born John Lilburne" was whipped to Westminster, and then brought back to be imprisoned, till he was triumphantly released by the Long Parliament. The cruelties which were discovered to have been practised in the Fleet led, in 1726, to the trial of its gaoler, Bambidge, for murder, when horrors were disclosed which appalled all who heard of them. Bambidge was found to have frequently beguiled unwary and innocent persons to the prison gate-house, and then seized and manacled them without any authority whatever, and kept them there until he had extorted a ransom. In several cases the prisoners were tortured, in others they were left for so many days without food that they died from inanition, in others Bambidge having ordered his men to stab them with their bayonets, they perished from festered wounds. Hogarth first rose to celebrity by his picture of the Fleet Prison Committee. Horace Walpole describes it:

"The scene is the committee. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them. The poor man has a good countenance, that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance. His lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape. One hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most striking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer."

The formation of the Fleet Committee found a more lasting eulogium in the lines in Thomson's "Winter."

> "And here can I forget the generous band
> Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
> Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
> Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,
> Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
> And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice."

The precincts of the prison were long celebrated for the notorious "Fleet Marriages," which were performed, without license or publication of banns, by a set of vicious clergymen confined in the prison for debt, and therefore free from fear of the fine of £100 usually inflicted on clergymen convicted of solemnising clandestine marriages. No less than 217 marriages are shown by the Fleet registers to have been sometimes celebrated there in one day! The "marrying houses," as they were called, were generally kept by the turnkeys of the prison, and the different degraded clergymen of the Fleet maintained touts in the street to beguile any arriving lovers to their especial patrons. Pennant, walking past the Fleet in his youth, was often tempted with the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" In the curious poem called "The Humours of the Fleet" we read—

> "Scarce had the coach discharged its trusty fare,
> But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair,
> The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
> And whispering cry, 'D'ye want the parson, sir?
> Pray step this way—just to the 'Pen in Hand,'
> The doctor's ready there at your command.'
> 'This way,' another cries. 'Sir, I declare,
> The true and ancient register is here.'
> The alarmèd parsons quickly hear the din,
> And haste with soothing words to invite them in."

Before leaving the Fleet we may recollect that Dickens paints Mr. Pickwick as having been imprisoned there for several months, and that he has given a vivid picture of the latter days of the old debtors' prison.

With the Fleet was swept away "the emporium of petty larceny" called Field Lane, especially connected with the iniquities of Jonathan Wild and his companions, who are said to have disposed of many of their murdered victims by letting them down from a back-window into the silent waters of the Fleet. The surrounding streets bore the name of "Jack Ketch's Warren," from the number of persons hung at Tyburn and Newgate whose houses were in its courts and alleys.

Crossing Farringdon Street,* where the now invisible Fleet still pursues its stealthy course beneath the roadway, and where it was once crossed by Fleet Bridge, we reach, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, the site of one of the four great ancient gates of the city—the Lud Gate—destroyed November, 1760.† "Here eight men well armed and strong, watched the city gate by night." The name of the gate is described as having been derived from the legendary king Lud, who is said to have built it sixty-six years before the birth of Christ. Speed, the historian, relates "that King Cadwallo being buried in St. Martin's Church, near Ludgate, his image, great and terrible, triumphantly riding on horseback, artificially cast in brass, was placed upon the western gate of the city, to the fear and terror of the Saxons." It was

* Faringdon Ward is named from William Faringdon, a goldsmith, sheriff in 1281.

† It was sold July 30, 1760, with two other gates, to Blagden, a carpenter of Coleman Street Ludgate fetched £148; Aldgate, £177 10s.; and Cripplegate, £91.

‡ Riley, p. 92.

upon the western face of this gate that the statue of Queen Elizabeth stood, which we may still see over the door of St. Dunstan's in the West. On the eastern front were statues of King Lud and his sons, Androgeus and Theomantius, which have now disappeared. Adjoining the gate was a prison, and the poor prisoners used to beg piteously from those who passed beneath it. Jane Shore was immured here by Richard III. The gate itself was restored by the widow of one of these prisoners, Stephen Forster. She had admired his good looks through the grating, obtained his release, and married him, and he lived to be Lord Mayor of London in the time of Henry VI.* In the chapel of the gatehouse was inscribed—

> "Devout soules that passe this way,
> For Stephen Forster, late Maior, heartily pray;
> And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
> That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
> So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
> As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful domesday."

Instead of the old gateway, the Ludgate Hill Railway Viaduct now crosses the street, entirely spoiling the finest view of St. Paul's.

As we ascend Ludgate Hill, on the left is *Belle Sauvage Yard*, which is generally supposed still, as it was by Addison, to derive its odd name from the popular story of the patient Griselda, but which is really named from Savage, its first innkeeper, and his hostelry "the Bell." A curious woodcut of 1595 shows the courtyard of the Belle Sauvage surrounded with wooden balconies, filled with spectators to witness the wonderful tricks of the

* The story of Stephen Forster is commemorated in Rowley's "Widow Never Vext, or the Widow of Cornhill."

horse Marocco, which was publicly exhibited in Shakspeare's time by a Scotchman named Banks. This Inn was altogether closed during the Great Plague, when its host issued advertisements that "all persons who had any accompts with the master, or farthings belonging to the said house," might exchange them for the usual currency: for the Belle Sauvage, like many other taverns, then had its own "tokens." It was in the Belle Sauvage Yard that Gibbons, introduced to the notice of Charles II. by Evelyn, first became known as a sculptor, by having carved "a pot of flowers, which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches which passed by." *

It is recorded that Sir Thomas Wyatt, the rebel of Mary's reign, being refused admittance to Ludgate, rested him awhile on a bench opposite the Belle Sauvage, before he turned back towards Temple Bar, where he was taken prisoner.

Ludgate Hill is very picturesque, and leads worthily up to St. Paul's. On its north side were the offices of Rundell and Bridge, Jewellers to the Crown, with the sign of two golden salmon: their strong cellars remain under the warehouse of Messrs. Daldy and Isbister. *St. Martin's Church*, with a good and simple tower by Wren, combines admirably with the first view of the cathedral, and greatly adds to its effect, as was doubtless intended by the architect.

> "Lo, like a bishop upon dainties fed,
> St. Paul's lifts up his sacerdotal head;
> While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,
> Around him point their steeples to the blue."

* Walpole.

Cadwallo, king of the Britons, who died in 677, is said to have been buried in St. Martin's Church, of which Robert of Gloucester declares him to be the founder—

> "A church of St. Martin, livying he let rere,
> In whych yat men shold Goddys seruyse do,
> And sin for his soule and al Christene also."

To this church belongs the well-known epitaph:

Earth goes to Earth treads on Earth as to Earth shall to	Earth	As mold to mold, Glittering in gold, Return here should, Goe ere he would.
Earth upon Earth goes to Earth though on Earth shall from	Earth	Consider may, Naked away, Be stout and gay, Passe poor away.

In St. Martin's Court, on the other side of the street, jammed in between crowded shops and swallowed up in the present, a thick black grimy fragment of the *City Wall* may be discovered, one of the only four known fragments remaining.

In Stationers' Hall Court, a quiet courtyard on the left, is the *Hall of the Stationers' Company*, incorporated 1557. It was rebuilt after the Great Fire and refronted in 1800. A musical festival used annually to be held in the *Hall* on St. Cecilia's Day, and Dryden's ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music," was first performed here. In the *Committee Room* are a number of portraits, including those of Richard Steele, of Vincent Wing the astronomer (1669), and of Samuel Richardson (Master of the Company in 1754) and his wife, by *Highmore*. In the *Court Room* is

Benjamin West's picture of "Alfred dividing his loaf with the Pilgrim," well known from engravings.

Formerly the Stationers' Company enjoyed the monopoly of printing all books—and long after that privilege was withdrawn, it maintained the sole right of printing almanacks, which was only contended with success in 1771. The Company, however, continue to derive a great revenue from their almanacks, which they issue on or about the 22nd of November. The copyright of books is still secured by their being "entered at Stationers' Hall."

The grimy little garden at the back of the Hall has its associations, for, at the time of the Star Chamber, the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of its most active members, used frequently to send warrants to the Master and Wardens of the Stationers' Company, requiring them on pain of the penalties of the Church and forfeiture of all their temporal rights, to search every house in which there was a press for seditious publications, which they were to seize, and burn in the Hall garden.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

WE have now arrived where, black and grand, *St. Paul's Cathedral* occupies the platform on the top of the hill. Sublimely grandiose in its general outlines, it has a peculiar sooty dignity all its own, which, externally, raises it immeasurably above the fresh modern-looking St. Peter's at Rome. As G. A. Sala says, in one of his capital papers, it is really the better for "all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers." Here and there only is the original grey of the stone seen through the overlying blackness, which in early spring is intensified by the green grass and trees of the churchyard which surrounds the eastern part of the building. When you are near it, the mighty dome is lost, but you have always an inward all-pervading impression of its existence, as you have seen it a thousand times rising in dark majesty over the city; or as, lighted up by the sun, it is sometimes visible from the river, when all minor objects are obliterated in mist. And, apart from the dome, the noble proportions of every pillar and cornice of the great church cannot fail to strike those who linger to look at them, while even the

soot-begrimed garlands, which would be offensive were they clean, have here an indescribable stateliness.

"St. Paul's appears to me unspeakably grand and noble, and the more so from the throng and bustle continually going on around its base, without in the least disturbing the sublime repose of its great dome, and, indeed of all its massive height and breadth. Other edifices may crowd close to its foundation and people may tramp as they like about it; but still the great cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the middle of Salisbury Plain. There cannot be any thing else in its way so good in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest tumult of London. It is much better than staring white; the edifice would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black."—*Hawthorne. English Note Books.*

When Sir Christopher Wren was laying the foundations of the present cathedral, he found relics of three different ages at three successive depths beneath the site of his church —first, Saxon coffins and tombs; secondly, British graves, with the wooden and ivory pins which fastened the shrouds of those who lay in them; thirdly, Roman lamps, lacrymatories, and urns, proving the existence of a Roman cemetery on the spot.* It has never with any certainty been ascertained when the first church was built here, but, according to Bede, it was erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and his nephew Sebert, King of the East Angles, and was the church where Bishop Mellitus refused the sacrament to the pagan princes.

"Sebert, departing to the everlasting kingdom of Heaven, left his three sons, who were yet pagans, heirs of his temporal kingdom on earth. Immediately on their father's decease they began openly to practise idolatry (though whilst he lived they had somewhat refrained), and also gave free license to their subjects to worship idols. At a certain time these princes, seeing the Bishop (of London) administering the Sacrament to the people of the church, after the

* "Parentalia" (by Wren's grandson), p. 226.

celebration of mass, and being puffed up with rude and barbarous folly, spake, as the common report is, thus unto him: 'Why dost thou not give us, also, some of that white bread which thou didst give unto our father Saba and which thou does not yet cease to give to the people in the church?' He answered, 'If ye will be washed in that wholesome font wherein your father was washed, ye may likewise eat of this blessed bread of which he was a partaker; but if ye condemn the lavatory of life, ye can in no wise taste the bread of life.' 'We will not,' they rejoined, 'enter into this font of water, for we know that we have no need to do so; but we will eat of that bread nevertheless.' And when they had been often and earnestly warned by the bishop that it could not be, and that no man could partake of this holy oblation without purification and cleansing by baptism, they at length, in the height of their rage, said to him, 'Well, if thou wilt not comply with us in the small matter we ask, thou shalt no longer abide in our province and dominions,' and straightway they expelled him, commanding that he and all his company should quit their realm."—*Bede.*

St. Paul's has been burnt five times; thrice by fire from heaven. It attained its final magnificence when, in the thirteenth century, it was a vista of Gothic arches, seven hundred feet in length. At the east end was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, its fourth bishop, the son of King Offa, containing a great sapphire which had the reputation of curing diseases of the eye. In the centre of the nave was the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of the great Earl of Warwick, and Constable of Dover—a tomb which was popularly known as that of Duke Humphrey (of Gloucester), really buried at St. Albans. The rest of the church was crowded with monuments. Against the south wall were the tombs of two Bishops of London, Eustace de Fauconberge, Justice of Common Pleas in the reign of John, and Henry de Wengham, Chancellor of Henry III. In St. Dunstan's Chapel was the fine tomb of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln (1310), who left his name to Lincoln's Inn. Kemp, Bishop of London, who built Paul's Cross Pulpit, also had

a chapel of his own. In the north aisle were the tombs of Ralph de Hengham, judge in the time of Edward I.; of Sir Simon Burley, tutor and guardian to Richard II. (a noble figure in armour in a tomb with Gothic arches); and, ascending to a far earlier time, of Sebba, King of the East Angles, in the seventh century; and of Ethelred the Unready (1016), son of Edgar and Elfrida, in whose grave his grandson Edward Atheling is also believed to have been buried.

The choir of St. Paul's was as entirely surrounded by important tombs as those of Canterbury and Westminster are now. On the left were the shrine of Bishop Roger Niger; the oratory of Roger de Waltham, canon in the time of Edward II.; and the magnificent tomb of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (1399), son, father, and uncle of kings, upon which he was represented with his first wife Blanche, who died of the plague, 1369, and in which his second wife, Constance, "mulier super feminas innocens et devota,"* was also buried. On the right was the tomb of Sir Nicholas Bacon (1578), father of the Lord Chancellor Bacon; and the gorgeous monument of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor (1591), one of the great fashionable tombs of Elizabeth's time, which took so much room as only to allow of tablets to Sir Philip Sydney and his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary, thus occasioning Stow's epigram:—

> "Philip and Francis have no tomb,
> For *great* Christopher takes all the room."

In the south aisle of the choir were monuments to Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School, and to Dr. Donne,

* Walsingham.

the poet, also Dean of St. Paul's. In the north choir aisle, behind the tomb of John of Gaunt, Vandyke was buried in 1641.*

Against the wall of old St. Paul's at the S.W. corner was the parish church of St. Gregory, which was pulled down c. 1645. It was the existence of this building which caused Fuller to describe old St. Paul's as being "truly the mother church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's, and another in her arms—St. Gregory's." The north cloister, or "Pardon Churchyard," was surrounded by the frescoes of the Dance of Death, the "Dance of Paul's," executed for John Carpenter, town-clerk of London in the reign of Henry V. Here was the long-remembered epitaph:

"Vixi, peccavi, penitui, Naturæ cessi."

A chapel founded by Thomas-à-Becket's father, Gilbert, rose in the midst of the cloister, where he was buried with his family in a tomb which was always visited by a new Lord Mayor when he attended service in St. Paul's: it was destroyed with the cloister in 1549 by Edward, Duke of Somerset.

"Old S. Paul's must have been a magnificent building. The long perspective view of the twelve-bayed nave and twelve-bayed choir, with a splendid wheel window at the East end, must have been very striking. The Chapter House embosomed in its Cloister; the little Church of S. Gregory nestling against the breast of the tall Cathedral; the enormously lofty and majestic steeple with its graceful flying buttresses, together with the various chapels and shrines filled with precious stones, must have combined to produce a most magnificent effect; and the number of tombs and monuments of illustrious men must have given an interest to the building, perhaps even more than equal to that now felt in Westminster Abbey."—*W. Longman.*

* For the other tombs of St. Paul's see Weever's "Funeral Monuments.

It was in the old St. Paul's that King John, in 1213, acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. There (1337) Wickliffe was cited to appear and answer for his heresies before Courtenay, Bishop of London, and came attended and protected by John of Gaunt, and a long train of illustrious persons. There John of Gaunt's son, afterwards Henry IV., wept by his father's grave, and there with mocking solemnity he exposed the body of Richard II. after his murder at Pontefract, and—

> "At Poules his Masse was done and diryge,
> In hers royall, semely to royalte;
> The Kyng and Lordes, clothes of golde there offerde,
> Some VIII. some IX, upon his hers were proferde."

In 1401 the first English martyr, William Sawtre, was stripped of all his priestly vestments in St. Paul's before being sent to the stake at Smithfield. Hither, after the death of Henry V., came his widow, Katherine de Valois, in a state litter with her child upon her knee, and the little Henry VI. was led into the choir by the Duke Protector and the Duke of Exeter that he might be seen by the people. Here the body of the same unhappy king was exhibited that his death might be believed. Here also the bodies of Warwick the king-maker and his brother were exposed for three days. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1527, the Protestant Bible was publicly burnt in St. Paul's by Cardinal Wolsey.

Early in the sixteenth century St. Paul's had been desecrated to such an extent as to have become known rather as an exchange and house of merchandise than as a church. Its central aisle, says Bishop Earle,* resounded to "a kind of still roar or loud whisper." "The south alley," writes Dekker, in 1607, "was the place for usury and popery,

* Microcosmographia.

the north for simony, the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payments of money." The simony in St. Paul's was famous even in Chaucer's time. His parson is described as one who—

> "——sette not his benefice to hire
> And left his sheep accombered in the mire
> And ran unto London, *unto S. Poul's*
> To seeken him a chanterie for souls," &c.

In the north aisle was the "Si Quis Door," so called from the placards beginning "Si quis invenerit" with which it was defiled. Its situation is pointed out by a passage in Hall's satires.

> "Sawst thou ever Si quis patched on Paul's Church door,
> To seek some vacant vicarage before?
> Who wants a churchman that can service say,
> Read fast and fair his monthly homily,
> And wed, and bury, and make christian souls,
> Come to the left-side alley of Saint Paul's."
>
> *Virgidemiarum, Sat. v. Bk. iii.*

That people were in the habit of bringing burthens into the church is proved by the inscription over the poor-box—

> "And those that shall enter within the church doore,
> With burthen or basket, must give to the poore.
> And if there be any aske what they must pay,
> —To this Box a penny, ere they pass away."

The middle aisle of the nave, called "Paul's Walk," or "Duke Humphrey's Walk" from the tomb there, was the fashionable promenade of London, and "Paul's Walkers"* was the popular name for "young men about town."

"It was the fashion of the times, for the principal gentry, lords, commons, and all professions, not meerely mechanick, to meet in St.

* Moser's "Europ. Mag.," July, 1817.

Paul's Church by eleven, and walk in the middle ile till twelve, and after dinner from three to six, during which time some discoursed of businesse, others of newes."—*Francis Osborne.* 1658.

"While Devotion meets at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion."—*Dekker.* 1607.

A Corinthian portico, of which the first stone was laid by Laud, was built by Inigo Jones, to lessen this confusion, being intended, says Dryden, as "an ambulatory for such as usually walking in the body of the church destroyed the solemn service of the choir." It is believed that Charles I. meant this portico merely as the first instalment of a new cathedral, but his attention was otherwise occupied, and under the Commonwealth, the soldiers of Cromwell stabled their horses in the nave. With the Restoration it was intended to restore the old church, but, in the words of Dryden,—

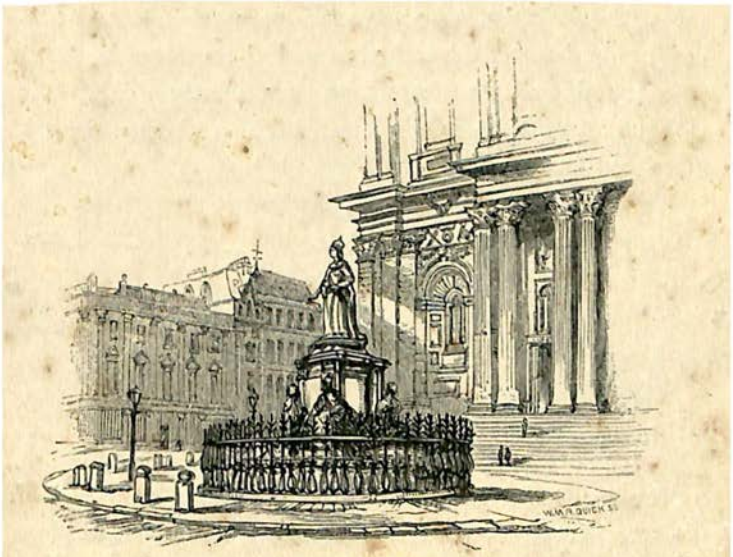
> "The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
> The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
> And since it was profan'd by civil war,
> Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire."
>
> *Annus Mirabilis.*

Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, was chosen as the architect of the new church, and on June 21, 1675, was laid the first stone of the *New St. Paul's*, which was finished in thirty-five years. When he was occupied on St. Paul's, Wren was consulted as to the repairs of Ely Cathedral, a building which took such hold upon his mind, that, in spite of the difference of styles, an architect may detect his admiration for the great church of the eastern counties in many details of St. Paul's, not always with advantage, as in the case of the meaningless arches which break the simplicity of the cornice in the pillars of the dome. The whole cost, £747,954 2*s.* 9*d.*, was

paid by a tax on every chaldron of coal brought into the Port of London, on which account it is said that the cathedral has a special claim of its own to its smoky exterior. It will be admitted that, though in general effect there is nothing in the same style of architecture which exceeds the exterior of St. Paul's, it has not a single *detail* deserving of attention, except the Phœnix over the south portico, which was executed by *Cibber*, and commemorates the curious fact narrated in the "Parentalia," that the very first stone which Sir Christopher Wren directed a mason to bring from the rubbish of the old church to serve as a mark for the centre of the dome in his plans, was inscribed with the single word *Resurgam*—I shall rise again. The other ornaments and statues are chiefly by *Bird*, a most inferior sculptor. Those who find greater faults must, however, remember that St. Paul's, as it now stands, is not according to the first design of Wren, the rejection of which cost him bitter tears. Even in his after work he met with so many rubs and ruffles, and was so insufficiently paid, that the Duchess of Marlborough said, in allusion to his scaffold labours, "He is dragged up and down in a basket two or three times in a week for an insignificant £200 a year."

"The exterior of S. Paul's consists throughout of two orders, the lower being Corinthian, the upper Composite. It is built externally in two stories, in both of which, except at the north and south porticos and at the west front, the whole of the entablatures rest on coupled pilasters, between which, in the lower order, a range of circular-headed windows is introduced. But in the order above, the corresponding spaces are occupied by dressed niches standing on pedestals pierced with openings to light the passages in the roof over the side aisles. The upper order is nothing but a screen to hide the flying buttresses carried across from the outer walls to resist the thrust of the great vaulting."—*W. Longman.*

That the west front of the cathedral does not exactly face Ludgate Hill is due to the fact that too many houses were already built to allow of it, the commissioners for reconstructing the city having made their plans before anything was decided about the new cathedral. The *Statue of Queen Anne*, in front of the church, has gained a certain picturesqueness through age, and the fine old



In front of St. Paul's.

railing of wrought Lamberhurst iron which surrounds it. It is historically interesting here as commemorating the frequent state visits of Queen Anne to the church to return public thanks for the repeated victories of the Duke of Marlborough. Lately the effect of the west front has, in the opinion of many, been much injured by the removal of the iron railing of the churchyard which (though not

part of Wren's design) was invaluable for comparison and measurement, and which fully carried out the old Gothic theory that a slight and partial concealment only gives additional dignity to a really grand building. Besides, the railing was in itself fine, and (part of it remains at the sides) cost above £11,202. It must, however, be conceded that the railing was first put up in opposition to the wish of Wren, who objected to its height as concealing the base of the cathedral and the western flight of steps; and that its destruction was chiefly due to the wish of Dean Milman, who abused it as a "heavy, clumsy, misplaced fence."

It may be interesting to those who are acquainted with the two great churches to compare their proportions on the spot

	St. Paul's.	St. Peter's. According to Fontana's plan.
Length	500	630
Breadth	250	440
Width of nave	118	220
Height to top of Cross	365	437

The *Interior* of St. Paul's is not without a grandeur of its own, but in detail it is bare, cold, and uninteresting, though Wren intended to have lined the dome with mosaics, and to have placed a grand baldacchino in the choir. Though a comparison with St. Peter's inevitably forces itself upon those who are familiar with the great Roman basilica, there can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the two buildings. There, all is blazing with precious marbles; here, there is no colour except from the poor glass of the eastern windows, or where a tattered banner waves above a hero's monument. In the blue depths of the

misty dome, the London fog loves to linger, and hides the remains of some feeble frescoes by Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law. In St. Paul's, as in St. Peter's, the statues on the monuments destroy the natural proportion of the arches by their monstrous size, but they have seldom any beauty or grace to excuse them. The week-day services* are thinly attended, and, from the nave, it seems as if the knot of worshippers near the choir were lost in the immensity, and the peals of the organ and the voices of the choristers were vibrating through an arcaded solitude. In 1773, Dr. Newton, as Dean of St. Paul's, conceded to the wish of Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Academy, that the unsightly blank spaces on the walls of the cathedral should be filled with works by academicians. Sir Joshua himself promised the Nativity, West the Delivery of the Law by Moses. Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kaufmann were selected by the Academy for the other works. But when Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, heard of the intention, he peremptorily refused his consent. —"Whilst I live and have the power," he wrote to Bishop Newton, "I will never suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened to Popery." It was then proposed only to put up the works of West and Reynolds—the Foundation of the Law and Gospel—over the doors of the north and south aisles, but the concession was absolutely refused, and the cathedral was left in its bareness.†

The central space under the dome is now employed for the Sunday Evening Service, a use which Dean Milman considered "was no doubt contemplated by Wren."

* The services are at 10 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.
† See Leslie and Taylor's "Life of Sir J. Reynolds."

"Many persons entering the cathedral suppose that the dome over their heads is the actual lining of the external dome. They are not aware that it is a shell, of a different form from the outer structure, with a brick cone between it and the outer skin—so to speak; that this brick cone is supported by the main walls and the great arches of the Cathedral, and that the brick cone supports the outer structure, the lantern, the upper cupola, and the gilt cross and ball; or that again between the brick cone and the outer skin is a curious net-work of wooden beams supporting the latter."—*W. Longman.*

Over the north porch is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, ending with the "four words which comprehend his merit and his fame,"—"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." The oratories at the sides of the nave were added against the wishes of Wren, at the instance of the Duke of York, who secretly wished to have them ready for Roman Catholic services, as soon as an opportunity occurred. They have been greatly condemned, as interfering in the lines of the building on the outside, but do not affect the interior. One of them is appropriated as a Baptistery. That which opens from the south aisle, long the Bishop's Consistory Court, contains the monument, by *A. G. Stevens*, of Arthur, First Duke of Wellington, the noblest tomb erected in England since Torregiano was working at Westminster. The aged Duke lies, like a Scaliger of Verona, deeply sleeping upon a lofty bronze sarcophagus. Around the base are the names of his victories. At the sides of the canopy, which is supported by noble pillars of the best period of the Renaissance, are grand figures in bronze, of Courage suppressing Cowardice, and Virtue suppressing Vice. The whole was to have been surmounted, like the great tomb of Can Grande, by an equestrian statue; but this was opposed by Dean Milman, and the artist, the greatest sculptor of our time, was snatched away before his

work was completed, and before England had awaked to realise that it possessed a worthy follower of Michael Angelo.

The narrow effect of the choir is much increased by the organ galleries on either side the entrance, and the carved stalls by Grinling Gibbons, for which he received £1,333 7*s.* 5*d.* The organ (1694) is by Dr. Schmydt, who constructed that at the Temple.

"I should wish to see such decorations introduced into St. Paul's as may give splendour, while they would not disturb the solemnity, or the exquisitely harmonious simplicity, of the edifice; some colour to enliven and gladden the eye, from foreign or native marbles, the most permanent and safe modes of embellishing a building exposed to the atmosphere of London. I would see the dome, instead of brooding like a dead weight over the area below, expanding and elevating the soul towards Heaven. I would see the sullen white of the roof, the arches, the cornices, the capitals, and the walls, broken and relieved by gilding, as we find it by experience the most lasting, as well as the most appropriate decoration. I would see the adornment carried out in a rich and harmonious (and as far as possible from gaudy) style, in unison with our simpler form of worship."—*Dean Milman—Letter to the Bishop of London.*

The monuments are mostly merely commemorative, and are nearly all feeble and meretricious, in many cases absolutely ludicrous. Beneath the dome are the four which were first erected in the cathedral. Those of Howard and Johnson, on either side of the entrance to the choir, are by *John Bacon*, whose works had such extraordinary renown in the last century. The prison key which is held by Howard and the scroll in the hand of Johnson "countenance the mistake of a distinguished foreigner who paid his respects to them as St. Peter and St. Paul."* The statue on the right in a Roman toga and tunic, bare-legged and san-

* Allan Cunningham's "Life of Bacon."

dalled, is intended for Howard, who died, 1790, at Cherson in Russian Tartary, whither he went in the benevolent hope of discovering a remedy for the Plague.

"The first statue admitted at S. Paul's was, not that of statesman, warrior, or even of sovereign; it was that of John Howard the pilgrim, not to gorgeous shrines of saints and martyrs, not even to holy lands, but to the loathsome depths and darkness of the prisons throughout what called itself the civilised world. Howard first exposed to the shuddering sight of mankind the horrible barbarities, the foul and abominable secrets, of those dens of unmitigated suffering. By the exposure he at least let some light and air into those earthly hells. Perhaps no man has assuaged so much human misery as John Howard; and John Howard rightly took his place at one corner of the dome of S. Paul's, the genuine disciple of Him among whose titles to our veneration and love not the least befitting, not the least glorious, was that He 'went about doing good.'"—*Dean Milman.*

The statue of Dr. Johnson (buried at Westminster) was erected at the urgent desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The figure, representing a half-naked muscular athlete, is utterly uncharacteristic, yet its associations are interesting.

"Though Johnson was buried in the Abbey among his brother men of letters, yet there was a singular propriety in the erection of Johnson's statue in S. Paul's. Among the most frequent and regular communicants at the altar of the cathedral might be seen a man whose ungainly gestures and contortions of countenance evinced his profound awe, reverence, and satisfaction at that awful mystery; this was Samuel Johnson, who on all the great festivals wandered up from his humble lodgings in Bolt Court, or its neighbourhood, to the Cathedral. Johnson might be well received as the representative of the literature of England."—*Dean Milman.*

The pedestal, on which the statue stands, bears a long Latin inscription by Dr. Parr, which aptly describes Johnson as "ponderibus verborum admirabilis."

"The inscription is in a language which ten millions out of twelve that see it cannot read. To come a step lower, there is a period inserted

between every word. In the ancient inscription, which this professes to imitate, similar marks are placed, but then spaces were not left between the words. In short, the mark in the old Latin inscriptions had a meaning—the dot in the modern pedantic epitaph has no meaning at all, and merely embarrasses the sense."—*Allan Cunningham.*

The next monument erected was that by *Flaxman* to Sir Joshua Reynolds—"pictorum sui sæculi facile princeps." Then came the monument, by *J. Bacon*, of Sir William Jones, who "first opened the poetry and wisdom of our Indian Empire to wondering Europe." * After these statues followed a series of the heroes of Nelson's naval victories and of Indian warriors and statesmen. Few of these call for attention except from their absurdity, yet, as many visitors make the round of the church, we may notice (omitting reliefs invisible from their high position, and beginning at the south-west door, where the banners from Inkerman hang) those of—

Captain R. Rundle Burgess (1797), the last work of *Banks*. The captain, Commander of the *Ardent*, who fell in the naval battle with the Dutch off Camperdown, under Admiral Rodney, is represented *perfectly naked*, apathetically receiving a sword from Victory.

Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta (1822), is represented theatrically blessing two native converts, in a group by *J. G. Lough.*

Captain E. M. Lyons, mortally wounded (1855) on board the *Miranda* at Sebastopol—a relief by *G. Noble.*

Captain G. Blagdon Westcott, who fell at the Battle of the Nile (1805), by *Banks*—he is represented sinking into the arms of Victory and upsetting her by his fall.

"The two naval officers (Westcott and Burgess) are naked, which destroys historic probability; it cannot be a representation of what happened, for no British warriors go naked into battle, or wear sandals or Asiatic mantles. As little can it be accepted as strictly poetic, for the heads of the heroes are modern and the bodies antique; every-day noses and chins must not be supported on bodies moulded according

* Dean Milman.

to the god-like proportions of the Greek statues. Having offended alike the lovers of poetry and the lovers of truth, Banks next gave offence to certain grave divines, who noted that the small line of drapery which droops over the shoulder as far as the middle of Captain Burgess,

'In longitude was sairly scanty,'

like the drapery of the young witch of the poet. Banks added a hand-breadth to it with no little reluctance. When churchmen declared themselves satisfied, the ladies thought they might venture to draw near—but the flutter of fans and the averting of faces was prodigious. That Victory, a modest and well-draped dame, should approach an undrest dying man, and crown him with laurel, might be endured—but how a well-dressed young lady could think of presenting a sword to a naked gentleman went far beyond all their notions of propriety." —*Allan Cunningham.*

Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the defence of Queenstown (1812)—a relief by *Westmacott.*

Dr. William Babington (1833)—a statue by *Behnes.*

Admiral Lord Lyons (1858)—a statue by *Noble.*

Sir Ralph Abercromby (1801), mortally wounded on the landing of the British troops in Egypt—a wildly confused group by *Westmacott.*

Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna (1809), by *Bacon*—he is represented as lowered into his coffin by Fame and a naked soldier.

Sir Astley Paston Cooper, the eminent surgeon (1842)—a statue by *Baily.*

Sir W. Hoste (1833)—a statue by *T. Campbell.*

Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie (1804), who fell at Kalunga in Napaul—a statue by *Chantrey.*

Horatio, Lord Nelson, who fell at Trafalgar (1805)—a group by *Flaxman*, with a most abominable lion.

Charles Marquis Cornwallis, Governor-General of Bengal (1805)—a group by *Rossi.*

Sir E. Pakenham and *General Samuel Gibbs*, who fell at the siege of New Orleans (1815)—statues by *Westmacott.*

George Elliott, Lord Heathfield (1790), the Defender of Gibraltar—a statue by *Rossi.*

J. M. W. Turner, the artist (1851)—a statue by *Macdowell.*

Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood (1810), who died in command of the Mediterranean Fleet—a monument by *R. Westmacott.* The almost naked body of the Admiral lies in a galley.

Admiral Earl Howe (1799), who vanquished the French fleet off Ushant—a fine statue, in a group by *Flaxman.*

Sir John Thomas Jones (1843)—statue by *Behnes.*

Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, who died in the defence of Lucknow (1857)—a statue by *Lough.*

(South aisle of Choir) *Henry Milman, Dean of St. Paul's* (1869)—an altar tomb with an admirable portrait statue by *F. J. Williamson.*

Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London (1756)—an altar tomb with a striking statue by *G. Richmond, R.A.*

**Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta*—a striking figure and likeness by *Chantrey.*

Over door) *General Foord Bowes,* who fell at Salamanca (1812)—a relief by *Chantrey.*

Passing the Choir, in the North Aisle) *Henry Hallam,* the historian (1859)—a statue by *Theed.*

Admiral Charles Napier (1860)—a relief by *Adams.*

Captain Robert Mosse and *Captain Edmond Riou,* who fell in attacking Copenhagen (1801)—a group of angels holding medallions by *C. Rossi.*

Sir William Ponsonby, who fell at Waterloo (1815). The hero is represented stark naked in this ridiculous monument by *E. H. Baily.*

General Charles T. Napier (1853)—a statue by *Adams.*

Adam, Viscount Duncan (1814), victorious over the Dutch fleet in 1799—a statue by *Westmacott.*

General Arthur Gore and *General John Byrne Skeritt,* who fell at the siege of Bergen ap Zoom, 1814—a group by *Chantrey.*

General T. Dundas (1795), distinguished by the reduction of the French West Indian Islands—monument by *J. Bacon, jun.*

Captain Robert Faulknor, commander of the *Blanche,* who fell in a naval battle in the West Indies, 1796—monument by *Rossi.*

General William Francis Patrick Napier (1860)—a statue by *Adams.*

General Andrew Hay, who fell at Bayonne, 1814. The general is seen falling, in full uniform, into the arms of a naked soldier, in a marvellous group by *H. Hopper.*

John, Earl of St. Vincent, the hero of Cape St. Vincent (1823)—by *Baily.*

Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo (1815)—a ludicrous figure of a Roman Warrior receiving a wreath from Victory by *Gahagan.*

Admiral Lord Rodney (1792)—a group by *C. Rossi.*

Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay (1859)—a statue by *Noble.*

Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm (1838)—a statue by *Baily.*

Brass Plates to the *Officers and Seamen lost in H.M.S. Captain,* Sept. 1, 1870.

**Frederick, Viscount Melbourne,* the early Prime Minister of Queen

Victoria—two grand sleeping angels leaning on their swords by a bronze doorway; a fine work of *Marochetti.*

Sir A. Wellesley Torrens, who fell at Inkerman, 1855. Relief in memory of Officers and Privates who fell in the Crimean war, 1854—1856.

The most interesting portion of the church is the *Crypt*, where, at the eastern extremity, are gathered nearly all the remains of the tombs which were saved from the old St. Paul's. Here repose the head and half the body of *Sir Nicholas Bacon* (1579), Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of Elizabeth and father of Francis, Lord Bacon. Other fragments represent William Cokain, 1626; William Hewit, 1597; and John Wolley and his wife, 1595. There are tablets to "Sir Simon Baskerville the rich," physician to James I. and Charles I., 1641; and to Brian, Bishop of Chester, 1661. The tomb of John Martin, bookseller, and his wife, 1680, was probably the first monument erected in the crypt of new St. Paul's. The east end of the crypt is used for service as a chapel: its mosaic pavement is the work of the female penitents at Wokingham. Only one figure from the old St. Paul's has been lately given a place in the new church. In the Dean's Aisle now stands erect the strange figure from the monument of *Dr. Donne the Poet-Dean*, whose sermons, in the words of Dr. Milman, held the congregation "enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated," and caused one of his poetical panegyrists to write—

> "And never were we wearied, till we saw
> The hour, and but an hour, to end did draw."

Donne's friend, Sir Henry Wootton, said of this statue, "It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle." The Dean is represented in

a winding-sheet. By the suggestion of his friend Dr. Fox, he stripped himself in his study, draped himself in his shroud, and, standing upon an urn, which he had procured for the purpose, closed his eyes, and so stood for a portrait, which was afterwards the object of his perpetual contemplation, and which after his death in 1630 was reproduced in stone by *Nicholas Stone*, the famous sculptor. The present position of the statue unfortunately renders abortive the concluding lines of the Latin epitaph, which refer to the eastward position of the figure.

"John Donne, Doctor of Divinity, after various studies,—pursued by him from his earliest years with assiduity, and not without success,—entered into Holy Orders, under the influence and impulse of the Divine Spirit, and by the advice and exhortation of King James, in the year of his Saviour, 1614, and of his own age, 42. Having been invested with the Deanery of this church, Nov. 27th, 1621, he was stripped of it by death, on the last day of March, 1631, and here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him whose name is the Rising." *

Dryden calls Donne—

"The greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation;"

and Izaak Walton describes him as—

"A preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven, in holy raptures; and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those who loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness."

In the Crypt, not far from the old St. Paul's tombs, the revered Dean Milman, the great historian of the church (best known, perhaps, by his "History of the Jews," his

* Translation by Archdeacon Wrangham in "Walton's Lives."

"History of Latin Christianity," and his contributions to "Heber's Hymns"), is now buried under a simple tomb ornamented with a raised cross. In a recess on the south is the slab tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, and near him, in other chapels, Robert Mylne, the architect of old Blackfriars Bridge, and John Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge. Beneath the pavement lies Sir Joshua Reynolds (1742), who had an almost royal funeral in St. Paul's, dukes and marquises contending for the honour of being his pall-bearers. Around him are buried his disciples and followers — Lawrence (1830), Barry (1806), Opie (1807), West (1820), Fuseli (1825); but the most remarkable grave is that of William Mallory Turner, whose dying request was that he might be buried as near as possible to Sir Joshua.

Where the heavy pillars and arches gather thick beneath the dome, in spite of his memorable words at the battle of the Nile—"Victory or Westminster Abbey"—is the grave of *Lord Nelson*. Followed to the grave by the seven sons of his sovereign, he was buried here in 1806, when Dean Milman, who was present, "heard, or seemed to hear, the low wail of the sailors who encircled the remains of their admiral." They tore to pieces the largest of the flags of the *Victory*, which waved above his grave; the rest were buried with his coffin.*

The sarcophagus of Nelson was designed and executed for Cardinal Wolsey by the famous *Torregiano*, and was intended to contain the body of Henry VIII. in the tomb-house at Windsor. It encloses the coffin made from the mast of the ship *L'Orient*, which was presented to Nelson,

* *The Times*, Jan. 10, 1806.

after the battle of the Nile, by Ben Hallowell, captain of the *Swiftsure*, that, when he was tired of life, he might "be buried in one of his own trophies." On either side of Nelson repose the minor heroes of Trafalgar, *Collingwood* (1810) and *Lord Northesk; Picton* also lies near him, but outside the surrounding arches.

A second huge sarcophagus of porphyry resting on lions is the tomb where *Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington*, was laid in 1852, in the presence of 15,000 spectators, Dean Milman, who had been present at Nelson's funeral, then reading the service. Beyond the tomb of Nelson, in a ghastly ghost-befitting chamber hung with the velvet which surrounded his lying in state at Chelsea, and on which, by the flickering torchlight, we see emblazoned the many Orders presented to him by foreign sovereigns, is the funeral car of Wellington, modelled and constructed in six weeks, at an expense of £13,000, from the guns taken in his different campaigns.

In the south-west pier of the dome a staircase ascends by 616 steps to the highest point of the cathedral. No feeble person should attempt the fatigue, and, except to architects, the undertaking is scarcely worth while. An easy ascent leads to the immense passages of the triforium, in which, opening from the gallery above the south aisle, is the *Library*, founded by Bishop Compton, who crowned William and Mary, Archbishop Secker refusing to do so. It contains the bishop's portrait, and some carving by Gibbons.

At the corner of the gallery, on the left, a very narrow stair leads to the *Clock*, of enormous size, with a pendulum 16 feet long, constructed by *Langley Bradley* in 1708.

Ever since, the oaken seats behind it have been occupied by a changing crowd, waiting with anxious curiosity to see the hammer strike its bell, and tremulously hoping to tremble at the vibration.

Returning, another long ascent leads to the *Whispering Gallery*, below the windows of the cupola, where visitors are requested to sit down upon a matted seat, that they may be shown how a low whisper uttered against the wall can be distinctly heard from the other side of the dome. Hence we reach the *Stone Gallery*, outside the base of the dome, whence we may ascend to the *Golden Gallery* at its summit. This last ascent is interesting, as being between the outer and inner domes, and showing how completely different in construction one is from the other. The view from the gallery is vast, but generally, beyond a certain distance, it is shrouded in smoke. Sometimes, one stands aloft in a clear atmosphere, while beneath the fog rolls like a sea, through which the steeples and towers are just visible "like the masts of stranded vessels." Hence one may study the anatomy of the fifty-four towers which Wren was obliged to build after the Fire in a space of time which would only have properly sufficed for the construction of four. The same characteristics, more and more painfully diluted, but always slightly varied, occur in each. Bow Church, St. Magnus, St. Bride, and St. Vedast are the best.

The *Great Bell of St. Paul's* (of 1716), which hangs in the south tower, bears the inscription "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It only tolls on the deaths and funerals of the royal family, of Bishops of London, Deans of St. Paul's, and Lord Mayors who die in their mayoralty.

"There is an erroneous notion that most of its metal was derived from the remelting of 'Great Tom of Westminster.' This bell, so replete with venerable associations, was given or sold by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and recast by one Wightman. It was speedily broken in consequence of the cathedral authorities permitting visitors to strike it, on payment of a fee, with an iron hammer, and Phelps was employed by Sir Christopher Wren to make its fine-toned successor. It was agreed, however, that he should not remove the old bell till he delivered the new, and thus there is not a single ounce of 'Great Tom' in the mass."—*Quarterly Review, CXC.*

Lily the grammarian, who died of the Plague, is buried on the north side of the *Churchyard*, opposite the school to whose celebrity he so much contributed. Father Garnet was executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, May 3, 1606, on an accusation of having shared in the conspiracy of the Gunpowder Plot, and died with the protest of innocence on his lips. Not forty years ago a large elm at the north-east corner of the graveyard marked the site of St. Paul's Cross, a canopied cross standing on stone steps, whence open-air sermons, denounced and ridiculed when they were re-introduced by Wesley and Whitefield, were preached every Sunday afternoon till the time of the Commonwealth.

"Paul's Cross was the pulpit not only of the cathedral; it might almost be said, as preaching became more popular, and began more and more to rule the public mind, to have become that of the Church of England. The most distinguished ecclesiastics, especially from the Universities, were summoned to preach before the Court (for the Court sometimes attended) and the City of London. Nobles vied with each other in giving hospitality to those strangers. The Mayor and Aldermen were required (this was at a later period) to provide sweet and convenient lodgings, for them, with fire, candles, and all other necessaries. Excepting the king and his retinue, who had a covered gallery, the congregation, even the Mayor and Aldermen, stood in the open air.

"Paul's Cross was not only the great scene for the display of

eloquence by distinguished preachers; it was that of many public acts, some relating to ecclesiastical affairs, some of mingled cast, some simply political. Here Papal Bulls were promulgated; here excommunications were thundered out; here sinners of high position did penance; here heretics knelt and read their recantations, or, if obstinate, were marched off to Smithfield. Paul's Cross was never darkened by the smoke of human sacrifice. Here miserable men, and women suspected of witchcraft, confessed their wicked dealings; here great impostures were exposed, and strange frauds unveiled in the face of day.

"Here too occasionally Royal Edicts were published; here addresses were made on matters of state to the thronging multitudes supposed to represent the metropolis; here kings were proclaimed, probably traitors denounced."—*Dean Milman.*

It was at St. Paul's Cross that Jane Shore did public penance, as is touchingly described by Holinshed—

"In hir penance she went, in countenance and pase demure, so womanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save hir kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comelie rud in hir cheeks (of which she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule."

Here Dr. Shaw suggested the kingship of Richard III. with fatal consequences to himself. Here likewise Tindall's translation of the Bible was publicly burnt, by order of Bishop Stokesley, and here the Pope's sentence on Martin Luther was pronounced in a sermon by Bishop Fisher in the presence of Wolsey, who himself here exposed the imposture of the rood of Boxley. Hence Ridley denounced both the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, as bastards, and then "stole away to Cambridge to throw himself at the feet of the triumphant Mary." Elizabeth, immediately on her accession, showed her appreciation of the importance of "St. Paul's Cross," for one of her first acts was to select a safe preacher for the next Sunday's sermon, "that no

occasion might be given to stir any dispute touching the governance of the realm." Here the great queen listened to the thanksgiving sermon of Dr. Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury (Nov. 24, 1588), for the defeat of the Armada. James I. was among those who sate beneath the preachers at Paul's Cross, and Charles I. heard a sermon here on the occasion of the birth of his son, afterwards Charles II. The eminent preachers selected for the public sermons were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation at a kind of inn, called "the Shunamite's House." An order of Parliament caused the destruction of "Paules Cross" in 1643.

An ugly Grecian portico immediately behind the cathedral marks *St. Paul's School*, founded in 1514 by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, for 153 poor children—a number chosen as being that of the fishes taken by St. Peter. Colet dedicated his foundation to the Child Jesus, so that, says Strype, "the true name of this school is Jesus' School, rather than Paul's School; but the saint hath robbed his Master of his title." Erasmus has left an interesting description of Dean Colet's school, and relates how over the master's chair was a figure of the Child Jesus "of excellent work, in the act of teaching, whom all the assembly, both at coming in and going out of school, salute with a short hymn."*

* "O my most sweet Lord Jesus, who, whilst as yet a child in the twelfth year of thine age, didst so discourse with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem as that they all marvelled with amazement at thy super-excellent wisdom; I beseech thee that—in this thy school, by the tutors and patrons whereof I am daily taught in letters and instruction,—I may be enabled chiefly to know thee, O Jesus, who art the only true wisdom; and afterwards to have knowledge both to worship and to imitate thee; and also in this brief life so to walk in the way of thy doctrine, following in thy footsteps, that, as thou hast attained mete glory, I also, departing out of this life, happily may attain to some part thereof. Amen."—*Knight's "Life of Colet,"* xi. 146.

Over the figure was the inscription—

"Discite me primum, pueri, atque effingite puris
Moribus, inde pias addite literulas." *

John Milton was educated at St. Paul's School from his eleventh to his sixteenth year. The existing buildings are quite modern, but the founder is commemorated over the doors of the school by his motto, "Disce aut discede," and at the end of the schoolroom in a bust by *Bacon*.

"It may seem false Latin that this Colet, being Dean of Paul's, the school dedicated to St. Paul, and distanced but the breadth of a street from St. Paul's Church, should not intrust it to the inspection of his successors, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, but committed it to the care of the Company of Mercers for the managing thereof. But Erasmus rendereth a good reason from the mouth and minde of Colet himself, who had found by experience many laymen as conscientious as clergymen in discharging this trust in this kinde; conceiving also that a whole company was not so easy to be bowed to corruption as any single person, how eminent and publick soever. For my own part, I behold Colet's act herein as not only prudential, but something prophetical, as foreseeing the ruin of church-lands, and fearing that this his school, if made an ecclesiastical appendage, might in the fall of church-lands get a bruise, if not lose a limb thereby."—*Fuller's Church History.*

It was for Dean Colet's School that Lily composed the Latin verses called from their first words, "Propria quæ maribus," containing rules for distinguishing the genders of nouns. In 1877 the Mercers' Company purchased sixteen acres of ground in Hammersmith, whither it is intended to remove the school.

It was in front of the school in St. Paul's Churchyard that George Jeffreys, the famous judge, then a St. Paul's schoolboy, after watching the judges go to dine with the

* "Children learn first to form pure minds by me,
Then add fair learning to your piety."
Milman.

Lord Mayor, astonished his father, who was about to bind him apprentice to a mercer, by swearing that he too would one day be the guest of the Mayor, and would die Lord Chancellor—so that the Lord Mayor's coach had the Bloody Assizes to answer for.

Near St. Paul's School stood, before the Fire, a belfry-tower containing the famous "Jesus Bells," won at dice by Sir Giles Partridge from Henry VIII.

South of St. Paul's Churchyard is the *Deanery*, and close beside is *St. Paul's Choristers School* built by Dean Church, 1874. This is the especial district of ecclesiastical law, *Doctors' Commons*, so called from the Doctors of Civil Law here living and "commoning" together in a collegiate manner. Several of its Courts have been removed to Somerset House, but the *Court of Faculties and Dispensations*, by which marriage licences are granted, and the *Consistory Court of the Bishop of London* are still held here. At the foot of Bennet's Hill, facing Queen Victoria Street, is the *Herald's College*, a red brick building surrounding three sides of a court, with a well-designed outer staircase. It occupies the site of Derby House, built by Thomas, that first Earl of Derby who married the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Here, where "the records of the blood of all the families in the kingdom" are kept, the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, are preserved. In the chambers of the Herald's College preside three kings, namely,—

Garter King-at-Arms, established by Henry V. for the dignity of the Order of the Garter. He corrects all arms usurped or borne unjustly, and has the power of granting arms to deserving persons, &c.

Clarencieux King at Arms, who takes his name from the Duke of Clarence, 3rd son of Edward III. He has the care of the arms, and all

questions of descent regarding families south of the Humber, not under the discretion of the Garter.

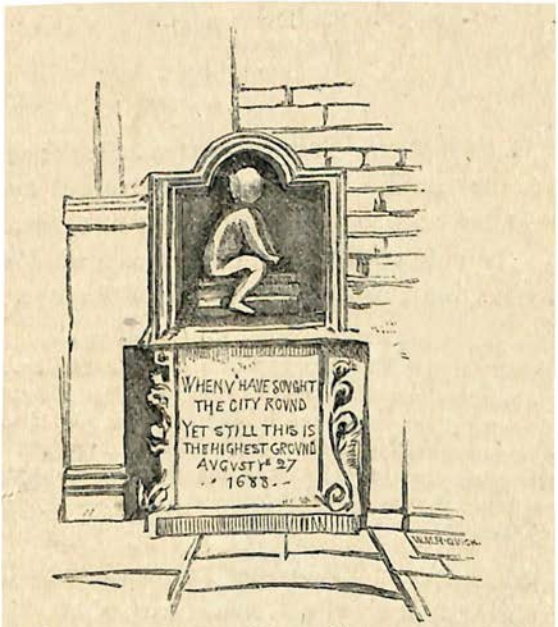
Norroy (North Roy), who has the same jurisdiction north of the Humber as Clarencieux in the south.

"As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an antient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an antient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time: for new nobility is but the act of power; but antient nobility is the act of time." —*Lord Bacon.*

What is now called *St. Paul's Churchyard* was surrounded before the Fire by shops of booksellers, who have since betaken themselves to Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane, and Amen Corner, on the north of the Church, so called, says Stow, "because of stationers or text-writers that dwelt there, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use, namely, A B C., with the Pater-noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c." At the corner of Cheapside and Paternoster Row was, till 1848, the "Chapter Coffee House," of much literary celebrity, where authors and booksellers of the last century were greatly wont to congregate. Here also the club of the "Wittenagemot" was held, which was much frequented by physicians of the last century. In the room which bore the name of the club, the famous Dr. Buchan, author of "Domestic Medicine," used to see his patients, a man "of venerable aspect, neat in his dress, his hair tied behind with a large black ribbon, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, realising the idea of an Esculapian dignitary." It was at the Chapter Coffee House that the famous "Threepenny Curates" could be hired for two pence and a cup of coffee to hold service anywhere within the boundary.

Paternoster Row (so called from the rosary makers?) is

still the booksellers' paradise. Its entrance is guarded by the establishments of Messrs. Blackwood and Nelson, and a mighty bust of Aldus presides over the narrow busy pavement, while every window at the sides is filled with books, chiefly Bibles, Prayer-Books, and religious tracts. The



The Boy of Panyer Alley.

Church of St. Michael le Quern, Paternoster Row, destroyed in the Fire, derived its name from the use in the adjacent market of the handmill of Scripture: it continued to be employed for the grinding of malt till the time of the Commonwealth. John Leland, the antiquary, was buried in this church.

Panyer Alley, leading into Newgate Street, being close to the Corn-market, marks the residence of the "Panyers," makers of bakers' baskets, in the fourteenth century. Here, built in the wall, is a stone with a relief of a boy sitting on a panyer, inscribed—

"When ye have sovght
The Citty round
Yet still ths is
The hihest ground.
August the 27, 1688."

Dolly's Chop House, close to this (so called from an old cook of the tavern, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough), has a curious old coffee-room of Queen Anne's time. The head of that queen painted on a window of the tavern has given a name to Queen's Head Passage.

"There is a passage leading from Paternoster Row to St. Paul's Churchyard. It is a slit, through which the cathedral is seen more grandly than from any other point I can call to mind. It would make a fine dreamy picture, as we saw it one moonlight night, with some belated creatures resting against the walls in the foreground—mere spots set against the base of Wren's mighty work, that, through the narrow opening, seemed to have its cross set against the sky."—*Preface to Doré's London.*

At the bottom of Paternoster Row leads into *Warwick Lane*, where till lately stood (on the west of the Lane) the College of Physicians, whither Dryden's body was brought by Dr. Garth, to whom it was indebted for suitable burial, where he was honoured by "a solemn performance of music,"* and whence (May 13, 1700) it was followed by more than a hundred coaches to Westminster. The buildings of the College (which originally met at Linacre's house in Knightrider Street) were erected by Wren (1674),

* See *The London Spy.*

and were conspicuous from their dome, surmounted by a golden ball.

> "A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."
>
> *Garth. The Dispensary.*

The original name of this street was Eldenesse Lane; it derives its present appellation from the inn or palace of the Earls of Warwick. This Warwick Inn was in the possession of Cecily Duchess of Warwick c. 1450. Eight years later, when the greater estates of the realm were called up to London, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," "came with six hundred men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane; in whose house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden or roast meat as he could pick and carry on a long dagger."

Midway down the Lane on the east side is the *Bell Inn* (rebuilt), where (1684) the holy Archbishop Leighton died peacefully in his sleep, thereby fulfilling his often expressed desire that he might not trouble his friends in his death.

> "He used often to say, that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane."—*Burnet's Own Times.*

Opposite the Bell, closing an alley on the left, stood the Oxford Arms, one of the most curious old hostelries in

England, demolished in 1877. It belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and was restored immediately after the Great Fire, on the exact plan of an older inn on the site, which was then destroyed. In the *London Gazette* of March, 1672-3, we find the words—

"These are to notify that Edward Bartlett, Oxford Carrier, has removed his inn in London from the Swan, in Holborn Bridge, to the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, where he did inn before the Fire; his coaches and waggons going forth on their usual days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. He hath also a hearse, with all things convenient to carry a corpse to the burial."

The leases of the property forbade the closing of a door leading to the houses of the residentiary Canons of St. Paul's, by which Roman Catholics who frequented the Inn escaped during the riots of 1780. The great court of the Inn, constantly crowded with waggons and filled with people, horses, donkeys, dogs, geese—life of every kind—presented a series of Teniers pictures in its double tiers of blackened, balustraded, open galleries, with figures hanging over them, with clothes of every form and hue suspended from pillar to pillar, and with outside staircases, where children sate to chatter and play in the shadow of the immensely broad eaves which supported the steep red roofs. Amongst those who lived here in former days was John Roberts the bookseller, and from hence he sent forth his squibs and libels on Pope. On the wall of the last house (left), where Warwick Lane enters Newgate Street, Warwick the King-maker is commemorated in a very curious relief, of 1668, of an armed knight with shield and sword.

The neighbourhood of Newgate has always been "the Butchers' Quarter." St. Nicholas's Shambles originally

stood here, which took their name from the old Church of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, destroyed at the Dissolution, and till the Great Fire the market continued to be held in the middle of the street in open stalls, which were a great nuisance to the neighbourhood, and gave the name of "Stinking Lane" to the present King Edward Street, from the filth which they accumulated. After the Fire a market-house was erected in the open space between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, where the ivy-covered houses of the Prebends of St. Paul's, commemorated in Ivy Lane,*

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

stood amidst orchards, whose apples were a great temptation to London street-boys, and frequently proved fatal to them, as is shown by the coroners' inquests of five centuries ago. Newgate Market continued to be the principal meat-market of London till the recent erection of that in Smithfield—

> "Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards!
> Such Newgate's copious market best affords."
>
> *Gay. Trivia*, bk. ii.

* Stow.

A curious relic in Newgate Street, which has lately disappeared, was the sculpture over the entrance to Bull Head Court, representing William Evans, the giant porter of Charles I., with Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf of Henrietta Maria, who could travel in his pocket—Evans was seven feet six inches in height, Hudson three feet nine inches; but the dwarf was so fiery that he killed Mr. Crofts, who ventured to laugh at him, in a duel, and he commanded a troop of horse in the king's service.

On the north side of *Newgate Street*, through an open screen, are seen some of the modern buildings of *Christ's Hospital*, erected in 1825 by *James Shaw*, the architect of St. Dunstan's in the West. The foundation of Christ's Hospital was one of the last acts of Edward VI., who died ten days after. He was so touched by an affecting sermon which he heard from Bishop Ridley on June 26, 1553, upon the duty of providing for the sick and needy, that after the service was over he sent for the bishop, thanked him for his advice, and, after inquiring what class of persons was in most need of being benefited, founded a hospital for destitute and fatherless children. The buildings, which had belonged to the Grey Friars, and which were set apart for this purpose, had been given to the City of London by Henry VIII. at the Dissolution.

The monastery of Grey Friars, which was one of the most important religious houses in London, was founded by the first Franciscans who came over to England in the reign of Henry III. Its buildings were raised by the charity of various pious benefactors, and its glorious church was given by Margaret, second wife of Edward I. It became a favourite burial-place of the queens of England, as well as

the usual place of interment for the foreign attendants of the Plantagenet Queens Consort. Here were the tombs of Beatrix, Duchess of Brittany, second daughter of Henry III., who died when she came over to the coronation of Edward I. in 1272; of the generous Queen Margaret, —"good withouten lacke"—second wife and widow of Edward I.,* and of her niece the wicked Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II. Joan of the Tower, wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland, and second daughter of Edward II., driven to seek a refuge in England by the infidelities of her husband, died in the arms of her sister-in-law Queen Philippa, in 1362, and was buried by her mother's side. Near her was laid Isabel, Countess of Bedford, the eldest and favourite daughter of Edward III., who was separated from her husband Ingelram de Coucy by the wars between France and England. Other tombs were those of Baron Fitzwarren and his wife Isabel, sometime Queen of Man; Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, executed at Tyburn, 1308; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, beheaded 1329; John Philpot, Lord Mayor, 1384; Sir Nicholas Brember, Lord Mayor, 1386; John, Duc de Bourbon, taken prisoner at Agincourt, who died after a captivity of eighteen years, 1433; and Thomas Burdett, 1477, who was beheaded for having too vigorously lamented over a favourite buck of his, which had been killed by Edward IV. Here also (1665) was buried one who "possessed every advantage which nature and art and an excellent education could give,"† the accomplished Sir Kenelm Digby, who was laid in the magnificent tomb

* The heart of his mother, Queen Eleanor, who died at Ambresbury, was also preserved here.

† Clarendon.

where he had buried his wayward wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley,* lamented in the verses of Ben Jonson.

All the monuments in Grey Friars, many of them of marble and alabaster, and extremely magnificent, were sold for £50 by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman, a destruction which signifies little now, as they would all have perished otherwise in the Great Fire. Even the name of Grey Friars became extinct when Christ's Hospital was founded, and nothing remains of the monastery except some low brick arches of the western cloister on the left of the entrance.

The Hospital is approached from Newgate Street by a brick gate-way surmounted by a statue of Edward VI. in his robes. The courts, used as playgrounds by the boys, are handsome and spacious. There are 685 boys lodged and boarded in the surrounding buildings; and belonging to the same foundation is the preparatory school of 500 boys and the school of 60 or 70 girls at Hertford. The boys sleep in dormitories crowded with little beds, and wash in lavatories. A line in their swimming-bath marks the junction of three parishes—Christ Church, St. Sepulchre's, and St. Bartholomew's.

London smoke has already given a venerable aspect to the noble *Hall*, 187 feet in length, and the long oak tables are really old. In the centre of the side wall is a pulpit whence graces are read, and the lessons of the day in the morning. The walls are decorated beyond the pulpit by the arms of the Presidents, below the pulpit by the arms of the Treasurers, beginning with those of Grafton, Treasurer in 1554, the year after the foundation. The raised seats at the end

* Aubrey.

of the hall are intended for spectators admitted by ticket to witness the "Public Suppings" at 7 P.M. on the six Thursdays in Lent, a very curious sight. Above is an old picture of Edward VI. giving a charter to the Hospital. The other pictures include—

Verrio. An immense and very curious representation of the scholars of Christ Hospital, both boys and girls, bringing their drawings to be examined by James II. in the midst of his court. Charles II. was originally introduced, but as he died before the picture was finished, his figure was altered to that of his brother. The custom pourtrayed here is still kept up, and every year the scholars go to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Pennant describes this "as the largest picture I ever saw."

Sir F. Grant. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

J. Singleton Copley. The Adventure of Brook Watson, a Christ Church scholar, in escaping from a shark.

The *Library* was founded by the famous Sir Richard Whittington, who flourished in the time of Richard II. and Henry IV., and, in the latter reign, was three times Lord Mayor.

The boys educated at Christ's Hospital are generally called "Blue-Coat Boys," from their dress, which recalls that of the citizens of the time of Edward VI., and consists of a blue gown, red leathern girdle, yellow stockings, and bands. The two first classes of the school are called "Grecians" and "Deputy Grecians." Among eminent Blue-Coat boys were Bishop Stillingfleet, Camden the Antiquary, Campion the Jesuit, Mitchell the translator of Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Bishop Middleton, Jeremiah Markland, Richardson the novelist, and above all Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was educated here under James Boyer and who said, when he heard of his head-master's death, that "it was fortunate the cherubs who took him to

heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

"Christ's Hospital is an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter, with feelings and habits more congenial to it, than he could ever have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures."—*Charles Lamb.*

In Christ Church Passage was "Pontack's," the first Restaurant of a better class opened in London (c. 1689) where a dinner could be ordered.

Where Newgate Street (now chiefly devoted to butchers) is crossed by Giltspur Street and the Old Bailey stood the New Gate, one of the five principal gates of the City, which was also celebrated as a prison. Its first story, over the arch, was, according to custom, "common to all prisoners, to walk in and beg out of." Ellwood the Quaker narrates the horrors of the nights in the gate-prison where all were crowded into one room, and "the breath and steam which came from so many bodies, of different ages, conditions, and constitutions, packed up so close together, was sufficient to cause sickness." In fact, in the Plague, fifty-two persons died over Newgate alone.

The gate-house was the origin of the existing *Newgate Prison*, which now looms, grim and grimy, at the end of Holborn Viaduct, and whose very name is fraught with reminiscences of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Greenacre, Courvoisier, Franz Müller, and others celebrated in the annals of crime. The Prison was re-

built, 1770—80, under *George Dance*, architect of the Mansion House.

"His chef-d'œuvre was the design for Newgate, which, though only a prison, and pretending to be nothing else, is still one of the best public buildings in the metropolis.

"It attained this eminence by a process which amounts as much to a discovery on the part of its architect as Columbus's celebrated invention of making an egg stand on its end—by his simply setting his mind to think of the purpose to which his building was to be appropriated. There is nothing in it but two great windowless blocks, each ninety feet square, and between them a very common-place gaoler's residence, five windows wide, and five stories high, and two simple entrances. With these slight materials, he has made up a façade two hundred and ninety-seven feet in extent, and satisfied every requisite of good architecture."—*Fergusson.*

On the south front are allegorical statues of Concord, Mercy, Justice, Truth, Peace, and Plenty—interesting as having once adorned the New Gate, which also bore a now lost statue of Sir R. Whittington with the renowned cat of his story. Those who have been imprisoned here include Sackville and Wither the poets; Penn, for street preaching; De Foe, for publishing his *Shortest Way with Dissenters;* Jack Sheppard, who was painted here by Sir James Thornhill; and Dr. Dodd, who preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel (on Acts xv. 23) before he was hanged for forgery in 1777. Lord George Gordon was imprisoned in Newgate for a libel on the Queen of France, and died within its walls of the gaol distemper. In the chapel is a "condemned bench," only used for the prisoners under sentence of death. There are those still living who remember as many as twenty-one prisoners (when men were hung for stealing a handkerchief) sitting on the condemned bench at once. Since executions have ceased to be

carried out at Tyburn, they have taken place here: one of the most important has been that of Bellingham, for the murder of Mr. Percival. The late amelioration in the condition of prisoners in Newgate is in great measure due to the exertions of Mrs. Fry, who has left a terrible account of their state even in 1838.

Close by is the *Old Bailey Sessions House*, for the trial of prisoners within twelve miles of St. Paul's. Over it is a dining-room, where the judges dine when business is over, whence the line—

"And wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

The space between Newgate and the Old Bailey is called the *Press Yard*, from having been the scene of the horrible punishment of pressing to death for "standing mute" when arraigned for treason. Persons sentenced to this *peine forte et dure* were stretched naked on the floor of a dark room, and were fed with just sufficient bread and water to sustain life, a heavy weight of iron being laid upon the body, and increased till the victim either answered or died. In 1659 Major Strangways was thus pressed to death for refusing to plead, when accused of the murder of John Fussel; and the punishment existed as late as 1770, being voluntarily undergone by some offenders as the only means of preserving their estates to their children.

Jonathan Wild, infamous even in the annals of crime, lived at No. 68, the second house south of Ship Court in the Old Bailey. He used to receive stolen goods and restore them to their owners for a consideration, the larger share of which he appropriated. If thieves opposed his rapacity, he, knowing all their secrets, was able to bring

about their capture. At his trial he delivered to the judge a list of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he was proud of having been instrumental in hanging. He was hung himself on May 24, 1725. Green Anchor Court in the Old Bailey (now destroyed) was the miserable residence of Oliver Goldsmith in 1788.

Opposite Newgate is *St. Sepulchre's Church*, formerly "Saint Pulchre's," chiefly modern, but with a remarkable porch which has a beautiful fan-tracery roof. It is much to be lamented that, in a recent "restoration," the silly church-wardens have substituted an oriel window for the niche over the entrance, containing the statue of Sir John Popham, Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's household, who was buried in the cloister of the Charter-house in the time of Edward IV.; this statue was one of the landmarks of the City.* The perpendicular tower is very handsome, but spoilt by its heavy pinnacles.

"Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never looked all four upon one part of the heavens."—*Howell.*

In the old church the unfortunate Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre of the South, was buried, who was executed at Tyburn, June 29, 1544, for accidentally killing John Busbrig, a keeper, in a poaching fray in Laughton Park. The interior of the present building is Georgian commonplace. Many, however, are the Americans who visit it, to see a grey grave-stone "in the church choir, on the south side thereof," with an almost obliterated epitaph, which began—

"Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!"

for it covers the remains of Captain John Smith (1579—

* See *The Builder*, Aug. 21, 1875.

1631), "sometime Governour of Virginia and Admirall of New England," and author of many works upon the History of Virginia. The three Turks' Heads which are still visible on his shield of arms were granted by Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, in honour of his having, in three single combats, overcome three Turks and cut off their heads, in the wars of Hungary in 1602. A ballad entitled "The Honour of a London Prentice, being an account of his matchless manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter," tells how Smith killed one of these Turks by a box on the ear, and how he tore out the tongue of a lion which came to devour him!

"Wherever upon this continent (of America) the English language is spoken, his deeds should be recounted and his memory hallowed. . . . Poetry has imagined nothing more stirring and romantic than his life and adventures, and History upon her ample page has recorded few more honourable and spotless names."—*G. S. Hilliard, Life of Captain John Smith.*

"I made acquaintance with brave Captain Smith as a boy, in my grandfather's library at home, where I remember how I would sit at the good man's knees, with my favourite volume on my own, spelling out the exploits of our Virginian hero. I loved to read of Smith's travels, sufferings, captivities, escapes, not only in America, but Europe."—*Thackeray's "Virginians."*

John Rogers, the Smithfield martyr, was vicar of St. Sepulchre's, having previously been chaplain to the merchant-adventurers of Antwerp, where he became the friend of Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, whose work was finally carried out by him after Tyndale's death.

"There is no doubt that the first complete English Bible came from Antwerp under his superintendence and auspices. It bore then, and still bears, the name of Matthews' Bible. Of Matthews, however, no

trace has ever been discovered. He is altogether a myth, and there is every reason for believing that the untraceable Matthews was John Rogers. If so, Rogers was not only the proto-martyr of the English Church, but, with due respect for Tyndale, the proto-martyr of the English Bible, which first came whole and complete from his hands. The fact rests on what appears to be the irrefragable testimony of his enemies. On his trial Rogers was arraigned as John Rogers alias *Matthews.*"—*Dean Milman.*

It is the bell of St. Sepulchre's which is tolled when prisoners in Newgate are executed, and by an old custom a nosegay was presented at this church to every prisoner who was on his way to Tyburn. The church clock still regulates the hour of executions, and the church bellman used to go under the walls of Newgate on the night before an execution and ring his bell and recite—

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternall flames be sent,
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock!"

CHAPTER V.

SMITHFIELD, CLERKENWELL, AND CANONBURY.

BY St. Sepulchre's Church is the entrance of *Giltspur Street*, which was formerly a continuation of Knightrider Street, and is named from the gilded spurs of the knights who rode that way to the tournaments. Near the end of Giltspur Street on the left is the entrance of *Cock Lane*, of which we shall hear more when we reach Canonbury, and hard by is *Pie Corner*, where the Great Fire ended, which began in Pudding Lane. It is probably some association with these names which caused the inscription (now obliterated) beneath the commemorative figure of a very fat boy (once painted in colours), still existing against the wall of a public-house near the corner of Cock Lane:—"This boy is in memory put up of the late Fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." Pie Corner is frequently mentioned in the Plays of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Shadwell. Hard by is *Hosier Street*, which was the especial centre for the hosiers in the fourteenth century.

Giltspur Street leads into *Smithfield* or Smoothfield, around which many of London's most sacred memories are folded. But as its market is the first object which strikes

the eye, we are naturally drawn first to notice its great cattle-fair, which is not without its reminiscences, for it is celebrated by Shakspeare. Falstaff asks—

"Where's Bardolph?"

and a page answers—

"He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse."

The first market—"Bartholomew Fair"—was established here by Rahere, king's jester to Henry I., by whom it was granted for the eve of St. Bartholomew, the day itself, and the day after. Ben Jonson's coarsest and wittiest comedy, *Bartholomew Fair*, lets us into many of its attendant abuses and customs, especially that of having booths at which pigs were dressed and sold—the "little tidy Bartholomew boar-pigs" of Shakspeare.* In the reign of Charles II. the duration of the Fair was extended from three to fourteen days, and Pepys "at Bartholemew Fayre, did find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show, and the street full of people expecting her coming out." Gradually Smithfield grew to be the great and only cattle-market of London. As many as 210,757 cattle, and 1,518,510 sheep, were sold here annually; but the market was always inconvenient, and was a great nuisance to its neighbourhood. Dickens describes its miseries in his picture of Smithfield in "Oliver Twist"—

"It was market morning, the ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire, and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be

* *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. iv.

crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and tied up to posts by the gutter-side were long lines of oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass. The whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells, and the roar of voices that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling, the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market, and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confused the senses."

The market for living animals in Smithfield was abolished in 1852, when the new Meat-Market was built. It is a perfect forest of slaughtered calves, pigs, and sheep, hanging from cast-iron balustrades—actually 75 acres of meat.

In the open space now occupied by the market tournaments were formerly held. Edward III., forgetting his good queen Philippa, shocked London by parading her maid Alice Pierce as his mistress, as "the Lady of the Sun," at a public tournament in Smithfield in 1374. Another famous tournament was held here by Richard II., to celebrate the arrival of his child-queen Isabel. It was here that Wat Tyler was killed on the 15th of June, 1381. His partisans had been everywhere successful, had broken into the Tower of London and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, had broken into the Tower Royal and terrified the Fair Maid of Kent, had broken into and pillaged the palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy. At length the young King Richard agreed to hear fully the demands of the Commons in Smithfield. They met, the King standing, says Stow, "towards the east near St.

Bartholomew's Priory, and the Commons towards the west in order of battle." The insolence of Wat Tyler's manner knew no bounds, he drew his dagger upon the knights whom the king sent to meet him; finally, he approached the king and seized the bridle of his horse. It was then that the Lord Mayor, Walworth, plunged a dagger into his throat. It was a terrible crisis, and a massacre was only evaded by the presence of mind of Richard II., then only in his fifteenth year, who rode at once up to the rebels and said, "Why this clamour, my liege-men? What are ye doing? Will you kill your King? Be not displeased for the death of a traitor and a scoundrel. I will be your captain and your leader: follow me into the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The insurgents, captivated by his courage, at once allowed themselves to be led into Islington Fields, where they were quietly dispersed without difficulty, and Jack Straw, Wat Tyler's second in command, was afterwards hanged in Smithfield.

The Elms in Smithfield "betwixt the horse-pool and the river of the Wels or Turnmill Brook"* was the place for public executions before it was removed to Tyburn in the reign of Henry IV. It was here that William Fitzosbert, surnamed the Longbeard, the first popular reformer, was hanged and beheaded in (1196) the reign of Richard I. Here Sir William Wallace was executed on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305, being dragged by horses from the Tower, hung, and then quartered while he was still living. Here also Mortimer, the favourite of Queen Isabella the Fair, was hung by her eighteen-years-old son Edward III. Endless persons were burnt here for witchcraft; two persons were

* Stow, p. 142.

boiled alive here for poisoning;* but most of all is the name of Smithfield connected with religious persecutions and intolerance—Catholics burning Protestants; then, Protestants Catholics; then, Catholics Protestants again; those who had cruelly caused the sufferings of others often in their turn having to endure the same. Kings and princes were themselves sometimes present, and took a part at these horrible scenes; thus in Sir. N. H. Nicholas' "Chronicle of London" (1089 to 1483) we read of the Prince of Wales assisting at the death of John Badby, who was burnt in a tun filled with fire, a ceremony of cruelty which was peculiar to him alone.

"This same yere there was a clerk that beleved nought on the sacrament of the auter, that is to saye, Godes body, which was dampned and brought into Smythfield to be burnt, and was bounde to a stake where as he schulde be burnt. And Henry, Prynce of Walys, thanne the kynge's eldest sone, consalled him for to forsake his heresye and hold the righte way of holy chirche. And the prior of seynt Bertelmewes in Smythfield broughte the holy sacrament of Godes body, with xij torches lyght before, and in this wyse cam to the cursed heretyk: and it was asked hym how he beleved: and he ansuerde, that he beleved well that it was hallowed bred and nought Godes body; and thanne was the tonne put over hym and fyre kyndled therein; and whanne the wrecche felt the fyre he cryed mercy; and anon the prynce comanded to take away the tonne and to quenche the fyre, the whiche was don anon at his comandement; and thanne the prynce asked hym if he wolde forsake his heresye and taken hym to the faithe of holy chirche, whiche if he wolde dou, he schulde have hys lyf and good ynow to liven by; and the cursed shrew wolde nought, but contynued forth in his heresye; wherefore he was brent."

Passing rapidly on to the reign of Henry VIII., we find in 1539, Forest, an Observant Friar, burnt for denying the King's supremacy, and Latimer, himself burnt in 1556,

* The last was a woman; the first, in 1531, was the cook of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whom he was accused of trying to poison in his soup.

coolly preaching patience while the victim writhed and moaned in his death struggles. And soon afterwards we find Cranmer, also burnt himself in 1556, adjuring Edward VI. to burn Joan Butcher, the Maid of Kent, who was troubled with some scruples as to the Incarnation, and the amiable King replying in horror—"What, my lord! Will ye have me send her quick to the devil, in her error?" "So that Dr. Cranmer himself confessed, that he had never so much to do in all his life, as to cause the king to put to his hand, saying he would lay all the charge thereof upon Cranmer before God."

Of the long line of sufferers for the Protestant faith, generally on the question of transubstantiation, in the reign of Henry VIII., perhaps the most remarkable was Sir William Askew's beautiful daughter Anne, whom Wriothesley, the Lord Chancellor, tortured with his own hands, and who lost the use of her feet by her extreme sufferings upon the rack to make her disclose the name of those court ladies of Queen Katherine Parr who shared her opinions. The account in Foxe of her death is too pictorial to omit.

"The day of her execution (1546) being appointed, this good woman was brought into Smithfield in a chair, because she could not go on her feet, by means of her great torments. When she was brought unto the stake, she was tied by the middle with a chain, that held up her body. When all things were thus prepared to the fire, Dr. Shaxton,* who was then appointed to preach, began his sermon. Anne Askew, hearing and answering again unto him, when he said well, confirmed the same; when he said amiss, 'There,' said she, 'he misseth, and speaketh without the book.'

"The sermon being finished, the martyrs, standing there tied at three several stakes ready to their martyrdom, began their prayers. The multitude and concourse of the people was exceeding; the place

* The renegade Bishop of Salisbury.

where they stood being railed about to keep out the press. Upon the bench under St. Bartholomew's Church sate Wriothesley, chancellor of England; the old Duke of Norfolk, the old Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor, with divers others. Before the fire should be set unto them, one of the bench, hearing that they had gunpowder about them, and being alarmed lest the faggots, by strength of the gunpowder, would come flying about their ears, began to be afraid; but the Earl of Bedford, declaring unto him how the gunpowder was not laid under the faggots, but only about their bodies, to rid them out of their pain; which having vent, there was no danger to them of the faggots, so diminished that fear.

"Then Wriothesley, lord chancellor, sent to Anne Askew letters, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; who, refusing once to look upon them, made this answer again, that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. Then were the letters likewise offered to the others, who, in like manner, following the constancy of the woman, denied not only to receive them, but also to look upon them. Whereupon the Lord Mayor, commanding fire to be put unto them, cried with a loud voice, 'Fiat Justitia!'

"And thus the good Anne Askew, with these blessed martyrs, being troubled so many manner of ways, and having passed through so many torments, now ended the long course of her agonies, being compassed in with flames of fire."

With the reign of Mary, who was educated in cruelty by her husband Philip, the executions for religion became ten times more frequent than before. The martyr-procession was heralded (1555) by John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, who had been converted to the Protestant faith at Antwerp by conversations with William Tyndall and Miles Coverdale.

"As he was led from his prison to Smithfield, his wife and nine children (another was about to be born) stood watching his 'triumph,' almost with joyousness. With that wife and children he had been refused a parting interview, by Gardiner first, when in prison, by Bonner afterwards just before his execution—for what had a consecrated priest to do with wife and children? John Rogers passed on, not as to his death, but to a wedding. This is not the language of an admiring martyrologist, or a zeal-deluded Protestant, but of Noailles, the Catholic French ambassador."—*Dean Milman.*

Rogers was offered a pardon if he would revoke his expressions about transubstantiation, but he answered, "That which I have preached will I seal with my blood; at the day of Judgement it will be known whether I am a heretic," and, being bound to the stake, washed his hands in the flame, as one feeling no hurt, and so died bravely in sight of his own church-tower. "He was," says Foxe, "the proto-martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire."

To those who study the story of the executions in Smithfield it will be striking, how, in the midst of a Catholic population, the English feeling of injustice towards the victims, and indignation at the cruelty of their persecutors, especially against Bonner, Bishop of London, always made the spectators sympathize with the sufferers, and only fear lest they should be induced by terror to recant at the last. Thus, when John Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, was brought to Smithfield (1555) with John Warne an upholsterer of Walbrook—

"The people were in a marvellous dump and sadness thinking that Cardmaker would recant at the burning of Warne. But his prayers being ended, he rose up, put off his clothes unto his shirt, went with bold courage to the stake, and kissed it sweetly: he took Warne by the hand, and comforted him heartily; and so gave himself to be also bound to the stake most gladly. The people seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their fearful expectation, as men delivered out of a great doubt, cried out with joy, saying, 'God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker; the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!'"

Amongst the most remarkable of the after sufferers was John Bradford, who died embracing the stake and comforting his fellow sufferer; and John Philpot, Archdeacon of

Winchester, who knelt, like St. Andrew, at first sight of his stake.

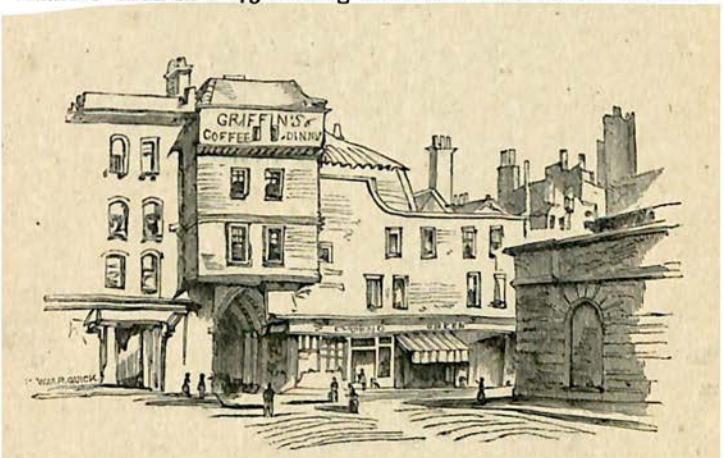
"And when he was come to the place of suffering, he kissed the stake, and said, 'Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?' And then with an obedient heart full meekly he said the 106th, the 107th, and the 108th Psalms. . . . Then they bound him to the stake, and set fire to that constant martyr."

Two hundred and seventy-seven persons in all had been burnt here before, in the words of Fuller, "the hydropical humour which quenched the life of Mary extinguished also the fires of Smithfield." The only memorial now existing of the sufferings for truth's sake which Smithfield witnessed is to be found in an inscribed stone in the outer wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, saying—"Within a few yards of this spot, John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, servants of God, suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years, 1555, 1556, 1557."

The part of Smithfield which is on the right as we enter it is girdled by St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the remains of St. Bartholomew's Priory, alike founded in the early part of the twelfth century by Rahere or Rayer—"a pleasant-witted gentleman," says Stow, "and therefore in his time called the king's minstrel." * On his way to Rome on a pilgrimage, he imagined in a vision that he was carried by a great beast having four feet and two wings to a very lofty place, whence he saw the entrance and the horrors of the bottomless pit. From this he was rescued by a majestic personage, who revealed himself as St. Bartholomew, and commanded him to build a church in his honour on a site which he indicated, bidding him be under no apprehensions

* Stow, p. 140.

as to expense, for he would supply the funds. Rahere, returning, obtained the royal sanction for his work, which was speedily assisted by miraculous agency, for a marvellous light was believed to shine on the roof of the church as it arose, the blind who visited it received their sight, cripples went away with their limbs restored, and, the hiding-place of a choral book stolen by a Jew was marvellously revealed. Rahere died in 1143 leaving thirteen monks in his founda-

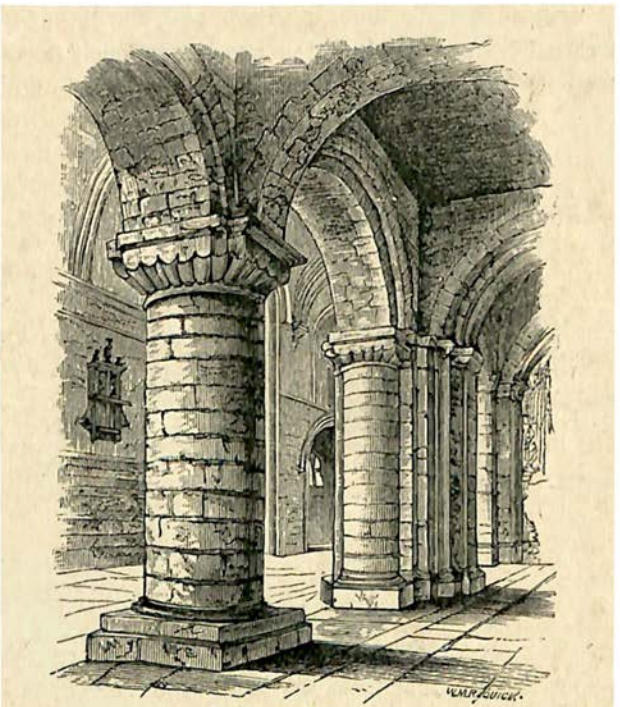


The Gate of St. Bartholomew's.

tion. The monastery was at one time one of the largest religious houses in London, its precincts extending as far as Aldersgate Street. But nothing is left now of the monastic buildings, though part of the cloisters existed within the memory of living persons. The Prior's house stood behind the church, between it and Red Lion Passage.

Built up in the old houses facing the market—which look little altered since they were represented in the print in which the Lord Mayor and the old Dukes are sitting

beneath them in a kind of tent, watching the execution of Anne Askew—is an old Gothic gateway. It is an early English arch, with several rows of dogtooth ornament between its mouldings. Through its iron gate we look upon the blackened churchyard, with the ghastly tombs, of



In St. Bartholomew's.

St. Bartholomew the Great, with a brick tower of 1650. But to enter the church we have to seek the key in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.*

Grand as St. Bartholomew's still is, it is only the choir of

* The keys are kept at No. 1, Church Passage, Cloth Fair.

the monastic church, with the first bay of the nave and fragments of the transepts. The choir has a triforium and clerestory, and is entirely surrounded by an ambulatory. The narrow stilted horseshoe arches of the apse are very curious. Of the arches which supported the tower, two are round, the others (towards the transepts) slightly pointed. The general effect of this interior is greatly enhanced by having its area kept open, with chairs in the place of pews, allowing the lines of the architecture and the bases of the pillars to be seen.

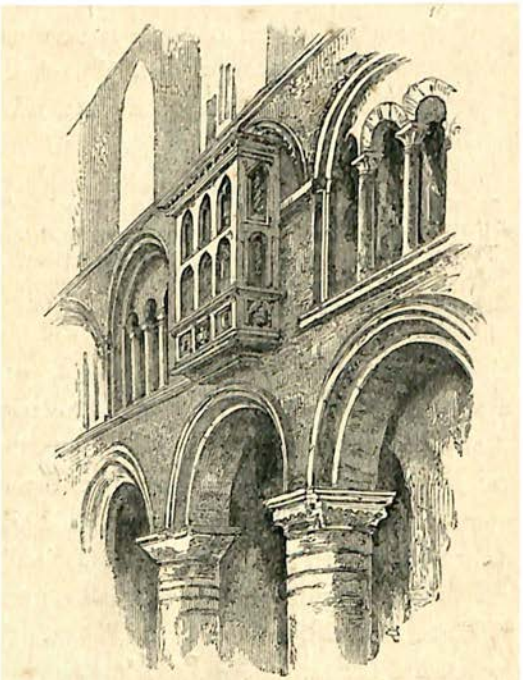
"It is recorded * that three Greek travellers of noble family were present at the foundation, and foretold the future importance of the church. They were probably merchants from Byzantium, and it has been conjectured that they were consulted by the founder respecting the plan and architectural character of the church."—*Rickman.*

It is this monastic choir, as we now see it, which witnessed a strange scene when (1247) the Provençal Archbishop Boniface, uncle of Henry III.'s queen, Ellinor, irritated at a want of deference on the part of the sub-prior, rushed upon him, slapped him in the face, tore his cope to fragments, and trampled it under foot, and finally, being himself in full armour under his vestments, pressed him against a pillar so violently as almost to kill him. A general scrimmage ensued between the monks and the attendants of the archbishop, and as the inhabitants of Smithfield poured in to the assistance of the former, Boniface was forced to fly to Lambeth, followed by shouts that he was a ruffian and cruel, unlearned and a stranger, and moreover that he had a wife!

The last prior was Fuller, previously prior of Waltham.

* Mon. Ang. vol. vi. p. 294.

Under his predecessor, Prior Bolton (1506 to 1532), a great deal of restoration was done, marked by the perpendicular work inserted on the old Norman building. Especially noteworthy is the oriel called Prior Bolton's pew, projecting over the south side of the choir, where the prior

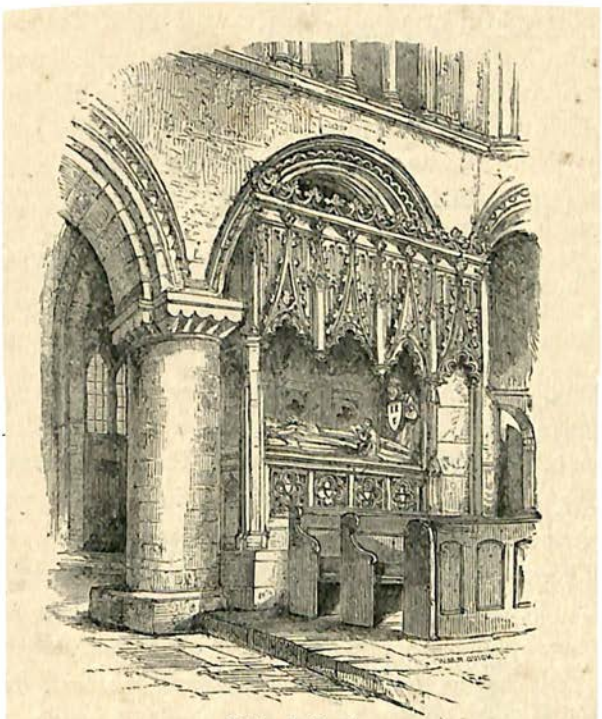


Prior Bolton's Pew.

sate during service, or whence the sacristan watched the altar. It is adorned with the rebus of its builder—a bolt through a ton.* There are similar oriels at Malmesbury and in Exeter Cathedral.

* The well-known Inn in Fleet Street "the Bolt in Tun" took its name from the rebus of Prior Bolton.

On the north of the choir is the tomb erected in the fifteenth century to the founder, Rahere, with a beautifully groined canopy. At the foot of his sleeping figure stands a crowned angel, and on either side kneels a monk, with a Bible open at Isaiah li., and the words, "The Lord shall



Rahere's Tomb.

comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

On the north wall, also, is the monument of Robert

Chamberlayne, ambassador, with two grand angels drawing the curtains of a tent within which he is kneeling in armour. Behind, in the ambulatory, are two recesses; that nearest the east end was part of the Walden Chapel, where Walden, Bishop of London, was buried. From a very humble sphere he rose to be Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel was banished by Richard II. Walden was made archbishop, but when Arundel returned with Henry IV., he was deposed, though he was generously made Bishop of London by his rival.

"He may be compared," says Fuller, "to one so jaw-fallen with over long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill-fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness."

Making the round of the ambulatory, behind the grand Norman pillars of the choir, we find a number of curious monuments. The first is that of Dr. Francis Anthony (*ob.* 1623), who invented and believed in an extraordinary medicine which was to work universal cures—*aurum potabile*, being extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquid whatsoever. Dr. Anthony published a learned defence of his discovery, intended to show that "after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries." The medicine obtained great celebrity in the reign of James I., and Dr. Anthony lived in much honour in Bartholomew Close, and bequeathed the secret of *aurum potabile* to his son, who wrote on his monument, which bears three pillars encircled by a wreath, the epitaph—

"There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
Or keep in memory thy spotless name;
Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
Though poisonous Envy ever sought to blame
Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
Yet shall they all commend that high design
Of purest gold to make a medecine,
That feel thy help by that thy rare invention."

The next monument is that of Rycroft (1677), who translated the polyglot Bible. It rests upon the volumes of his work. Then comes a monument to John Whiting, with the pretty epitaph—

"Shee first deceased, he for a little try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd."

Passing the piers which formed the boundary of the Lady Chapel, we reach the fine bust of James Rivers (1641), which is probably the work of Hubert de Sœur, who lived close by in Cloth Fair. Beneath, written at the beginning of the Civil War, are the verses—

"Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
Of the high soul that once inform'd the same;
Torn from the service of the state in's prime
By a disease malignant as the time:
Whose life and death design'd no other end
Than to serve God, his country, and his friend;
Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride
Conquer'd the age, conquer'd himself and died."

The next monument, of Edward Cooke, "philosopher and doctor," is of a kind of marble which drips with water in damp weather, and has the appropriate epitaph—

"Unsluice, ye briny floods. What! can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and see the marble weep?
Burst out for shame; or if ye find noe vent
For teares, yet stay and see the stones relent."

The magnificent alabaster tomb beyond this is that of Sir Walter Mildmay (1689), who was Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and founder of Emanuel College at Cambridge. Fuller records how, being supposed to have a leaning towards Puritanism, when he came to court after the foundation of his college, Elizabeth saluted him with "Sir Walter, I hear yóu have made a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," he replied; "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God knows what will be the fruit thereof." Sir Walter was one of the commissioners to Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and might have risen to the highest offices had he been more subservient to Elizabeth. Fuller tells how, "being employed, by virtue of his place, to advance the Queen's treasure, he did it industriously, faithfully, and conscionably, without wronging the subject, being very tender of their privileges, insomuch that he once complained in Parliament that many subsidies were granted and no grievances redressed; which words being represented with disadvantage to the queen, made her to disaffect him;" so that he lived afterwards "in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience."

On the south wall of the choir, near this, is the monument of the Smallpage family (1558), with two admirably powerful busts. The register of this church commemorates the baptism of Hogarth the painter, November 28th, 1697.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rahere in 1123, and refounded by Henry VIII. upon the dissolution of monasteries, is open to all sufferers by sickness or accident,

and admits upwards of one hundred thousand patients in the course of the year. Its handsome buildings surround a large square with a fountain, and are approached from Smithfield by a gateway of 1702, adorned with a statue of Henry VIII., and figures of Sickness and Lameness.

Just within the gate is the *Church of St. Bartholomew the Less.* It was built by Rahere immediately after his return from his penance at Rome. The tower contains some Norman arches of the founder's time, but the church was modernised by Dance in 1789, and rebuilt by Hardwick in 1823: the interior is octagonal. In the ante-chapel is an inscription to John Freke (1756), the surgeon represented by Hogarth as presiding over the dissecting table in his "Stages of Cruelty," and on the floor the brasses of William and Alicia Markeby (1439). On the north wall, near the altar, is the monument of the wife of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and opposite it that of R. Balthorpe, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Elizabeth. James Heath, Carlyle's "Carrion Heath," the slanderer of Cromwell, was buried in the church in 1664, "near the screen door." The parish register records the baptism of Inigo Jones, whose father was a clothworker residing in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.

The *Great Hall* (ring at the door on left in the court-yard) is approached by a wide oak staircase, the walls of which were gratuitously painted by *Hogarth* in 1736 with two immense pictures of "The Good Samaritan" and "The Pool of Bethesda." In his manuscript notes Hogarth says with regard to these pictures—

"I entertained some thoughts of succeeding in what the puffers in books call 'the great style' of history painting; so that, without having

had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity; and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easy attainable than is generally imagined. But as Religion, the great promoter of this style, in other countries, rejected it in England, and I was unwilling to sink into a portrait-manufacturer—and still ambitious of being singular, I soon dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large."

In the frieze below the large subjects are the Foundation of the Hospital by Rahere, and his Burial—probably by another hand.

The Great Hall or Court-room contains—

Vincenzo Carducci. St. Bartholomew.

Hans Holbein? Henry VIII., life-size, in a fur-lined gold-embroidered robe, with a black hat and white feather.

Sir G. Kneller. Dr. Radcliffe.

Sir J. Reynolds. Percival Pott, Surgeon of the Hospital and inventor of many surgical instruments, 1713—1788. A seated portrait in his 71st year.

Sir David Wilkie. Alderman Matthias Prince Lucas, President of the Hospital, painted 1839.

Just beyond St. Bartholomew's the Great is the entrance of *Cloth Fair* (long the annual resort of drapers), whose name is now the only relic of Bartholomew Fair, the great London carnival, which, originally established for useful purposes of trade, declined during its existence of seven centuries and a half into regular saturnalia, but only perished by lingering death in 1855. Cloth Fair, which was once a great centre for the French and Flemish merchants in London, having escaped the Fire, is still full of old though

squalid houses of Elizabethan or Jacobian date: some are older still, and were built by Lord Rich, one of the worst of the favourites of Henry VIII., to whom the priory was granted, with many privileges, at the Dissolution. Here the Pie Powder—Pied-Poudre—Court was held annually at the public-house called the Hand and Shears during Bartholomew Fair, for the sorting and correction of the weights and measures used in the market, and for granting licences for the exhibition in the fair. Blackstone says, "The lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious, court of justice known to the law of England is the Court of Pie-poudre, *curia pedis pulverizati* —so called from the dusty feet of the suitors," or, according to Sir Edward Coke, "because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the foot." *Long Lane*, close by, is commemorated by Congreve, and *Duck Lane* by Swift. In *Bartholomew Close* Milton was secreted at the Restoration, till his pardon was signed.

"Smithfield Saloop," of Turkish origin, a drink made by boiling the bulbs of *Orchis mascula* and *Orchis morio*, was long the most popular midnight street refreshment in London, being considered a sovereign cure for the headaches arising from drunkenness.

Continuing, along the east side of the Metropolitan Meat Market, we reach *Charterhouse Square*, where in the seventeenth century were many handsome palaces, such as Rutland House (still commemorated in Rutland Place) and one where the Venetian ambassadors used to lodge.* It is now a quiet green amid the houses. Here, before the reign of Edward III., was a desolate common called "No Man's

* Howell's "Londinopolis," fol. 1657, p. 343.

Land," between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and the gardens of the Knights of St. John in Clerkenwell. In the terrible plague of 1348, when thousands of bodies were flung loosely into pits without any religious service whatever, Ralph Stratford, who was then Bishop of London, purchased these three desolate acres, and, building a chapel there, where masses should be perpetually said for the repose of the dead, called it "Pardon Churchyard." Fifty thousand persons were buried in this cemetery and in the adjoining Spital Croft, which was purchased by Sir Walter Manny, the hero of Edward III.'s French wars, who, in 1371, founded a Carthusian convent here, and called it "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." The story of the dissolution of the convent is one of the most touching of the time. Prior Houghton, who was then superior, spoke too openly against the spoliation of church lands by the king, and so (1534) drew down the wrath of the royal commissioners. When he knew that they were suspected of treason, he gathered his community around him, and exhorted them to faith and patience. Maurice Chauncy describes the affecting scene which followed:—

"The day after the Prior preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm—'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us;' concluding with the words, 'It is better that we should suffer here a short penance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell hereafter;' and so ending, he turned to us and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed, he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each imploring pardon."—*Chauncy, Historia Martyrum, quoted by Froude.*

The prior and several of the monks were sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. Sir Thomas More (who had himself lived for four years in the Charterhouse—religiously, without vow, giving himself up to meditation and prayer) saw them led to execution from his prison window, and said to his daughter, Mrs. Roper, who was with him, "Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage." Several others of the monks were afterwards executed, and ten were starved to death in Newgate; the remainder fled to Bruges.

"If we would understand the true spirit of the time, we must regard Catholics and Protestants as gallant soldiers, whose deaths, when they fall, are not painful, but glorious; and whose devotion we are equally able to admire, even where we cannot equally approve their cause. Courage and self-sacrifice are beautiful alike in an enemy and in a friend. And while we exult in that chivalry with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant old men whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory."—*Froude*, ii. 341.

The buildings of the Charterhouse were presented to several of the king's favourites in turn, and in 1565 were sold by the Norths to the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down many of the monastic buildings, and added rooms more fitted to a palatial residence. Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, second son of the Duke of Norfolk, beheaded for Mary Queen of Scots, sold the Charterhouse for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castle, in Cambridgeshire, who had made an enormous fortune in Northumbrian coal-mines. He used it to found (1611) a hospital for aged men and a school for children of poor parents—

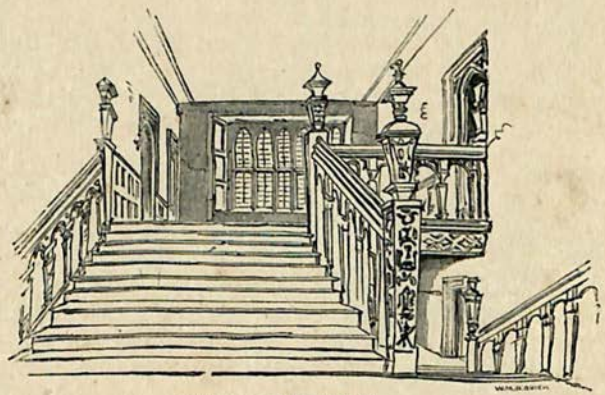
the "triple good" of Bacon, the "masterpiece of English charity" of Fuller. In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming, supposed to be a more healthy situation, and the land which was occupied by its buildings and playground was sold to the Merchant Tailors for their school. But the rest of the foundation of Sutton still exists where he left it.

The *Charterhouse* (shown by the Porter) is entered from the Square by a perpendicular arch, with a projecting shelf above it, supported by lions. Immediately opposite is a brick gateway belonging to the monastic buildings, which is that where the "arm of Houghton was hung up as a bloody sign to awe the remaining brothers to obedience,"* when his head was exposed on London Bridge. The second court contains the Master's house, and is faced by the great hall of the Dukes of Norfolk. By a door in the right wall we pass to a *Cloister*, containing monuments to Thackeray, John Leech, Sir Henry Havelock, old Carthusians, and Archdeacon Hale, long a master of the Charterhouse. Hence we enter *Brook Hall*, to which Brook, a master of the Charterhouse, whose picture hangs here, was confined by Cromwell: another door leads to the *Chapel*, of which the groined entrance dates from monastic times, but the rest is Jacobian. On the left of the altar is the magnificent alabaster tomb of Sutton, who died Dec. 12, 1611, a few months after his foundation of the Charterhouse. The upper part of the tomb represents his funeral sermon, with the poor Brethren seated round. On the cornice are figures of Faith and Hope, Labour and Rest, Plenty and Want. The whole is the work

* Froude, vi. 359.

of *Nicholas Stone* and *Jansen of Southwark*. Opposite, is an interesting tomb of Francis Beaumont, an early master. The monument of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, is by *Chantrey*. There are tablets to Dr. Raine and other eminent masters.

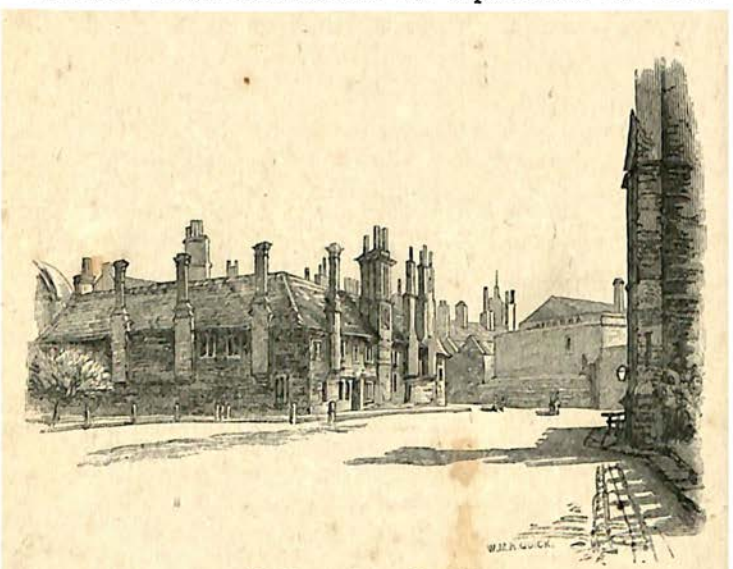
The old *Brick Cloister* of the monastic Charterhouse extends along one side of the playground, on one side of which are the modern buildings of the Merchant



Staircase of Norfolk House.

Tailors' School. All the movable relics of Charterhouse School were taken away when the school was removed, and nothing remains of its buildings, but the place is still dear to many Charterhouse boys. Richard Lovelace, Isaac Barrow, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Sir William Blackstone, Grote, Thirlwall, Julius Hare, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Eastlake, Thackeray, and John Leech were Carthusians. A grand *Staircase* of Queen Elizabeth's time, with the greyhound of Sutton on the

banisters, leads to the *Officers' Library*, with a portrait of Daniel Ray, who gave its books; and to the *Drawing Room* of old Norfolk house, with a beautiful ceiling, and a noble fire-place painted in Flanders, with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Twelve Apostles, and, in the centre, the Royal Arms, with C. R. on the tails of the Lion and Unicorn. There are some fine old tapestries in this room



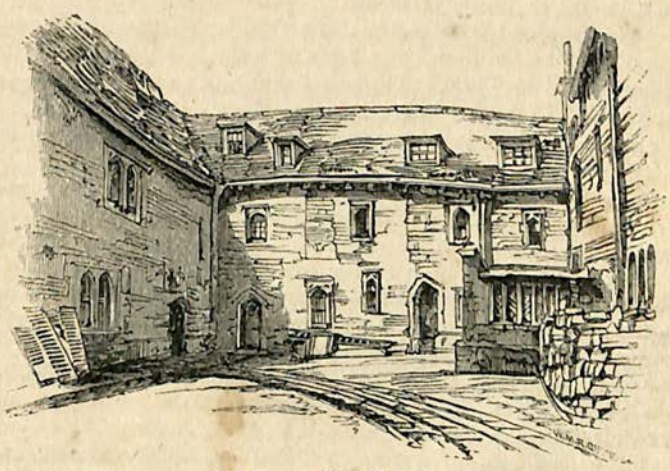
Washhouse Court, Exterior.

—one of them representing the Siege of Calais. It was these rooms which (then belonging to Lord North) were used by Elizabeth on her first arrival in London from Bishops Hatfield, before her coronation.

The *Pensioners' Hall*, where the Poor Brethren dine, was the hall of Norfolk House. It has a noble roof, semi-circular in the middle flat at the sides, supported by large

oaken brackets. The chimney-piece is adorned with the arms of Sutton, and the cannon at the sides were added by him to commemorate his having commanded artillery against the Scots, and having fitted up a vessel against the Spanish Armada.

On the left of the northern quadrangle is the venerable *Washhouse Court*, or *Poplar Court*, the outer wall of which,



Washhouse Court, Interior.

being part of the monastic buildings, is adorned with a cross, I.H.S., &c., in the brickwork. It is in one of the little houses of this court that Thackeray paints the beautiful close of Thomas Newcome's life. Elkanah Settle, the rival of Dryden, died here in 1723—4. The *Preachers' Court* and *Pensioners' Court* are miserable works of *Blore*.

We cannot leave the Charterhouse without quoting Thackeray's touching reminiscence of his founder's day :—

"The death-day of the founder is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands—a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time. An old hall? Many old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place, possibly. Nevertheless the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

"The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects, and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to chapel and have a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and the founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the Great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen—pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder. The Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen 'codds,' I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive? I wonder, or Codd Soldier, or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles light up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memo-

ries, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! How noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of past children, and troops of bygone seniors, have cried 'Amen,' under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the Psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—'23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

Returning to Smithfield, on the right, where St. John's Lane falls into St. John's Street, Sir Baptist Hicks, a city mercer,* built, in 1612, the Sessions House, where the regicides and the conspirators in the Popish plot were tried, where William, Lord Russell, was condemned to death, and Count Konigsmarck, the notorious assassin of Mr. Thynne, was acquitted. The distances on the great north road were marked from Hicks' Hall. The Court House was removed to Clerkenwell Green in 1782. Opposite the site of the old building is the *Cross Keys Inn*, a favourite resort of Richard Savage. Turning into *St. John's Lane*, we see the way closed by the old Gateway of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which Dr. Johnson said to Boswell that, when he first saw it, he "beheld it with reverence." The old public-house of *Baptist's Head* (from Sir Baptist Hicks), on the right of the lane, was the house of Sir Thomas Forster, a judge, who died in 1612. His arms appear over a fire-place in the tap-room.

The *Priory of St. John*, the chief English seat of the

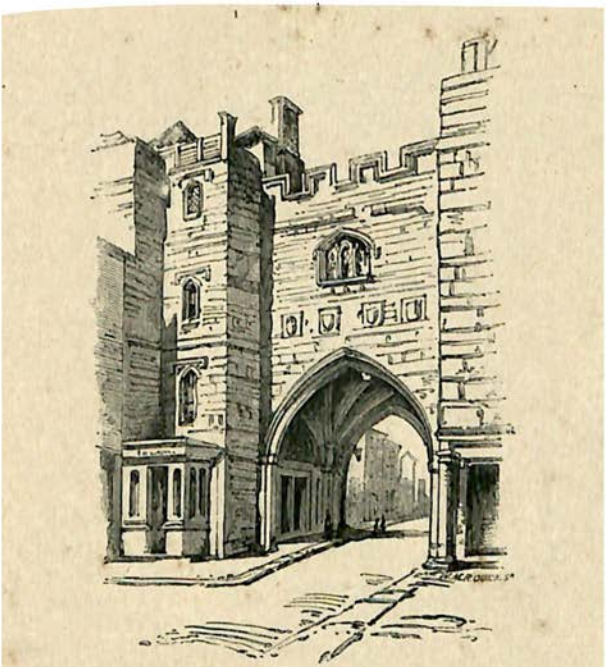
* He was afterwards created Viscount Campden, his eldest daughter married Lord Noel, and the well-known preacher, Baptist Noel, derived his odd name from this ancestor.

Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem* was founded in the reign of Henry I. (1100) by a baron named Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife, and was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem (buried in the Temple Church), who here urged Henry to undertake a crusade, and fell into a great rage on his refusal. John knighted Alexander of Scotland here, and Edward I. came hither to spend his honeymoon with Eleanor. This early Priory was so large that, when it was burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, the conflagration lasted seven days. All the other houses of the knights in London were destroyed by the insurgents at the same time, and the prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded, in revenge for his having advised the king (Richard II.) to make no terms with the commons. The Priory, however, was soon rebuilt, and Henry IV. and V. frequently stayed there, and it was there that—finding how ill it would be received by the people of England—Richard III. gave a public denial to the rumours of his intended marriage with his niece Elizabeth of York. The Order of St. John was suppressed by Henry VIII. on pretext that the knights denied his supremacy, two of those who opposed him being beheaded, and a third hung and quartered. But the Priory still continued to be the resort of royalty, and Mary resided here frequently during the reign of Edward VI., and rode hence to pay state visits to her brother, attended by a great troop of Catholic ladies and gentlemen. The buildings of the Priory perished for the most part when they were blown up by the Protector Somerset, who intended to use them in building his palace in the Strand.

The south *Gate of St. John's Priory*, lately repurchased by

* Afterwards called Knights of Rhodes, and lastly Knights of Malta.

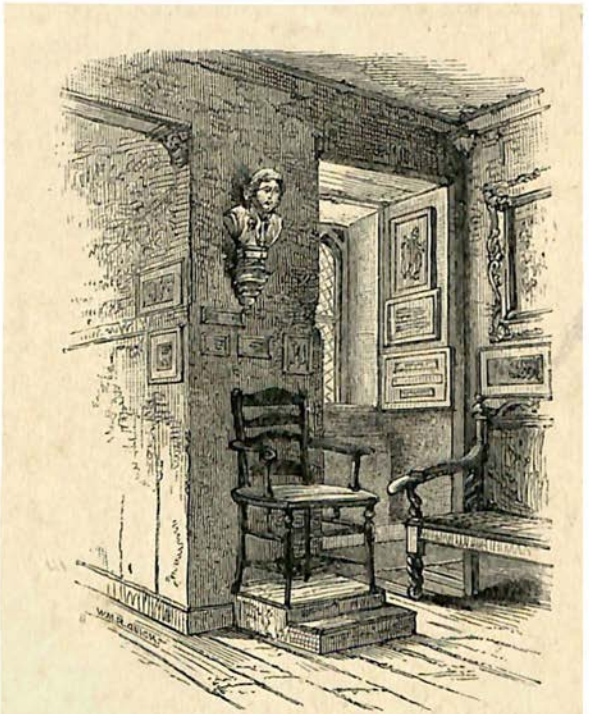
the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, was built as we now see it by Sir Thomas Docwra, Prior, in 1504. It is a fine specimen of perpendicular architecture. On the outside are two shields adorned with the arms of the Order and of Docwra. In the centre of the groined roof is the Lamb



St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

bearing a flag, kneeling on the clasped gospels. The old rooms above the gate are highly picturesque, and have been filled with an interesting series of memorials relating to its history. This collection is rather literary than military or monastic, for here Cave the printer started, in January 1731,

The Gentleman's Magazine, which has always borne a picture of the gate on its cover, so that its appearance is familiar to thousands who have never beheld it. Dr. Johnson, previously unknown, used to work for Cave at so much



Dr. Johnson's Chair, St. John's Gate.

per sheet, and for some time was almost wholly dependent upon his magazine articles. The accounts which he gave of the marvellous powers of his friend Garrick inspired Cave with a desire to see him act, and in the old room, which is now the dining-hall of the tavern, Garrick is said

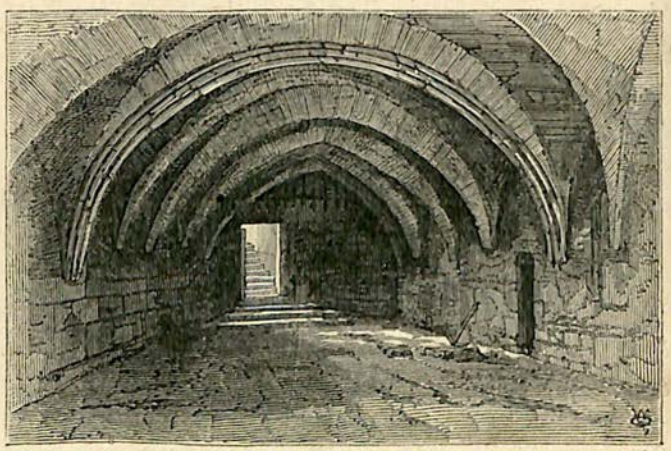
to have made his début before a select audience in Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. An old chair, placed beneath his bust in this room, is still shown as "Dr. Johnson's chair." After he had anonymously published his "Life of Richard Savage," Walter Harte, author of the "Life of Gustavus Adolphus," dined with Cave at St. John's and greatly commended the book. Soon afterwards Cave told him that he had unconsciously given great pleasure to some one when he was dining with him, and on the inquiry, "How can that be?" reminded him of the plate of food which had been sent behind the screen at dinner, and told him that Johnson, the author of the book he commended, considered himself too shabbily dressed to appear, but had devoured the praises with his dinner.

St. John's Square marks the courtyard of the Priory. The nave and aisles and the stately tower of the church were destroyed by Somerset. A remnant of the choir, mauled and defaced, long used as a Presbyterian meeting-house and gutted in Sacheverell's riots, is now *St. John's Church*. Langhorne the poet was its curate in 1764. The bases of some of the old pillars may be traced in the upper church, but it has nothing really noticeable except its picturesque and beautiful *Crypt*, consisting of four bays, two of them semi-Norman and two early English. The voussoirs of the arch-ribs, instead of being cut to a curve—*i.e.* following the line struck from a centre—are each of them straight, the necessary curvature being obtained by making these voussoirs so small that their want of curvature is scarcely perceptible.* Here the light streams in among the well-preserved arches from a little graveyard, which

* See a paper by Pettit Griffith, F.S.A., quoted in the *Builder* of July 1, 1876.

contains the tomb of the father and mother and other relations of Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln.

Till a few years ago people frequently came to this crypt to visit the coffin (now buried) of "Scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane Ghost," which had excited the utmost attention in 1762, being, as Walpole said, not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. It was supposed that the spirit of a young lady poisoned by a lover to whom she had bequeathed her



Crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

property, came to visit, invisibly, but with very mysterious noises, a girl named Parsons who lived in Cock Lane (between Smithfield and Holborn) and was daughter to the clerk of St. Sepulchre's Church. Horace Walpole went to see the victim, with the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Lord Hertford, but after waiting till half-past one in the morning in a suffocating room with fifty people crowded into it, he was told that

the ghost would not come that night till seven in the morning, "when," says Walpole, "there were only prentices and old women." At length, the ghost having promised, by an affirmative knock, that she would attend any one of her visitors in the vaults of St. John's Church, and there knock upon her coffin, an investigation was made, of which Dr. Johnson, who was present, has left a description :—

"About ten at night, the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sate rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, when the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, or any other agency; but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued; the person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

The failure of the investigation led to the discovery that the father of the girl who was the supposed object of spiritual visitation had arranged the plot in order to frighten the man accused of murder into remitting a loan which he

had received from him whilst he was lodging in his house. Parsons was imprisoned for a year, and placed three times in the pillory, where, however, instead of maltreating him the London mob raised a subscription in his favour. The account of the nocturnal expedition of Dr. Johnson and his friends to the crypt caused great amusement, which was enhanced by the appearance of Churchill's poem of "The Ghost."

"Through the dull deep surrounding gloom
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
Adventured forth; Caution before,
With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.
* * * * *
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
Till, taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amazed,
Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.
* * * * *
Silent all three went in; about
All three turn'd silent, and came out."

A house on the west side of St. John's Square, destroyed in erecting a new street in 1877, was *Burnet House*, the residence of the famous Whig Bishop of Salisbury (1643—1715) who was author of the "History of the Reformation" and of his "Own Times," and who courageously attended Lord Russell to the scaffold. Ledbury Place occupies the site of the Bishop's garden.

Clerkenwell is now the especial abode of London clock-makers and working-jewellers and makers of meteorological

and mathematical instruments. Jewellers'-work which is intrusted to West-end jewellers is generally sent here to be executed. But in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when, as we may see by Ralph Aggas's map, it was still almost in the country, a great number of the nobility resided there. Aylesbury Street commemorates the house of the Earls of Aylesbury, Berkeley Street that of the Earls of Berkeley. Various streets and squares are, Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wynyate, and Ashby, from the different names and titles of the Northampton family. Newcastle Place occupies the site of the great house of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who was fined three-quarters of a million by Cromwell; and of his wife Margaret Lucas,* the would-be learned lady, who published ten folio volumes which nobody ever read, and who, when an old woman, always had a footman to sleep in her dressing-room, and called out "John" whenever a fugitive thought struck her in the night, and bade him get up, light a candle, and commit it to paper at once. This is the lady of whom Pepys wrote—

"April 26, 1667. Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coaches and footmen, all in velvet; herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town talk is nowadays of her extravagance, with her velvet caps, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps.*"

"Of all the riders upon Pegasus, there have not been a more fantastic couple than his Grace and his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion."—*Walpole.*

Newcastle House was afterwards inhabited by Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle, whose first

* Their tomb is in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey.

husband was Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle. As his widow her immense riches turned her brain, and she declared she would marry none except a sovereign prince. The first Duke of Montague, however, gained her hand by making her believe he was the Emperor of China! He treated her very ill, but she survived him for thirty years, and died at ninety-six, in 1738, in Newcastle House, served to the last, as a sovereign, on bended knee.

If we go from St. John's Square through Jerusalem Passage, the house at the corner was that of Thomas Britton, the "musical small-coal-man," well known from his concerts in the last century.

> "Though doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd
> Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
> Musick's best patron, judge of books and men,
> Belov'd and honor'd by Apollo's train:
> In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
> So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere."—*Prior.*

The *Sessions House* on Clerkenwell Green (now a paved square on the hill-side) is worth visiting, for it was built when Hicks's Hall was pulled down, and contains, on the lower floor, its fine old chimney-piece of James the First's time, which saw the condemnation of William, Lord Russell, and the services of his devoted wife as amanuensis,

> —"that sweet saint who sate by Russell's side
> Under the judgment seat."*

In an upper room, besides the portrait of Sir Baptist Hicks, are—

Gainsborough. Hugh, Duke of Northumberland.
Sir T. Lawrence. W. Mainwaring, Esq.

* Rogers' "Human Life."

The ugly *Church of St. James* was built 1788-92 on the site of a church which formed the choir of a Benedictine nunnery founded by Jordan Briset in 1100. There is a perfect list of the succession of the prioresses of Clerkenwell, ending with Isabella Sackville, who was buried near the high altar of the old church, which contained many other curious monuments, including the tomb of the founder and his wife Muriel (1124), who were buried in the chapter-house, and the brass of John Bell, Bishop of Worcester in the time of Henry VIII. The most remarkable monument, a lofty canopied altar tomb, was that of Sir William Weston, last Prior of St. John's, who retired with a pension of £1,000 a year, which was never paid, as he died of a broken heart on the day when the final dissolution of the Priory was announced. His tomb was broken up and sold on the destruction of the old church, but his effigy, which Weever calls "the portraiture of the dead man in his shroud, the most artificially cut in stone that man ever beheld," still exists amongst the coals and rubbish in the vaults of the present building. Here also, standing erect against the wall by the side of a prominent sufferer for the Roman Catholic faith, is the interesting though mutilated effigy of Elizabeth Sondes, an early sufferer for Protestantism, who was in waiting on the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower, and who, refusing to go to mass, was forced to fly to Geneva. After Elizabeth came to the throne she was made Woman of the Bed Chamber, and marrying Sir Maurice Berkeley (who gave a name to Berkeley Street, Clerkenwell), Standard-bearer to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, died in 1585. There is a handsome tomb in the vaults to Elizabeth, Countess of

Exeter, 1653. A tablet marks the place where Burnet, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, is buried, who died in St. John's Square, March 17, 1714-15. He was borne to the grave with a stately funeral, attended by many of the bishops, but the rabble threw dirt upon his coffin. There is a second memorial to Bishop Burnet in the porch of the modern church, on which his mitre is represented surmounting the many volumes of his works. A good monument of the period, with howling cupids, is that of Elizabeth Partridge, 1702. In a passage to the right of the altar is a curious monument to one of the Marshals of the Company of "Finsbury Archers" enrolled as "Reginæ Katherinæ Sagitarii," in honour of Katherine of Braganza, inscribed—

"Sr William Wood lyes very neare this stone,
In's time in archery excell'd by none.
Few were his equalls. And this noble art
Has suffer'd now in the most tender part.
Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.
But how can art secure? Or what can save
Extreme old age from an appointed grave?
Surviving archers much his losse lament,
And in respect bestow'd this monument:
Where whistling arrows did his worth proclaim,
And eterniz'd his memory and his name.
Obiit Sept. 4, Anno Dni. 1691, Ætat. 82."

It is grievous that the monument of John Weever (1631), author of that treasure-store of antiquity the "Antient Funeral Monuments" (who died hard by at his house in Clerkenwell Close), should have been lost. It stood against the first pillar to the right of the altar, and was inscribed—

"Weever, who laboured in a learned strain
To make men long since dead to live again,
And with expense of oyle and ink did watch
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corps to snatch,
Hath by his industry begot a way
Death (who insidiates all things) to betray,
Redeeming freely, by his care and cost,
Many a sad herse, which time long since gave lost:
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make it in our memories to live;
For wheresoe'er a ruined tomb he found,
His pen hath built it new out of the ground:
'Twixt Earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he been to her like kind:
She was his mother, he (a grateful child)
Made her his theme, in a large work compil'd
Of Funeral Relicks, and brave structures rear'd
On such as seemed unto her most indear'd—
Alternately a grave to him she lent,
O'er which his book remains a monument." *

[In the hollow north of the church is the *Clerkenwell House of Detention*, where a mark in the outer wall, showing where it has been rebuilt, is a memorial of the Fenian explosion of Dec. 13, 1867, which had as its object the rescue of the prisoners Burke and Casey.]

From the church, the ground slopes rapidly to the valley of the Fleet, which was here called the River of Wells, from the number of springs which fell into it. One of these was, till lately, marked by an inscription on a pump at the corner of Ray Street, and was interesting as the Clerks' Well—"Fons Clericorum"—which gave Clerkenwell its name, and which, says Stow, "took its name from the parish clerks of London, who of old time were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some

* Another epitaph is given by Strype, but is of doubtful origin.

large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II. —I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well,* near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the king, the queen, and nobles being present."

This district bore a very evil reputation in the last century. "Hockley in the Hole," which has disappeared in recent improvements, was a nest of thieves, and the site of a famous rendezvous for the baiting of bears and wolves. Fielding makes Jonathan Wild the son of a woman at Hockley in the Hole, and the place is commemorated in Gay's "Beggars' Opera."

Beyond Farringdon Road, *Cold Bath Square* takes its name from an ancient "cold spring" which still supplies a bathing establishment. The *Cold Bath Fields Prison* has been much altered since Southey and Coleridge wrote in "The Devil's Walk"—

> "As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw
> A solitary cell;
> And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
> For improving his prisons in hell."

Spa Fields, only covered with houses in the present century, contain the Spa Fields Pantheon, long turned into a dissenting chapel. It was Shrubsole, the organist of this chapel, who composed the well-known hymn—

> "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

Lady Huntingdon, who bought the chapel, lived close by in an old house on the east side of it. She was born

* This well had already disappeared in the reign of Henry VIII.

in 1701, was converted to Methodism by her sister-in-law Lady Margaret Hastings, married the Earl of Huntingdon in 1728, and died in 1791.

At 26 Great Bath Street lived Emanuel Swedenborg, author of "The True Christian Religion," and here he died in 1772.

If we return up the hill to St. John's Street, and turn to the north, we pass, at the corner of Ashby Street (on the site of the old house which was the principal residence of the Comptons till the end of the seventeenth century), the *Martyrs' Memorial Church* (St. Peter's, Clerkenwell), built 1869 by E. L. Blackburne. It is appropriately decorated outside with statues of those who suffered in Smithfield for the Protestant cause—Philpot, Frith, Rogers, Tomkins, Bradford, Anne Askew, and others.

Red Bull Yard, opening from St. John's Street, marks the site of the Red Bull Playhouse, built c. 1570, where Heywood's Plays were acted. It was one of the six Theatres allowed in London in the reign of Charles I. and is mentioned abusively in Prynne's Satire. During the Commonwealth it seems to have been the only licensed Theatre, and was used for performances of "Drolls."

"When the publique theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and of comedies, because therein the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humours and pieces of plays, which passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow called *Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber*, or some such title, were allowed us, and that by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing, or the like. I have seen the Red Bull play-house, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and, as meanly as you now think of these

drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians."—*Kirkman. The Wits, or Sport upon Sport.* 1672.

On the left, on some of the highest ground in London, Myddelton Street, Myddelton Square, and Myddelton Place commemorate Sir Hugh Myddelton the inventor of the artificial *New River* which brings water from the Chadswell Springs between Hertford and Ware for the supply of the City of London: it was opened in 1620.

Encircled by these memorials of a man who was one of the greatest benefactors of London, but who was never appreciated in his lifetime, and close to the offices of the New River Head, is *Sadler's Wells*, where was a holy well, which was pretended by the monks of Clerkenwell to owe its healing powers to their prayers. This mineral spring was rediscovered by a man named Sadler in 1683, it was long popular, and, possessing the same chalybeate qualities, was called the New Tunbridge Wells. The Princesses Amelia and Caroline, daughters of George II., made it the fashion by coming daily to visit it in the summer of 1733. Sadler's Wells is now better known by its Theatre (rebuilt 1876—77), to which the New River, which flows past the house, has often been diverted, and used for aquatic performances. Here Grimaldi, the famous clown, became known to the public, and here Giovanni Battista Belzoni (son of a barber at Padua), afterwards famous as an African traveller, used to perform athletic feats in 1802, as "the Patagonian Samson." *Sir Hugh Myddelton's Tavern* (rebuilt), on the south of the Theatre, has always been the resort of its actors and actresses. It is commemorated in Hogarth's "Evening," published 1738.

Bagnigge Wells, another mineral spring, where Nell

Gwynne had a country house, and whither people in the last century used to

"repair
To swallow dust and call it air,"

has disappeared in the site of the Phœnix Brewery.

St. John's Street leads to *Islington*, with its corner public-house of *The Angel*, well known as an omnibus-terminus. The wide High Street, with its occasional trees and low houses, reminds one pleasantly of many country villages in Hertfordshire and Essex. On the left is the great *Agricultural Hall* (measuring 384 feet by 217), opened in 1862. Besides the usual Cattle Shows, it is used for Horse Shows and Dog Shows. The great *Horse Show* takes place in the summer, in the week between Epsom and Ascot races.

The name of Islington is said to be derived from Isheldun, the Lower Fortress. Its pleasant open fields were the great resort for archery, which was almost universally practised till the reign of James I. Edward III. desired that every able-bodied citizen should employ his leisure in the use of bows and arrows, and in the reign of Richard II. an act was passed compelling all men-servants to practise archery in their leisure hours, and especially on Sundays and holidays. In the time of Henry VIII. Islington was covered with shooting butts, and the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington, and Earl of Pancras were popularly given to the king's favourite archers. At this time every father was enjoined to present his son with a bow and three arrows as soon as he should be seven years old, and all men except clergy and judges were compelled occasionally to shoot at the butts. By a statute of 23rd

Henry VIII. men above twenty-four were not allowed to shoot at anything under 220 yards, and the most distant mark was 380 yards.*

Few districts in or near London have had such a rapid increase of population in late years as this. "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington" would no longer find her way about her pleasant pastures. In the time of Charles I., says Macaulay, "Islington was almost a solitude, and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London." Yet some amongst them had a presentiment of the time we have reached when London has spread over the whole, and the web of streets is woven far beyond Islington.

> "London has got a great way from the streame,
> I think she means to go to Islington,
> To eat a dish of strawberries and creame.
> The city's sure in progresse, I surmise,
> Or going to revell it in some disorder
> Without the walls, without the liberties,
> Where she neede feare nor Mayor nor Recorder."
>
> *Thomas Freeman's Epigrams.* 1614.

In old days, as still, the *Inns* of Islington had a renown. One of these, the Queen's Head, pulled down in 1820, was a fine old house, said to have been once occupied by the Lord Treasurer Burleigh :—

> "The Queen's Head and Crown in Islington town
> Bore, for its brewing, the highest renown."

Highbury Barn at Islington, which already existed in the last century as a popular music-hall, commemorates the

* Among curious books on archery are the "Ayme for Finsburie Archers," 1628; and the "Ayme for the Archers of St. George's Fields," 1664.

great barn of the Priory of St. John of Clerkenwell. The Prior had a country-house here from 1271 to 1371, when it was destroyed by Jack Straw.

If we turn to the left by Sir Hugh Myddelton's statue, down Upper Street, on the right is the *Church of St. Mary*, rebuilt in 1751. In its churchyard George Wharton, son of Lord Wharton, and James Stewart, son of Lord Blantyre, were buried in one grave by desire of James I. They fought over a gambling quarrel in their shirts only (to prevent suspicion of concealed armour), and both fell mortally wounded.

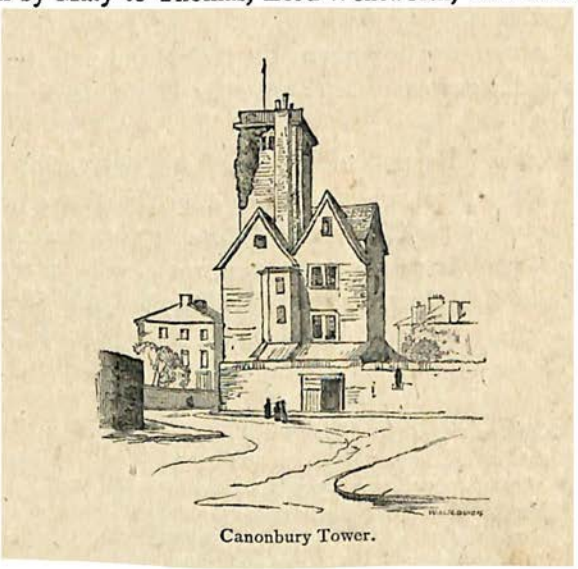
In Prebend Square, to the east, are the Countess of Kent's Almshouses, where *Lambe's Chapel*, pulled down in Cripplegate by the Clothworkers' Company, was re-erected in 1874—5. It contains the monument, with a curious terra-cotta half figure, of William Lambe, the founder, 1495—1580. He was buried in the crypt church of St. Faith, under old St. Paul's, with the epitaph—

> "O Lambe of God, which sinne didst take awaye,
> And as a Lambe was offered up for sinne;
> When I, poor Lambe, went from thy flock astraye;
> Yet Thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
> Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein,
> That at the day when lambes and goates shall sever,
> Of thy choice lambes Lambe may be one for ever."

After following Upper Street for a long distance, Canonbury Lane leads (right) to Canonbury Square and its surroundings.

The manor of *Canonbury* was given to the Priory of St. Bartholomew by Ralph de Berners before the time of Henry III., and probably obtained its name when the first

residence of a canon or prior was built here—*bury* or *burg* meaning "dwelling." Having been rebuilt by Prior Bolton, the last Prior but one, it was granted, after the dissolution, to Cromwell, Earl of Essex. On his attainder, it reverted to the crown, and again on the attainder of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom it afterwards fell. It was then given by Mary to Thomas, Lord Wentworth, who sold it, in



Canonbury Tower.

1570, to the Sir John Spencer whose daughter and heiress eloped with the first Earl of Northampton and brought her vast property into the Compton family.

Canonbury is a wonderfully still, quiet, picturesque spot. Beyond the modern squares, rises, unaltered, the rugged brick tower, called *Canonbury Tower*, fifty-eight feet high, which was probably built by Prior Bolton, though it was restored by Sir John Spencer. At the end of the last

century it was let in lodgings to various literary men who resorted thither for economy and the purity of the air. The most remarkable of these was Oliver Goldsmith, who stayed here with Mr. John Newbury, the publisher of many popular children's books. Washington Irving says—

"Oliver Goldsmith, towards the close of 1762, removed to 'Merry Islington,' then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. In this neighbourhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the 'White Conduit House,'* so famous among the essayists of the last century. While strolling one day in these gardens he met three daughters of a respectable tradesman, to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable. It was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas. He had not the wherewithal in his pocket. A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which up came some of his acquaintances in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith was enabled to carry off the ladies with flying colours."—*Life of Goldsmith.*

Ephraim Chambers, the author of the Cyclopædia, was one of those who took lodgings here, and here he died in the autumn of 1739, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. The Tower is now let to the "Young Men's Christian Association." Several of its old rooms are panelled, and are glorious both in colour and in the delicacy of their carving.

Behind the Tower is Canonbury Place, where Nos. 6, 7, 8 were once united as *Canonbury House.* In No. 6

* The first cricket club in London met at the White Conduit House, and Thomas Lord, who established the famous cricket ground, was one of the attendants there.

(now called "Northampton House"), over a doorway, is a curious carved and painted coat of arms of "Sir Walter Dennys, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in November, 1489." A passage at the back of the house is of Prior Bolton's time, and his famous "rebus" forms one of the ornaments of a low arched doorway. Ben Jonson alludes to "Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and ton."

In the two neighbouring houses are most magnificent stucco ceilings of Sir John Spencer's time, very richly ornamented. Some of them belonged to a great banqueting hall, ninety feet long, now divided between the two houses. The initials E. R. for Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have stayed here between her accession and her coronation, appear amongst the ornaments. Three splendid chimney-pieces were removed by the late Lord Northampton to Castle Ashby and Compton Winyates.

We may, if we like, return to the west end of London through the miserable modern streets of *Pentonville*, a district of Clerkenwell which takes its name from Henry Penton, member for Winchester, who died in 1812. The *Pentonville Model Prison*, with cells for solitary imprisonment, was built 1840—42, and is managed on the most extravagant footing, with a cost to the country for each prisoner of £50 annually.

King's Cross, so called from a miserable statue of George IV. which is now removed, was called Battle Bridge, from a small bridge over the Fleet, before the statue was erected. Some say that a battle was fought here between Alfred and the Danes; others consider this to have been the scene of the great battle in A.D. 61, in

which the Romans under Paulinus Suetonius gained their great victory over the unfortunate Boadicea, and in which eighty thousand Britons were put to the sword.

North-west of King's Cross extends the modern *Somers Town*, so called from John, first Earl Somers, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Queen Anne, to whom the estate belonged. Farther north is *Camden Town*, which takes its name from the first Earl Camden, who acquired large property here by his marriage with Miss Jeffreys. Farther north still is *Kentish Town*, a corruption of "Cantilupe Town," a name which records its possession by Walter de Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, 1236—66, and St. Thomas de Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, 1275—82.

CHAPTER VI.

CHEAPSIDE.

JUST outside St. Paul's Churchyard on the north-east, we are in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor by Ingelric, Earl of Essex, and his brother Girard. It had a collegiate church with a Dean and Chapter. When Henry VII. built his famous chapel, the estates of St. Martin's were conferred upon the Abbey of Westminster for its support, and the Abbots of Westminster became Deans of St. Martin's. Here the curfew tolled, at the sound of which the great gates of the city were shut and every wicket closed till sunrise.* The rights of sanctuary filled this corner of London with bad characters, who for the most part employed themselves in the manufacture of false jewellery. "St. Martin's Lace" was made of copper;† "St. Martin's beads" became a popular expression, and they are alluded to in Hudibras. It is in the sanctuary of St. Martin's that Sir Thomas More describes Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the princes in the Tower, as "rotting away piecemeal." The privileges of the place

* Riley, p. 92. † Strype.

were abolished in the reign of James I., to the great advantage of the Londoners, for—

"St. Martin's appears to have been a sanctuary for great disorders, and a shelter for the lowest sort of people, rogues and ruffians, thieves, felons, and murderers. From hence used to rush violent persons, committers of riots, robberies, and manslaughters; hither they brought in their preys and stolen goods, and concealed them here, or shared and sold them to those that dwelt here. Here were also harboured picklocks, counterfeiters of keys and seals, forgers of false evidences, such as made counterfeit chains, beads, ouches, plates, copper gilt for gold, &c."—*Maitland.*

At the crossways near the site of Paul's Cross now stands *Behnes' Statue of Sir Robert Peel.* From this there is one of the most characteristic views in London, looking down the busy street of Cheapside (or "Market-side," from the Saxon word "Chepe," a market). This is the best point from which to examine the beauties of the steeple of Bow Church, the finest of the fifty-three towers which Wren built after the Fire, and in which, though he had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never failed to exhibit the extraordinary variety of his designs. It is a square tower (32 ft. 6 in. wide by 83 ft. high) above which are four stories averaging 38 ft. each. The first is a square belfry with Ionic pilasters, next is a circular peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns, third a lantern, fourth a spire, the whole height being 235 ft.

"There is a play of light and shade, a variety of outline, and an elegance of detail, in this, which it would be very difficult to match in any other steeple. There is no greater proof of Wren's genius than to observe that, after he had set the example, not only has no architect since his day surpassed him, but no other modern steeple can compare with this, either for beauty of outline or the appropriateness with which classical details are applied to so novel a purpose."—*Fergusson.*

No one will look upon Cheapside for the first time without recalling the famous tale of John Gilpin—

> "Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
> Were never folk so glad;
> The stones did rattle underneath
> As if Cheapside were mad."

Before the time of the Commonwealth, Cheapside, with its avenue of stately buildings, and its fountains and statues dispersed at intervals down the centre of the street, cannot have been unlike the beautiful Maximilian's Strasse of Augsburg. Opposite the entrance of Foster Lane stood "the Little Conduit." Then, opposite the entrance of Wood Street, rose the beautiful Cheapside Cross, one of the nine crosses erected by Edward. I. to Queen Eleanor. It was gilt all over for the arrival of Charles V. in 1522; again for the coronation of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; again for the coronation of Edward VI., and again for the arrival of the Spanish Philip. In 1581 it was "broken and defaced." In 1595 and 1600 it was "fastened and repaired," and it was finally destroyed in 1643, when Evelyn went to London on May 2 and "saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately cross in Cheapside." * Beyond the cross, at the entrance of Poultry, stood "the Great Conduit," where Jack Cade beheaded Lord Saye and Sele. It was erected early in the thirteenth century, and ever flowing with clear rushing waters, supplied from the reservoir where Stratford Place now stands, by a pipe 4,752 feet in length, which crossed the fields between modern Brook Street and Regent

* See the curious pamphlets entitled "The Downefall of Dagon, or the taking downe of Cheapside Crosse," and "The Pope's Proclamation, or Six Articles exhibited against Cheapside Crosse, whereby it pleads guilty of high-treason, and ought to be beheaded."

Street to Piccadilly, and from thence found its way by Leicester Fields, the Strand, and Fleet Street, "a remarkable work of engineering and the first of its kind in England of which we have any knowledge."* The Conduit itself was a plain octagonal stone edifice, 45 feet high, surmounted by a cupola with a statue of a man blowing a horn on the top. It was encircled by a balcony, beneath which were figures of those who had interested themselves in laying the pipe or erecting the building. Here, on the site of many executions, the most beautiful young girls in London, standing garland-crowned, prophetically welcomed Anne Boleyn. Here also Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen; and here stood the pillory in which Defoe was placed for his second punishment, receiving all the time a triumphant ovation from the people. Lastly, at the entrance of Poultry, stood "the Standard in Chepe," where Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was beheaded in the time of Edward II.

During the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, Cheapside was frequently the scene of conflicts between the prentices of the different city guilds, in constant rivalry with one another. They were always a turbulent set, and in the reign of Edward III. Thomas the Fishmonger and another were beheaded in Chepe for striking the august person of the Lord Mayor himself. The gay prentices of Chepe are commemorated by Chaucer in "The Coke's Tale"—

> "A prentis dwelled whilom in our citee—
> At every bridal would he sing and hoppe;
> He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe—
> For when ther eny riding was in Chepe
> Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,

* *The Builder*, Sept. 18, 1875.

And til that he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, he wold not come agen."

On the left, divided by the great street of St. Martin's le Grand, are the buildings of the *Post Office*. Those on the west are from designs of *J. Williams*, 1873; those on the east, built 1825—29, from designs of *Sir R. Smirke*—"who, if he never sunk below respectable mediocrity, has as little risen above it" *—occupy the site of the famous church and sanctuary of St. Martin's. Behind, in Foster Lane, is the *Church of St. Vedast*, one of Wren's rebuildings. The tower is peculiar and well-proportioned, and a marked feature in London views. Over the west door is a curious allegorical bas-relief, representing Religion and Charity.

Farther down Foster Lane (right) is the great pillared front of the *Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company*, which was incorporated by Edward III. in 1327, but had existed as a guild from much earlier times. The Hall, rebuilt by *Hardwicke* in 1835, contains one of the most magnificent marble staircases in London, leading to broad open galleries with pillars of coloured marbles. The *Banqueting Hall* (80 ft. by 40 and 35 high) contains—

Northcote. George IV.
Hayter. William IV.
M. A. Shee. Queen Adelaide.
Hayter. Queen Victoria.

In the *Committee Room* are—

* *Cornelius Jansen* (one of the finest works of the master). A noble portrait of Sir Hugh Myddelton, 1644 (a goldsmith), who gave the New River to London. His hand is resting on a shell.

A poor portrait of Sir Martin Bowes (1566), the Lord Mayor

* *Quarterly Review*, cxc.

who sold the tombs at Grey Friars, but interesting as having been presented to the Company by Faithorne the Engraver, as a proof of gratitude for having been excused the office of Warden, in consequence of the losses he had sustained in the defence of Basing House. It is evidently a bad copy by Faithorne from an original portrait.

In the *Court Dining Room* are—

Allan Ramsay. George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The adjoining *Livery Tea Room* contains—

Hudson (master of Sir J. Reynolds). A very curious picture of "Benn's Club"—a jovial society of Members of the Company (Sir J. Rawlinson, Robert Allsop, Edward Ironside, Sir N. Marshall, W. Benn, T. Blackford) over whom Benn, a stanch old Jacobite, had sufficient influence to force them to go down to his house in the Isle of Wight and drink to the success of Prince Charlie. Given 1752.

The plate of the Goldsmiths' Company is naturally most magnificent. It includes the cup bequeathed by Sir Martin Bowes, out of which Queen Elizabeth drank at her coronation. In laying the foundation of this hall, in 1830, a stone altar adorned with a figure of Diana was found, confirming the tradition that the old St. Paul's was founded near the site of a pagan shrine.

The name of the next turn on the left, *Gutter Lane*, is a corruption of "Guthurun's Lane," from an early owner. "The inhabitants of this lane, of old time, were gold-beaters." *

At the entrance of *Wood Street*, the first large thoroughfare opening from Cheapside on the left, is a beautiful Plane-tree, marking the churchyard of St. Peter in Chepe, a church destroyed in the Fire. The terms of the lease of the neighbouring houses forbid the destruction of the tree, or the building of an additional story which may injure it.

* Stow.

The sight of this tree, throwing a reminiscence of country loveliness into the crowded thoroughfare, may recall to us that Wordsworth has immortalised Wood Street in his touching little ballad of "Poor Susan."

"At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes."

It is said that in the *Church of St. Michael, Wood Street*, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and rather picturesque with its projecting clock, is buried the head of James IV. of Scotland, the king who fell at Flodden, and whose body was recognised by Lord Dacre and others amongst the slain on the field of battle. The account which Stow gives of the after-adventures of the head is too curious to omit.

"After the Battle of Flodden, the body of King James being found, was enclosed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Shene in Surrey where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certain; but since the dissolution of that house in the reign of Edward IV., Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shown the same body so lapped in lead, close to the head and body, thrown into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since which time, workmen there,

for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Lancelot Young, master-glazier to her Majesty, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head, and the beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street, where for a time he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel."—*Stow, p.* 112.

Scotch writers maintain, however, that it was not the body of James IV. which was found at Flodden, but of another who fought in his dress to withdraw the attention of the English; and it is even asserted that the king escaped to Jerusalem, and died there.

The paltry semi-gothic *Church of St. Alban, Wood Street*, was built by *Wren*, 1684-5, in the place of one by Inigo Jones. The original church belonged to St. Alban's Abbey. Amongst the monuments lost with the old church is that inscribed—

> "*Hic jacet* Tom Short-hose
> *Sine* tombe, *sine* sheets, *sine* riches;
> *Qui vixit sine* gowne,
> *Sine* cloake, *sine* shirt, *sine* breeches."

Attached to the pillar above the pulpit is an hourglass in a curious brass frame. These hourglasses, common enough in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to remind the preacher of the flight of time, are now very rare.

Matthew Paris says that St. Alban's, Wood Street, was the chapel of King Offa.* There is also a tradition that at the end of the street was the palace of the victorious Saxon king Athelstan, who slew the last king of Cumberland, buried on the pass between Keswick and Grassmere, under the great cairn which is still called from him "Dunmail Raise." Thus the name of *Addle Street*, which opens on

* In Vitis Abb. S. Albani, p. 54.

the right of Wood Street, is said to be derived from Adelstan or Athelstan, indeed it is found as King Adel Street in early records, but the derivation comes more probably from the Saxon word adel—*noble*—"the street of nobles." In this street, near its junction with Aldermanbury, is the *Hall of the Brewers' Company* (incorporated by Henry VI.), an admirable modern building of brick (1876), with terra-cotta ornaments, in which hops are much used in the decorations.

To the west of Wood Street, in Maiden Lane, is the *Hall of the Haberdashers' Company*, incorporated 26th Henry VI.

On the south of Cheapside, between Bread Street and Friday Street, stood the Mermaid Tavern, where a club, established by Ben Jonson in 1603, numbered Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, &c., amongst its members.

> "What things have seen
> Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."
>
> *Beaumont to Jonson.*

Stow says that Friday Street derives its name "from Fishmongers dwelling there and serving Friday's market." Sir Hugh Myddelton was buried in the churchyard of St. Matthew, Friday Street, in 1631.

At the north-east corner of this street was the celebrated Nag's Head Tavern, the fictitious scene of the consecration of Protestant bishops, on the accession of Elizabeth in 1559.

"It was pretended that a certain number of ecclesiastics, in hurry to

take possession of the vacant sees, assembled here, where they were to undergo the ceremony from Anthony Kitchen, alias Dunstan, Bishop of Llandaff, a sort of occasional Nonconformist, who had taken the oaths of supremacy to Elizabeth. Bonner, Bishop of London (then confined in prison), hearing of it, sent his chaplain to Kitchen, threatening him with excommunication in case he proceeded. On this the prelate refused to perform the ceremony, on which, say the Catholics, Parker and the other candidates, rather than defer possession of their sees, determined to consecrate one another, which, says the story, they did without any sort of scruple, and Scorey began with Parker, who instantly rose Archbishop of Canterbury. The refutation of this tale may be read in Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker."—*Pennant.*

The next turn on the left is *Milk Street*, once devoted to sellers of milk, where Sir Thomas More was born in 1480, "the brightest star," says Fuller, "that ever shone in that Via Lactea." On the right of the street is the *City of London School*, established 1835, for the education of boys of the middle-classes recommended by a member of the Corporation of London.

[Milk Street leads into *Aldermanbury*, so called from the ancient court or *bery* of the Aldermen,* now held at the Guildhall.* Here (left) is Wren's Jacobian *Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury.* In the old church on this site Dr. John Owen, the chaplain of Cromwell, listened to the sermon which was the cause of his strong religious impressions. Edmund Calamy was appointed rector here in 1639, and was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, after he had attracted great crowds to the church by his sermons. He died four years after and is buried beneath the pulpit. George, Lord Jeffreys, the cruel judge of the Bloody Assizes, who died in the Tower in 1689, was removed from the Tower Chapel, November 2, 1693, and

* Stow.

is buried here on the north of the communion table. The register records the marriage (Nov. 12, 1656) of Milton with his second wife Catherine Woodcocke, a native of this parish, who died fifteen months after. Weever mentions (1631) that in the cloister of this church hung "the shank-bone of a man, wondrous great and large, measuring twenty-eight inches and a half, with the portrait of a giant-like person and some metrical lines."

Gresham Street has swallowed up Lad Lane. At the corner of Gresham Street and Aldermanbury, "the Swan with two Necks" on the wall of a General Railway Office marks the site of the curious old balconied inn of that name, which was long celebrated as a starting-point for stage-coaches.]

We have now arrived where, on the right of Cheapside, rises *St. Mary Le Bow*. It was built by Wren on the site of a very ancient church described by Stow as having been the first church in the city built on arches of stone, whence in the reign of William the Conqueror it was called "St. Marie de Arcubus or Le Bow in West Cheaping; as Stratford Bridge, being the first built (by Matilde the queen, wife to Henry I.) with arches of stone, was called Stratford le Bow; which names to the said church and bridge remain to this day." A staircase in the porch leads to the Norman *Crypt* which was used by Wren as a support for his church. Some of the columns have been partially walled up to strengthen the upper building, but the crypt is of great extent, and in one part the noble Norman pillars are seen in their full beauty, with the arches above, which have given the name of "Court of Arches" to the highest ecclesiastical court belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury,

which formerly met in the vestry of this church. It is the chief of a deanery of thirteen parishes, exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London: hence the title of the Dean of Arches. The Bishops elect of the province of Canterbury take the oath of supremacy at this church before their consecration.

On the right of the altar is a monument to Thomas Newton, Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Bristol (1782), with the inscription—"Reader, if you would be further informed of his character, acquaint yourself with his writings."

The steeple of Bow Church, 235 feet in height, is, as we have seen, one of Wren's best and most original works. Bow bells have always been famous, and people born within sound of Bow bells are called Cockneys. Pope says—

> "Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound."

Stow tells how in 1469 it was ordained by a Common Council that the Bow Bell should be nightly rung at nine of the clock. This bell (which marked the time for closing the shops) being usually rung somewhat late, as seemed to the young men, prentices, and others in Cheap, they made and set up a rhyme against the clock as followeth:—

> "Clerke of the Bow Bell, with the yellow lockes,
> For thy late ringing thy head shall have knockes."

Whereunto the Clerk replying wrote:

> "Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
> For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will."

What child will not remember that it was the Bow Bells

which said to the poor runaway boy as he was resting on Highgate milestone—

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London,"

and that he obeyed them, and became the most famous of Lord Mayors?

Many last century writers have celebrated the Dragon on Bow Steeple—a familiar landmark to Londoners.

"Dean Swift said, more than one hundred years ago, 'that when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England.'

"Just before the Reform Bill of 1832, the dragon and cock were both taken down at the same time to be cleaned and repaired by the same man, and were placed close to each other. In fact, the dragon kissed the cock, and the Reform Bill was passed. Who can say there is no virtue in predictions after this?"—*B. R. Haydon's Table Talk.*

Stow says that this church, "for divers accidents happening there, hath been made more famous than any other parish church of the whole city or suburbs." It was in the tower of the old church, built on the existing arches, that William Fitz-Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, the champion of the wrongs of the people in the time of Richard I., took refuge from his assassins; but, after defending it for three days, was forced out by fire, when he was dragged at the tail of a horse to the Tower, and sentenced by the archbishop to be hung, which was done in Smithfield. In the same tower was slain, in 1284, one Laurence Ducket, who had taken sanctuary there after wounding Ralph Crepin, for which, says Stow, sixteen persons were hung, a woman named Alice burnt, many rich persons "hanged by the purse," the church interdicted, and the doors and windows filled with thorns, till it was purified again.

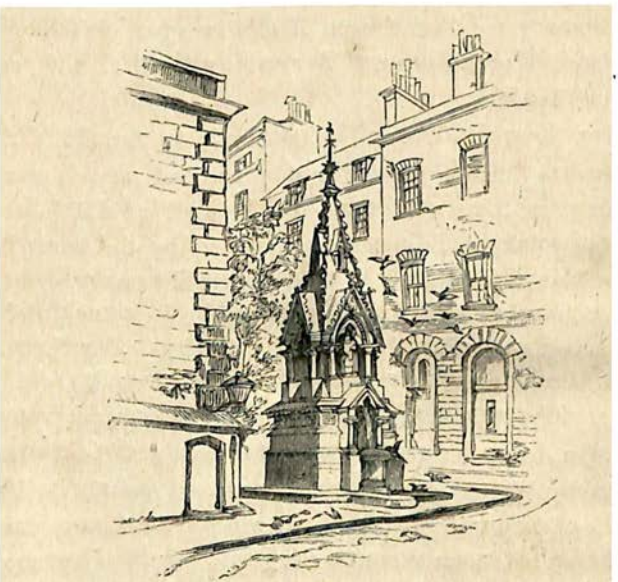
The balcony in front of the tower is a memorial of the old *Seldam*, or stone shed, erected on the north side of this church, whither the Henrys and Edwards came to survey all the great city pageants. A plot was discovered with the design of murdering Charles II. and the Duke of York on this very balcony during a Lord Mayor's procession. It was from hence that Queen Anne, in 1702, beheld the last Lord Mayor's pageant, devised by the last city poet Elkanah Settle.

King Street (on the left) now leads to the Guildhall. Before its principal front the city pigeons are fed every morning, as those of Venice are in the Piazza S. Marco, and the smoky buildings are enlivened by the perpetual flitting to and fro of their bright wings. The pretty modern Gothic *Fountain* here (1866), adorned with statues of St. Lawrence and the Magdalen, commemorates the benefactors of St. Lawrence Jewry, and St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street. The adjoining *Church of St. Lawrence Jewry* cost £11,870, being the most expensive of all the city churches rebuilt by Wren. It is richly decorated internally, but devoid of beauty. The gridiron which serves as a vane on the spire commemorates the death of St. Lawrence. There is a monument here to Archbishop Tillotson (1694).

"He was buried in the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry. It was there that he had won his immense national reputation. He had preached there during the thirty years which preceded his elevation to the throne of Canterbury. . . His remains were carried through a mourning population. The hearse was followed by an endless train of splendid equipages from Lambeth through Southwark and over London bridge. Burnet preached the funeral sermon. His kind and honest heart was overcome by so many tender recollections that, in the midst of his discourse, he paused and burst into tears, while a loud moan of sorrow arose from the whole auditory. The Queen (Mary) could not speak of

her favourite instructor without weeping. Even William was visibly moved. 'I have lost,' he said, 'the best friend that I ever had, and the best man that I ever knew.'"—*Macaulay. History of England.*

Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, the mathematician, is also buried here, with Sir Geoffry Boleyne of Blickling, Lord



Fountain of St. Lawrence.

Mayor of London, *ob.* 1463, great-great-grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. The words *now thus*, in brass, were dispersed thirty-two times over his gravestone.*

The *Guildhall* was originally built in the time of Henry IV. (1411), but it has been so much altered that, though the walls were not much injured in the Fire

* See Stow, and Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments."

and only had to be reroofed, very little can be said to remain visible of that time except the crypt. The front, by *George Dance*, is a miserable work of 1789.

Here it was that, after the death of Edward IV., while his sons were in the Tower, on June 22, 1483, the Duke of Buckingham addressed the people, and after cunningly dwelling on the exactions of the late king's reign, denied his legitimacy, and, affirming that the Duke of Gloucester was the only true son of the Duke of York, demanded that he should be acknowledged as king.

In 1546 the Guildhall was used for the trial of Anne, daughter of Sir William Askew of Kelsey in Lincolnshire, who had been turned out of doors by her husband (one Kyme) because she had become a Protestant. Coming to London, to sue for a separation, she had been kindly received by Queen Katherine Parr, and was found to have distributed Protestant tracts amongst the court ladies. In the Guildhall she was tried for heresy, and on being asked by the Lord Mayor why she refused to believe that the priest could make the body of Christ, gave her famous answer—"I have heard that God made man, but that man can make God I have never heard." She was afterwards cruelly tortured on the rack to extort evidence against the court ladies, and on July 16, 1546, was burnt at Smithfield.

It was also in the Guildhall that the Protestant Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, a personal friend of Edward VI., was tried, April 17, 1554, for participation in the Wyatt rebellion against Mary, and was acquitted by his own wonderful acuteness and presence of mind.

Here, on the other side, in 1606, took place the trial of Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits in England. He had been

arrested at Hendlip House near Worcester for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. The rack having failed to extort a confession, he was induced to believe, whilst imprisoned in the Tower, that he might confer unheard with another Jesuit, Oldcorne, who occupied the next cell. Two listeners wrote down the whole conversation, which was produced as criminatory evidence at the Guildhall, and he was condemned to death and executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, after which he was honoured by Catholics as a martyr.

Among the other trials which have taken place here, have been that of the poet Surrey, in the time of Henry VIII., and of the poet Waller, during the Commonwealth.

The Guildhall (152 ft. long, 50 ft. broad) has a glorious timber roof and vast stained windows of modern glass, through which streams of coloured light fall in prismatic rays upon the pavement. High aloft at the western extremity the giants Gog and Magog, which used to bear a conspicuous part in the pageant of Lord Mayor's Day, keep guard over the hall, and still look, as Hawthorne says, "like enormous playthings for the children of giants." They were carved in fir-wood by one Richard Saunders, and are hollow. Being presented to the Corporation by the Stationers' Company, they were set up in the Hall in 1708, and typify the dignity of the City. There is an old prophecy of Mother Shipton which says that "when they fall, London will fall also." In 1741 one Richard Boreman, who lived "near the Giants in the Guildhall," published their history, which tells how Corineus and Gogmagog fought with all the other giants in behalf of the liberties of the City, and how all the other giants perished, but these two were reserved that they might make sport by wrestling like gladiators with one

another—and how the victory seemed to incline to Gogmagog, who pressed his companion so heavily that he broke three of his ribs; but at last, in his desperation, Corineus threw Gogmagog over his shoulder and hurled him from the top of a cliff into the sea, which cliff is called Langoemagog, or "the Giant's Leap." The four huge and ugly monuments against the lower walls of the Hall are only interesting from their inscriptions. That of Lord Chatham is by Burke, that of Pitt by Canning, that of Nelson by Sheridan, while that of Beckford is engraved with the speech with which he is said to have abruptly astonished George III., and which, says Horace Walpole, "made the king uncertain whether to sit still and silent, or to pick up his robes and hurry into his private room." The speech, however, was never really uttered, and was written by Horne Tooke.

Amongst the rooms adjoining the Guildhall is the *Alderman's Court*, a beautiful old chamber richly adorned with carving, and allegorical paintings by *Sir James Thornhill.* It is a room well deserving of preservation, having been rebuilt by Wren immediately after the Fire, and originally built in 1614.

The *Common Council Chamber* contains a fine statue of George III. by *Chantrey.* At the east end of the chamber is an enormous picture of the Siege of Gibraltar, Sept., 1782, with Lord Heathfield on horseback in the foreground, by *Copley.* Of the other pictures we may notice—

Alderman Boydell, a fine portrait, by *Beechey.*
Lord Nelson. *Beechey.*
The Murder of Rizzio. *Opie.*
The Death of Wat Tyler. *Northcote.*

Queen Caroline of Brunswick. *Lonsdale.*
Queen Victoria. *Hayter.*
Princess Charlotte. *Lonsdale.*

The Court of the *Old King's Bench* has remains of a Gothic chamber of 1425. It contains a noble picture of Charles Pratt, Lord Chancellor Camden, painted for the City in honour of his speech on the discharge of Wilkes from the Tower, by *Sir J. Reynolds.* The beautiful chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, adjoining the Guildhall, built c. 1299 and rebuilt 1431, was pulled down in 1822, up to which time, "to deprecate indigestion and all plethoric evils," says Pennant, a service was held in it before the Lord Mayor's feast. Its site is now occupied by the ugly court-rooms on the east of the Guildhall Yard, which are decorated with portraits by *Michael Wright* of all the judges who sate at Clifford's Inn to arrange the differences between landlord and tenant during the process of rebuilding after the great Fire.*

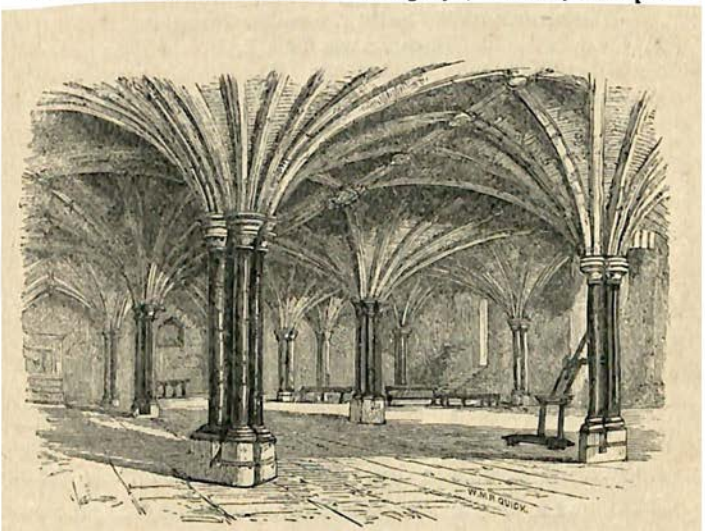
No one should omit to visit, by a staircase at the back of the Hall, the beautiful *Crypt* of 1411, which survived the Fire. It is divided into three aisles by six clusters of circular columns of Purbeck marble, and is 75 feet in length and 45 in breadth. Maitland (1789) mentions it as "the Welsh Hall," because the Welsh were at that time allowed to use it as a market for their native manufactures.

From the east end of the Guildhall a staircase leads to the Library. On the landing at the top are statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler, brought from the demolished College of Physicians in Warwick Lane. The

* The Alderman's Court and the interesting pictures in the chambers adjoining the Guildhall may be seen upon application, when the rooms are not in use.

society had thought themselves obliged to Sir John for the money to raise their college, when that in Amen Corner was burnt in 1666, but after the statue was erected in gratitude, "the old curmudgeon made a demand of the pelf," which the society was obliged to refund to his heirs.*

The handsome modern Gothic *Library* contains a very valuable collection of books—old plays, ballads, and pamphlets, relating to the history of London. The full-length portraits of William III. and Mary II. are by *Vander Vaart.* In a room on the right of the side entrance is a valuable collection of drawings of Old London and of New London Bridge.



In the Crypt of the Guildhall.

The *City Museum*, in a vaulted chamber, is open from 10

* Tom Brown, "The New London Spy," 1777.

to 4 in winter, and from 10 to 5 in summer. It contains a collection of interesting relics of Old London, including—

The Inscription about the Fire, from Pudding Lane.

The painted Statue of Gerard the Giant, from Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane, destroyed in 1852.

Roman pavement found at Bucklersbury, 1869.

The Foundation Stones of Old London Bridge and Old Blackfriars Bridge.

A number of curious old London *Signs*—St. George and the Dragon from Snow Hill; the Three Crowns from Lambeth Hill; and the Three Kings (Magi) from Bucklersbury. Here also is the famous *Sign of the Boar's Head*, erected in 1668, when the house was rebuilt after the Fire, to mark the tavern in East Cheap, the abode of Dame Quickly, "the old place in Eastcheap," * beloved by Falstaff. Washington Irving describes how, having hunted in vain for the tavern, he found the sign "built into the parting line of two houses" which stood on its site.

An old Chimney-Piece from Lime Street, from the house of Sir J. Scrope (*ob.* 1493), rebuilt in the 17th century, where Sir J. Abney kept his mayoralty, 1700, 1701.

Returning to Cheapside, *Queen Street*, on the right, was formerly Soper Lane, from the makers of soap who inhabited it. After the Fire it became the resort of the "Pepperers," *i.e.* wholesale dealers in drugs and spices. On the right of Queen Street opens *Pancras Lane*, containing a precious little oasis which was the burial-ground of that old church of which William Sautre, the proto-martyr of the English Reformation, burnt March 10, 1401, was priest.

The *Saddlers' Hall* in Cheapside contains a full-length portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was a saddler, by *Frye*.

At the corner of Ironmonger Lane, No. 90 Cheapside, was the engraver's shop of Alderman Boydell, celebrated

* *Henry IV.*, Act ii. sc. 2.

for his Pictorial Shakspeare. The part of Cheapside between Ironmonger Lane and Old Jewry was called "the Mercery" from the *Mercers' Hall*, entered from Ironmonger Lane. The quaint pillared court, which recalls those of Genoa, was used as a burial-place as late as 1825. It contains the effigy, recumbent in a niche, of "Richard Fishborne, mercer, a worthy benefactor, 1625," and other monuments. Here, "in the porch of the Mercers' Chapel," Thomas Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, was bound apprentice to a bookseller, Sept. 2, 1660. The *Mercers' Chapel* and its portico occupy the site of the house of Gilbert à Becket, in which his son Thomas, the murdered archbishop, was born in 1119. Twenty years after his murder, Agnes his sister, who was married to Thomas Fitz Theobald de Helles, built a chapel and hospital "in the rule of Saynt Austyn" on the spot where her brother was born; and such was the respect for his sanctity that, without waiting for his canonisation, the foundation was dedicated to the worship of God Almighty, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the said glorious Martyr. "Alle the lande that sometime was Gilbert Becket's, father of Thomas the Martyr," was granted to this hospital.* James Butler, Earl of Ormond (1428), and Dame Joane his wife (1430), who claimed near alliance to St. Thomas, were buried here:† their daughter Margaret married Sir William Boleyne, and was grandmother of Queen Anne Boleyn. A beautiful side chapel was added to this church by John Allen, Lord Mayor, who died in 1544. There is a well-known legend that Gilbert à Becket was

* See Herbert's "History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies."
† Weever's "Funeral Monuments."

taken prisoner during the Crusades, and was liberated by a Saracen princess who had fallen in love with him. The power of her love induced her to follow him to England, though she only knew two words of the language—London and Gilbert. By the help of the first she reached his native town, and she plaintively called the other through the streets till she was reunited to him. Unfortunately this story is unknown to the earlier biographers of Thomas à Becket, but the name Acon, or Acre, recalls the memory of William, an Englishman, chaplain to Dean Ralph le Diceto, who made a vow that if he could enter Acre, then under siege, he would found a chapel to the martyred archbishop, who was already reverenced, though not formally recognised, as a saint. He entered Acre and founded a chapel and a cemetery there, where he devoted himself to the burial of Christian pilgrims, who died in the Holy Land. A military order was also founded by Richard I., in commemoration of the capture of Acre, and dedicated to St. Thomas.*

Latimer mentions the woman "who, being asked by an acquaintance in the street where she was going, answered 'To St. Thomas of Acres, to hear the sermon; for as she had not slept well the night before, she should be certain of a nap there.'" †

At the Dissolution, Henry VIII. granted the Hospital, for a payment, to the Mercers' Company, incorporated in 1393. The *Hall*, rebuilt after the Great Fire by *Jarman*, has good oak carving of that period; the helmet and sword of Lord Hill, a member of the Company, are pre-

* See Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's."
† Malcolm's "Manners of London."

served there. In the adjoining *Court-room* are some good portraits, including that of Sir R. Whittington and his *cat*, inscribed "R. Whittington. 1536."

A story similar to that of Whittington and his Cat has existed in South America, Persia, Denmark, Tuscany, and Venice, and in several of these instances may be traced before and at the date of Whittington.* Up to the time of Whittington the burning of coal in London was considered such a nuisance that it was punished by death. A dispensation to burn coal was first made in favour of the four times Lord Mayor, and it is believed that the fact that his coal was imported in the collier (catta) still called a cat, gave rise to the story in his case. Here also are—

Sir Thomas Gresham, said to be an original portrait.

Dean Colet (whose father was a mercer), the founder of St. Paul's School, the management of which he bequeathed to the Mercers.

A fine portrait of Thomas Papillon, 1666, who represented Dover in several parliaments. He was chosen sheriff for London by an immense majority of the citizens, but the Lord Mayor would not swear him in, Charles II.'s government having chosen their own sheriffs. Papillon issued his warrant to compel Sir W. Pritchard, the Mayor, to do his duty. For this he was brought to a state trial, condemned by Judge Jeffreys, and sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000. To avoid this he went into voluntary banishment at Utrecht, but returning with William III., was elected member for London, and bought the estate of Acrise in Kent.

"Dick Whittington," four times Lord Mayor of London, was a Mercer, "Flos Mercatorum," and is commemorated by the Whittington Almshouses, which belong to the Company, and by a silver Tun on wheels which he presented for their banquets. At least sixty of the Mercers have filled the office of Lord Mayor.

The last street on the left of Cheapside is *Old Jewry*,

* See J. Timbs' "Romance of London."

once inhabited wholly by Jews brought over from Rouen by William I. It contains *St. Olave's Church*, one of the many churches dedicated to the royal Danish saint, and recalling the Danish occupation. Alderman John Boydell, the engraver (1814), is buried here. Dr. James Foster became celebrated in Old Jewry as a preacher in the last century, having first become known from Lord Chancellor Hardwicke taking refuge from a storm in his church, and being so delighted that he afterwards sent all his great acquaintance to hear him. He is celebrated by Pope—

> "Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

The house of Sir Robert Clayton ("the fanatick Lord Mayor" of Dryden's "Religio Laici") on the east side of Old Jewry—a grand specimen of a merchant's residence, with "a banqueting room wainscoted with cedar and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco," * in which Charles II. supped with the great city magnate—was only destroyed in 1863. Here Professor Porson died in 1808. *Old Jewry* was the place where the original synagogue of the Jews was erected, and was their head-quarters till their expulsion in 1291.

[The street called Old Jewry leads into *Coleman Street*, which contains the *Wool Exchange*, and where the ghastly gate of *St. Stephen's Churchyard*, adorned with skulls, commemorates its having been one of the principal places of burial for the victims of the Great Plague. Over the gate is a curious carving in oak, representing the Last Judgment, much like that over the gate of St. Giles in the Fields, but

* Macaulay.

superior in workmanship. This and the gate of St. Olave's Hart Street are now the only memorials which recall to us the terrible year of the Plague (1665), in which 68,596 persons perished; when these old City-streets resounded perpetually with the cry "Bring out your dead!" from the carriers in the gloomy gowns which were their appointed costume; and when even the terrors of infection did not save the unfortunate bodies from the "corpse robbers," as many as 1,000 winding-sheets being afterwards found in the possession of one night thief alone. De Foe describes how John Hayward the sexton of this church used to go round with his dead-cart and bell to fetch the bodies from the houses where they lay, and how often he had to carry them for a great distance to the cart in a hand-barrow, as the lanes of the parish, White's Alley, Cross Key Court, Swan Alley, and others were so narrow that the cart could not enter them,—yet "never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it." In *St. Stephen's Church*, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire,* is the monument of Anthony Munday, dramatist and architect of civic pageants.

In *Great Bell Alley*, on the right of Coleman Street, Robert Bloomfield, the especial poet of the country, son of a tailor at Honington, in Suffolk, composed mentally his poem of the "Farmer's Boy," while working in a garret as a shoemaker. When able to procure paper, he had, as he says, "nothing to do but to write it down." 26,000 copies were sold in three years.

Far down Coleman Street, on the right, is the *Hall of the Armourers' Company* founded by Henry VI. as the "Brothers and Sisters of the Gild of St. George," whose

* St. Stephen's only cost £7,652 13*s.*, while Bow Church cost £15,400.

effigy, slaying the dragon, appeared upon their seal before 1453. The Hall has been rebuilt, but has occupied the same site for five hundred years, and, as it escaped the Fire, it possesses one of the most glorious collections of old plate in England. Especially noteworthy are the beautiful "Richmond Cup," given by John and Isabel Richmond in 1557; the curious "Owl Pot," given by Julian Seger in 1537; the tankard of Thomas Tyndale, 1574; the cup and cover of J. Forester, 1622; the cup and cover of Samson Lycroft, 1608; and the Maeser (maple wood) bowl of 1460.

At the foot of the staircase are suits of armour of an officer and pikeman of the time of Charles I. Armour was then going out of use, and, by the time of William III., the Company had fallen into utter decadence, but entirely revived after its union under Anne with the Company of Braziers, since which "We are One" has been the motto of the united companies; "Make all sure," the earlier motto of the Armourers, having had reference to the proving of their back and breast pieces.

In the *Hall* are a beautiful steel tilting suit of the time of Edward VI.; some German swords with waved edges of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; some Flemish pictures representing the meat and vegetables of the Four Seasons from the old Treaty House at Uxbridge; and *Northcote's* well-known picture of the entry of Bolingbroke into London with Richard II., engraved in Boydell's Shakspeare.

The *Private Dining Room* contains—

A curious portrait of Roger Tindall, Master of the Company, 1585, being his "counterfeit," especially bequeathed by his will, inscribed—

Tyme glides away,
One God obey,
Let Trvth bear sway,
So Tindal still did say.
Whatsoever thou dost, mark thy end.

Miller. Romeo's first meeting with Juliet, as a pilgrim in the hall of the Capulets.

A grant to the Company by Mary I., in which the then Clarencieux King-at-Arms appears in an illumination.

In the *Drawing Room* are—

Hamilton. Olivia as a page (in *Twelfth Night*) meeting Sebastian. Engraved in Boydell's Shakspeare.

Shackleton. George II. and Caroline of Anspach.

The forbidden *Tilting Gauntlet* (a great curiosity), suppressed as unfair, because it locked down, and the tilting spear could not be wrested from a hand thus protected.]

Cheapside now melts into *Poultry*,* once entirely inhabited by Poulterers. In the old church of *St. Mildred in the Poultry*, dedicated to the daughter of the Saxon prince Merowald, destroyed in the Fire, was the tomb of Thomas Tusser (1580), author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," described by Fuller as "successively a musician, schoolmaster, servingman, husbandman, grazier, poet, more skilful in all, than thriving in any vocation." His epitaph ran—

"Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made the points of husbandrie.
By him then learn thou maist; here learn we must,
When all is done we sleep and turn to dust.
And yet through Christ to heaven we hope to goe,
Who reads his books shall find his faith was so."

The church was rebuilt by Wren, but has been recently pulled down and its monuments removed to St. Olave's,

* The name existed in 1317.

Old Jewry. Its site is now occupied by the offices of the Gresham Life Insurance Company.

Several good modern buildings adorn Poultry. No. 1, "Queen Anne Chambers," is a good specimen of the architecture of that time by *Messrs. Belcher*. A little farther (right) the rich front of a house (No. 14), built by *Chancellor* in 1875, has terra-cotta panels by *Kremer*, appropriately representing the state-processions of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Victoria, which have passed through the street below in 1546, 1551, and 1844, with an incident which occurred upon the site of this very house on May 29, 1660, when Charles II., making his public entry into London, stopped to salute the landlady of what was then an inn, who insisted upon displaying her loyalty by rising to give him a welcome, though she was then in a most critical situation!

Bucklersbury, the last street on the right, derives its name from the Bukerels, a great City family of the thirteenth century.* Andrew Bukerel, Pepperer, was Lord Mayor from 1231 to 1237, and held the office of farmer of the King's Exchange: he headed the equestrian procession of the citizens of London at the coronation of Eleanor of Provence. This was the great street of grocers and druggists; Shakspeare speaks of those who "smell like Bucklersbury in simple time," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The end of Poultry faces the Royal Exchange, with Chantrey's fine equestrian *Statue of Wellington* in front of it. On the right is the Mansion House, on the left the Bank of England.

* It is sometimes derived from one Buckles, who was crushed to death here while pulling down the Cornet Tower, an old building of Edward I.'s time, to enlarge his house.

The first *Royal Exchange* was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, the great merchant-prince of the sixteenth century. Under Edward VI. and Mary he had been employed as a confidential agent in obtaining subsidies from great foreign merchants, and under Elizabeth took advantage of his increasing favour to enforce the benefit of obtaining loans from wealthy Englishmen rather than foreigners. Treated with the utmost confidence by Elizabeth, he was made "Sir Thomas" when employed as ambassador to the Duchess of Parma. He continued to keep his shop in Lombard Street, distinguished by the sign of the grasshopper, the Gresham crest, but in the country lived with great magnificence at Mayfield in Sussex (previously a palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury), and at Osterley in Middlesex. He died of an apoplectic fit as he was walking from his house in Bishopsgate Street to the Exchange, Nov. 21, 1579.

The idea of the Exchange originated with Sir Richard Gresham, father of Sir Thomas, who wished to see English merchants as well lodged as those whom he had been accustomed to see in the magnificent Bourse at Antwerp. And how much something of the kind was needed in London we learn from Stow, who says, "The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, did for their general making of bargains, contracts and commerce, usually meet twice a day. But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open narrow street . . . being there constrained either to endure all extremes of weather, viz. heat or cold, snow or rain; or else to shelter themselves in shops."

The first Exchange, therefore, was built as much as

possible on the plan of that at Antwerp. A Flemish architect, Henryke, was appointed, and all the materials were brought from Flanders, much to the disgust of English masons and bricklayers. The result was that the Exchange, which was opened by Elizabeth in 1571, was foreign-looking to the last degree. It was an immense cloistered court, with a corridor filled with shops running above its arcades, called a "pawn," from the German word "bahn"—a way. In front rose an immense column surmounted by the grasshopper of the Greshams. Over the pillars round the quadrangle, which were all of marble, were statues of the sovereigns from the Confessor to Elizabeth. Immediately on the execution of Charles I. his statue was thrown down, and in its place was inscribed, "Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo." The Exchange of Gresham was totally destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Wren then wished in restoring it to make the Exchange the centre of the new London, from which all the principal streets should diverge. His wish was opposed, and the new building was built much in the same style as the old, but with greater magnificence, by Edward Jarman, and was adorned with statues by Cibber.

The second Exchange was burnt in 1838, and the statues which survived the fire were for the most part sold as lumber! The present building by *Tite*, stately, though inferior to its predecessor, was opened in 1844. It encloses a large cloistered court, with a statue of Queen Victoria in the centre. The statue of Charles II. by *Gibbons*, which formerly occupied that position, is preserved at the south-east angle. The inscription on the pedestal of the figure of Commerce on the front of the building—"The Earth is the

Lord's, and the fulness thereof," was selected by Dean Milman on hearing the suggestion of the Prince Consort to Mr. Westmacott that the space should be used for some inscription recognising a Superior Power.

The busiest time at the Exchange, when it is most worth seeing, is from 3 to 4½ P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays. The eastern part of the building is occupied by *Lloyd's*, the great rendezvous of ship-owners, and all who seek shipping intelligence. The name originated in the early transaction of the business at Lloyd's Coffee House, at the corner of Abchurch Lane.

> "If you would wish the world to know,
> And learn the state of man;
> How some are high and some are low
> And human actions scan;
> If justly things you would arrange,
> And study human heart;
> Observe the humours of th' Exchange,
> That universal mart."
>
> —*Tom Brown. New London Spy.*

Opposite the Exchange, on the right, we should notice an old *Shop Front* (No. 15, Cornhill), carved, painted green, and with unusually small panes of glass—as being the oldest shop of its class in the metropolis. It was established as a confectioner's in the time of George I. by a Mr. Horton, succeeded by Lucas Birch, whose son and successor, Samuel, became Lord Mayor (*ob.* 1840). His followers are of a different family, but wisely retain the old name of "Birch and Birch" over the window, as well as the antique character of the shop, which they have wisely discovered to be the hen which lays their golden eggs. The commissariat of the Mansion House is sometimes entirely entrusted

to this shop by the Lords Mayor during the year of their mayoralty.

On the right as we face the Royal Exchange rises the *Mansion House*, the palace of the King of the City, built from designs of *George Dance* in 1739–40. When first erected, it was a very fine building, but it has been ruined by the removal of the noble flight of steps by which it was

The Oldest Shop in London.

approached, and to which it owed all its beauty of proportion. Its principal apartment, known as the *Egyptian Hall*, has nothing Egyptian in it, but was so called because constructed to correspond with the Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius. On the site occupied by the Mansion House stood formerly a statue altered to represent Charles II., from an old statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, brought from Leghorn by Robert Viner, the Lord Mayor,* who tried so hard to make his Majesty drunk;† when

* Pennant. † See *Spectator*, No. 462.

taken down it was given to the representatives of the Viner family. The Lord Mayor's coach, built 1757, is painted with allegorical subjects, probably by Cipriani.

Immediately behind the Mansion House is Wren's masterpiece—the *Church of St. Stephen's Walbrook*, commemorating in its name one of the rivulets of old London, "the brook by the wall," which has long disappeared. It would seem as if Wren had scarcely condescended to notice its exterior, so hideous is it, while the interior is perfect in beauty and proportion. "If the material had been as lasting and the size as great as St. Paul's, this church would have been a greater monument to Wren than the cathedral."* When first built it was so far appreciated by the Corporation, that they presented Lady Wren with a purse of ten guineas in recognition of "the great skill and care" displayed in its erection by her husband. It is strange that though no church has ever been more admired, no architect should have ever copied its arrangement. A large picture, the Burial of St. Stephen, by *Benjamin West*, hangs in this church. Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect, is buried here in a family vault. There is a medallion to Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, 1733-1791, who wrote the History of England from the accession of James II. to that of the House of Brunswick: Pennant speaks of "the statue erected to Divæ Mac-Aulæ by her doating admirer, a former rector, which a successor of his most profanely pulled down."

Oxford Court, Walbrook, commemorates the old town-house of the Earls of Oxford.

We must cross the space in front of the Exchange to

* Fergusson.

visit the *Bank of England.* The conception of the Bank originated with Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1691. Its small business was first transacted in the Mercers' Hall, then in the Grocers' Hall, and in 1734 was moved to the buildings which form the back of the present court towards Threadneedle Street. The modern buildings, covering nearly three acres, were designed in 1788 by Sir John Soane; they are feeble in design and lose in effect from not being raised on a terrace. "The Garden Court," which has a fountain, encloses the churchyard of St. Christopher le Stocks, pulled down when the Bank was built. The taxes are received, the interest of the national debt paid, and the business of the Exchequer transacted at the Bank. The "Old Lady in Threadneedle Street" was long its popular name, but is now almost forgotten.

"The warlike power of every country depends on their Three per Cents. If Cæsar were to reappear on earth, Wettenhall's List would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Thomas Baring, or Bates, would probably command the Tenth Legion; and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of 'Scrip and Omnium reduced!' 'Consols and Cæsar.'" —*Sydney Smith.*

To the east of the Bank (entered from Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane) is the *Stock Exchange*, the "ready-money market of the world."

Behind the Bank is *Lothbury*, the district of pewterers and candlestick-makers, said by Stow to derive its name from the loathsome noise made by these workers in metal. Here *Founders Court* takes its name from the brassfounders, and *Tokenhouse Yard* from the manufacture of "tokens," the copper coinage of England from 1648 to 1672. The space between these is occupied by the *Church of St.*

Margaret, Lothbury, which has a font adorned with sculptures attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Here also, removed from the destroyed Church of St. Christopher le Stocks, is a fine bronze monumental bust of a knight, inscribed "Petrus le Maire Æques Auratus. Æ. suæ 88, 1631."

Throgmorton Street (named after Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, said to have been poisoned by Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester) is filled every afternoon with a busy crowd discussing the affairs of the Stock Exchange.

The *Drapers' Hall*, on the left, was built by *Herbert Williams* in 1869 around a large quiet court, which is adorned with laurel-trees in tubs. A handsome winding staircase of coloured marbles, decorated with statues of Edward III. and Philippa, leads to the Banqueting Hall, which is adorned with the utmost magnificence that can co-exist with absence of taste. In this and the neighbouring rooms are many good portraits, but we should especially notice, in the Court Room,—

Zucchero. Mary, Queen of Scots, a full-length portrait. Her little son James VI. is painted with her, though she never saw him after he was a year old. The picture is said to have been thrown over the wall into the Drapers' Gardens for security during the Great Fire, and to have been found there afterwards amid the ruins, and never claimed.

Sir W. Beechey. Lord Nelson.

At the back of the Hall is a remnant of the Drapers' Garden and two of its famous mulberry-trees, but the beauty of this charming old garden was sacrificed for money-making a few years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

ALDERSGATE AND CRIPPLEGATE.

LET us now return to St. Martin's-le-Grand and turn to the left down *Aldersgate Street*, so called from the northern gate, one of the three original gates of Anglo-Norman London. Some derive its name from the Saxon Aldrich, its supposed founder; others, including Stow, from the alder-trees which grew around it. The gate (removed in 1761) as restored after the Fire was rather like Temple Bar, with the addition of side towers, and was surmounted by a figure of James I. It was inscribed with the words of Jeremiah—"Then shall enter into the gates of this city kings and princes, sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and this city shall remain for ever." The rooms over the gate were occupied by the famous printer John Day, who printed the folio Bible, dedicated to Edward VI., in 1549, as well as the works of Roger Ascham, Latimer's Sermons, and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." In the frontispiece of one of his books, he is represented in a room into which the sun is shining, arousing his sleeping apprentices with a whip, and the words—"Arise, for it is day."

On the right of Aldersgate Street, behind the Post-office, is an ugly Church, built by Wren, called *St. Anne in the Willows*—a name very inappropriate to it now. The curious monuments in this church were removed at the end of the last century. One to Peter Heiwood, 1701, recorded the fate of his grandfather, the Peter Heiwood who arrested Guy Fawkes, and, in revenge, was stabbed to death in Westminster Hall by John James, a Dominican friar, in 1640.

St. Anne's Lane is the scene of Sir Roger de Coverley's adventure—

"This worthy knight, being but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering the question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. 'Upon this,' says Sir Roger, 'I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that place;' by which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party."—*Spectator*, No. 125.

On the left is *Bull and Mouth Street* (Boulogne Mouth) curiously commemorating, in its corrupted name, the capture of Boulogne Harbour by Henry VIII., in 1544. The Bull and Mouth Inn was one of the great centres from which coaches started before the time of railways. It was here that George Fox, founder of the Quakers, preached during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration the inn became celebrated in the story of Quaker persecutions: it was there that (August 26, 1662) Ellwood was seized and carried to Bridewell, afterwards to Newgate.

On the left of Aldersgate Street, the branches of a plane-tree waving over a small Gothic fountain will draw attention to the *Church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate*, of 1796, which contains the monument of Dame Anne Packington, supposed to have written "The Whole Duty of Man." A brotherhood of the Holy Trinity was attached to this church. The Palmer in John Heywood's "Four P's," describing his pilgrimages in different parts of the world, says that he has been—

> "At Saint Botulphe and Saint Anne of Buckstone,
> * * * * *
> Praying to them to pray for me,
> Unto the blessed Trinitie."

Little Britain (commemorating the mansion of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, temp. Edward II.), a tributary of Aldersgate Street on the left, was as great a centre for booksellers in the reigns of the Stuarts as Paternoster Row is now. It is the place where, according to Richardson, the Earl of Dorset was wandering about on a book-hunt in 1667, when, coming upon a hitherto unknown work called "Paradise Lost," and dipping into it here and there, he admired it rather, and bought it. The bookseller begged him, if he approved of it, to recommend it, as the copies lay on his hands as so much waste paper. He took it home, and showed it to Dryden, who said at once, "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too." The street has still much of the character, though it has lost the picturesqueness, described by Washington Irving.

"In the centre of the great City of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by name of Little

Britain. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the City; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull and Mouth Street separates it from Butcher's Hall Lane and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

"This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion moved off to the west, and trade, creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers; these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate Street, settled down in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

"But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would puzzle a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing amongst the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead; grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways.* Little Britain may truly be called the heart's core of the City; the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions."—*The Sketch Book.*

A little beyond, on the right of Aldersgate, Falcon Street leads into *Silver Street*, which contains one of the pretty quiet breathing-places bequeathed by the Fire to the City. A

* There are still such houses in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.

stone tells "This was the parish church of St. Olave, Silver Street, destroy'd in the dreadfvll fire in the yeare, 1666." No. 24, Silver Street, is the *Hall of the Parish Clerks Company*, incorporated 1232. Amongst their portraits of benefactors is one of William Roper, son-in-law of Sir Thomas More.

On the left of Silver Street is *Monkwell Street*, containing (left, No. 33) the *Barber-Surgeons' Court-Room* (their Hall is destroyed, and their Company consists neither of Barbers nor Surgeons), approached by an old porch of Charles II.'s time. Here are several good pictures—the Countess of Richmond (with a lamb and an olive-branch) by *Sir Peter Lely;* Inigo Jones by *Vandyke;* and a grand *Holbein* of Henry VIII. giving a charter to the Barber-Surgeons.* The Company have refused offers of £12,000 for this picture in later years, though Pepys somewhat contemptuously says—

"29th Aug. 1668. Harris (the actor) and I to the Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it now very fine; and thence to see their theatre, which stood all the Fire, and (which was our business) their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of W. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

The picture is a noble one and most minutely finished, even to the details of the ermine on the king's robe and the rings on his fingers. Henry, seated in a chair of state, is giving the charter to Thomas Vicary, the then master, who was sergeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and is said to have written the earliest work

* In that time and long afterwards, barbers officiated as surgeons in bleeding, as still in Italy. The well-known staff which sticks out above a barber's door commemorates this, as it was customary for the patient about to be bled to hold a staff at full length to keep his arm upon the stretch during the operation.

on anatomy in the English language. The thirteen principal members, who kneel in gowns trimmed with fur, bear their names on their shoulders. The three on the right, Chamber, Butts, and Alsop, were all past masters of the company, at the time of the giving of the Charter. Dr. John Chamber was the king's chief physician and Dean of St. Stephen's College, Westminster, where he built the cloister; Dr. Butts, also physician to the king, had been admitted to the company as "vir gravis; eximia literarum cognitione, singulari judicio, summa experientia, et prudenti consilio Doctor:" his conduct, on the presumed degradation of Cranmer, is nobly pourtrayed by Shakspeare. Dr. J. Alsop is represented with lank hair and uncovered. Sir John Ayliffe, who kneels on the left, was also an eminent surgeon, and had been sheriff of London in 1548; according to the inscription on his monument in the Church of St. Michael Bassishaw, he was "called to court," by Henry the Eighth, "who loved him dearly well;" and was afterwards knighted for his services to Edward VI. The picture furnishes an example of the beginning of a change of costume, in respect to shirts: the wrists of Henry being encircled by small ruffles, and the necks of several of the members displaying a raised collar.*

A curious leather screen in the Court-Room is said to commemorate the gratitude of a man who, after being hung at Tyburn, was discovered to be still living, and resuscitated by the efforts of the Barber-Surgeons, when his body was brought to them for dissection. Such a recovery did occur (November 1740) in the case of William Duel, aged 17, who, after being hanged at Tyburn for twenty-two minutes,

* See Allen's "Hist. of London."

recovered in the Surgeons' Hall, just as he was about to be cut up by the anatomists.

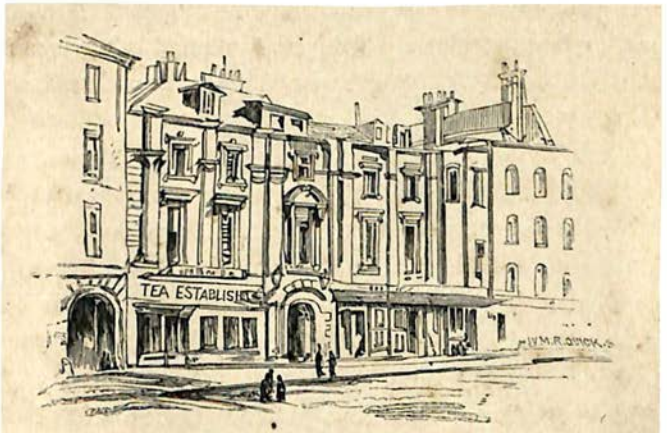
Amongst the plate of the Company is a very curious cup, made by order of Charles II., and presented by him, the Master at the time being Sir Charles Scarbórough, his chief physician. It is of silver, partially gilt, the stem and body representing the oak of Boscobel, and the acorns which hang around containing little bells, which ring as the cup passes from hand to hand.

Smollett, who painted many of the events of his own life in Roderick Random, describes his appearance at Barber-Surgeons' Hall to pass his examination before obtaining the appointment of surgeon's mate, which he did in 1741.

Windsor Place, Monkwell Street, commemorates the town-house of the Lords Windsor. The modern houses on the right of the street occupy the site of the Hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, a cell of Quorndon Abbey in Leicestershire. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to William Lambe, a clothworker, who built (c. 1540) an interesting chapel, pulled down in 1874, over its fine old Norman crypt, of which a portion is preserved in the garden of the Clothworkers' Hall in Mincing Lane.

Returning to Aldersgate Street, *Westmoreland Buildings*, on the left, mark the site of the town-house of the Nevils, Earls of Westmoreland. On the right of the street, conspicuous from its front by eight pillars, is a fine old house built by Inigo Jones, formerly called Thanet House, from the Tuftons, Earl of Thanet, but which has been known as *Shaftesbury House* since it was inhabited by the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the "Achitophel" of Dryden, so graphically described by him.

For close designs, and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."



Shaftesbury House, Aldersgate.

Lord Shaftesbury chose this house as a residence that he might the better influence the minds of the citizens, of whom he boasted that he "could raise ten thousand brisk boys by the holding up of his finger." His animosity to the Duke of York obliged his retirement in 1683 to Holland, where he died. The house, as Maitland says, is "a most delightful fine residence, which deserves a much better situation, and greater care to preserve it from the injuries of time."

Close by was Bacon House, the private residence of Sir

Nicholas, father of the great Lord Bacon—the fat old man of whom Queen Elizabeth used to say "my Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged," and of whom so many witticisms are remembered, especially his reply to the thief Hogg, who claimed his mercy on plea of kindred between the Hoggs and the Bacons, "Ah, you and I cannot be kin until you have been hanged."

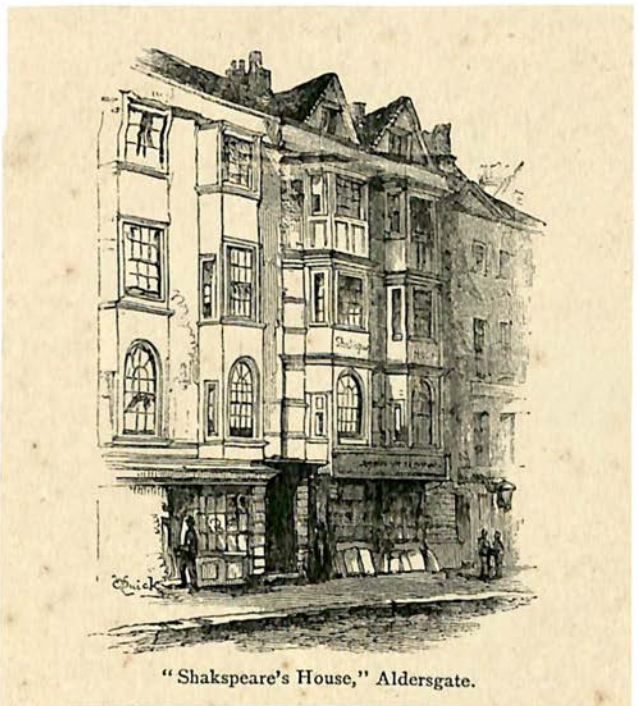
Opposite Shaftesbury House was London House, which, being at one time the residence of the Bishops of London, was the place to which the Princess Anne fled in the revolution of 1688. An old house with the low gables and projecting windows which stood near it, and which still exists, is called, without reason, "Shakspeare's House," but, as the "Half Moon Tavern," it was a well-known resort of the wits of the sixteenth century. Much curious carving, seen in prints of this old building, is now destroyed. Lauderdale House, at the end of Hare Court (right), was the residence of John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale, introduced in "Old Mortality."

Aldersgate Street leads into *Goswell* (Godes-well) *Road*, to the right of which *Old Street* leads eastwards.

"The oldest way in or about London is perhaps that which bears the names of Old Street, Old Street Road, and (further eastward) the Roman Road, leading to Old Ford; probably a British way and ford over the Lea, and older than London itself—forming the original communication between the eastern and western counties north of the Thames."—*Archæologia*, xli.

The whole of this neighbourhood teems with associations of Milton, who lived in "a pretty garden house" in Aldersgate Street after his removal from St. Bride's Churchyard. In 1661 he went to live in *Jewin Street* (on the right of Aldersgate, formerly the Jews' Garden and the only place

where Jews had a right to bury before the reign of Henry II.). It was here that Milton, who had already been blind for ten years, married his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshul, of a Cheshire family, in 1664, the year before the Plague.

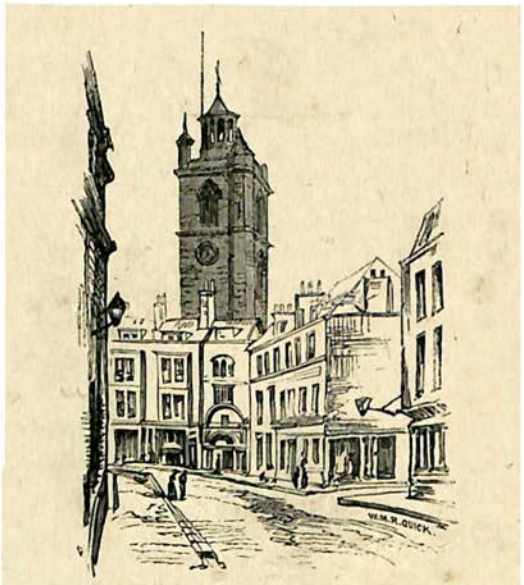


"Shakspeare's House," Aldersgate.

Here, in his blindness, he gave instruction by ear to Ellwood the Quaker in the foreign pronunciation of Latin, which he aptly said was the only way in which he could benefit by Latin in conversation with foreigners. It was this Ellwood who, when the Plague broke out in 1665, gave Milton the cottage-refuge at Chalfont St. Giles, in which he

wrote his "Paradise Regained." He returned to London to reside in Bunhill Fields in 1666, and there, on Nov. 8, 1674, he died, and was attended to the grave, says Toland (1698), by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

Jewin Street leads into *Cripplegate*, so called, says Mait-



Redcross Street.

land, "from the cripples who begged there." The gate of the City here was of great antiquity, for the body of St. Edmund the Martyr was carried through it in 1010 from Bury St. Edmunds, to save it from the Danes, and, according to Lidgate, the monk of Bury, it worked great miracles beneath it. Here, as we stand in *Redcross Street* (so called from a cross which once stood in Beech Lane), we see

rising above a range of quaint old houses built in 1660, and so displaying the architecture in fashion just before the Great Fire, the tower of *St. Giles*, the church of the hermit of the Rhone, who was the especial saint of cripples and lepers. Its characteristics cannot be better described than in the words of the author of "The Hand of Ethelberta"—

"Turning into Redcross Street they beheld the bold shape of the tower they sought, clothed in every neutral shade, standing clear against the sky, dusky and grim in its upper stage, and hoary grey below, where every corner of stone was completely rounded off by the waves of wind and storm. All people were busy here: our visitors seemed to be the only idle persons the city contained; and there was no dissonance—there never is—between antiquity and such beehive industry; for pure industry, in failing to observe its own existence and aspect, partakes of the unobtrusive nature of material things. This intramural stir was a fly-wheel transparent by infinite motion, through which Milton and his day could be seen as if nothing intervened. Had there been ostensibly harmonious accessories, a crowd of observing people in search of the poetical, conscious of the place and the scene, what a discord would have arisen there."

The church, which is celebrated for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell, has been grievously mauled and besmeared with blue and white paint internally. A foolish Gothic canopy with tawdry alabaster columns has been raised over the fine bust of Milton by *Bacon*, placed here in 1793 by Mr. Whitbread. The poet was buried in 1674 in the grave of his father (*ob.* 1646), "an ingenuous man," says Aubrey, "who delighted in music." The parish books say that Milton died "of consumption, fourteen years after the blessed Restoration." In 1790 his bones were disinterred, his hair torn off, and his teeth knocked out and carried off by the churchwardens, after which, for many years, Elizabeth Grant, the female

grave-digger, used to keep a candle and exhibit the mutilated skeleton at twopence and threepence a head. This sacrilege led to Cooper's lines—

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones,
And steal his dust away.

"O, ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts the dead!"

"Whoever has any true taste and genius, we are confident, will esteem 'Paradise Lost' the best of all modern productions, and the Scriptures the best of all ancient ones."—*Bishop Newton.*

On the south wall is an interesting bust to Speed, the topographer, 1629; and, near the west door, the slab tomb of Foxe the martyrologist, 1587. On the north wall are the tombs of the daughter and granddaughter of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy. The latter is represented rising in her shroud from her tomb at the resurrection, which has given rise to a tradition that she was buried alive and roused from her trance by the sexton, who opened her coffin to steal one of her rings. The parish register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620.

In the sunny *Churchyard* of St. Giles is a well-preserved bastion of the *City Wall* of Edward IV.'s time. The lower portion is formed of rude stones and tiles, the upper of courses of flint laid in cement. The battlements of the old wall adjoining were removed in 1803 and a stupid brick wall erected in their place "at the expense of the parish."

The bells of St. Giles's are celebrated, and

> " Oh, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
> Reading great sermons with its iron tongue."

Not far from the church was Crowder's Well (com-

St. Giles, Cripplegate.

memorated in Well Street), of which we read in Childrey's "Britannia Baconica" (1661) that its waters had "a pleasant taste like that of new milk," and were "very good for sore eyes;" moreover that there was "an ancient man who whenever he was sick would drink plenteously of this Crowder's Well water, and was presently made well, and whenever he

was overcome of drink, he would drink of this water, which would presently make him sober"!

The curious "Williams Library," founded in Redcross Street by Dr. Daniel Williams, the dissenting divine (1644—1716), which contained an original portrait of Baxter, was pulled down in 1857. Its books (20,000 volumes) are now at Somerset House.

Redcross Street leads into *Golden* (Golding) *Lane*, where the name of *Play House Yard* on the right, connecting this with Whitecross Street, is a memorial of the ancient "Fortune Theatre" erected in 1599 on that site: it was last used in the time of Charles II. This theatre is considered by some to have been "The Fortune" by which Edward Alleyne, the founder of Dulwich College, made his wealth, having been the son of the innkeeper of "the Pye" in Bishopsgate Street: others identify it with Killigrew's playhouse called "The Nursery," which was intended as a school for young actors. Pepys records his visit to the theatre by saying, "I found the musique better that we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be."

On the left is *Barbican*, so called from a watch-tower on the city-wall—

> "A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
> Of all the pile an empty name remains."
>
> *Dryden.*

Here Milton lived 1646—7, and here he wrote "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." In Beechland, by Barbican, was the palace of Prince Rupert. It was in these narrow streets of Cripplegate that the Plague raged worst of all.

On the left of Fore Street is *Milton Street*, formerly the notorious Grub Street, well known as the abode of small authors, who, writers of trashy pamphlets and broadsides, became the butts for the wits of their time: thus Grub Street appears in the "Dunciad"—

> "Not with less glory mighty Dullness crown'd,
> Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round,
> And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce."

"Pope's answers are so sharp, and his slaughter so wholesale, that the reader's sympathies are often enlisted on the side of the devoted inhabitants of Grub Street. He it was who brought the notion of a vile Grub Street before the minds of the general public; he it was who created such associations as author and rags—author and dirt—author and gin. The occupation of authorship became ignoble through his graphic description of misery, and the literary profession was for a long time destroyed."—*Thackeray.*

The name "Grub Street," as opprobrious, seems, however, to have been first applied by their opponents to the writings of Foxe the Martyrologist, who resided in the street, as did John Speed the Historian. Oddly enough, in this neighbourhood full of memories of him, the modern name of the street is not derived from the poet, but from Milton a builder. In Sweedon's Passage, opening out of this street, was a curious old building called Gresham House, pulled down in 1805; it was shown as the house of Sir Richard ("Dick") Whittington in the reign of Henry IV., and of Sir Thomas Gresham in that of Elizabeth.

Returning a few steps, Cripplegate Buildings lead into the street called *London Wall*, opposite the picturesque modern *Hall of the Curriers Company*, which recalls the old buildings of Innsbruck, and is decorated with the banner-bearing stags, which are the crest of the Company.

Close by, with a fine old brick and stone front towards Philip Lane, is *Sion College*, founded 1631 by Dr. Thomas White, vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, for the use of the London clergy—"where expectants may lodge till they are provided with houses in the several parishes in which they

Sion College.

serve cure."* The story of the Good Samaritan is represented on its seal. The college has a chapel, library, and hospital attached to it. Half of the library was consumed in the Great Fire. Fuller resided in the quiet courts of Sion College while he was writing his "Church History."

* Defoe, "Journey through England," 1722.

The neighbouring *Church of St. Alphege, London Wall* (dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered by the Danes in 1014), might easily escape observation. Its tower belonged to an earlier church, St. Mary Elsing Spittal, founded in 1532, of which the Early English doorway is a relic. The interior, rebuilt 1777, is little better than a square room, but on its north wall is preserved the handsome Corinthian monument of Sir Rowland Hayward (1593), twice Lord Mayor, and at his death "the antientest alderman of the city." He kneels under the central niche, on a red cushion, facing the spectators, and at the sides are his two wives and the eight "happy children" of each.

Opposite St. Alphege, a fragment of its Churchyard is preserved (in a garden formed 1872) for the sake of the fine fragment of the old *London Wall* which it contains.

Aldermanbury Postern was a small gate in the Wall close to this, which led into Finsbury Fields, much frequented by the Londoners in summer evenings.

On the right is the opening of *New Basinghall Street*, named (with Bassishaw Ward) from the Basings, who lived hard by in Blackwell Hall, from the reign of John to that of Edward III. Here, in a quiet court, is the *Church of S. Michael Bassishaw* (Basings haugh), one of Wren's worst rebuildings. It contains the tomb of Dr. T. Wharton, remarkable for his devotion to the sufferers in the great Plague of 1665. In the old church, destroyed in the Fire, Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor in 1547, uncle of Sir Thomas, was buried with solemnities like those which still attend the funerals of the Roman princes.

"He was buried with a standard and pennon of arms, and a coat of armour of damask, and four pennons of arms; besides a helmet, a

target, and a sword, mantles and the crest, a goodly hearse of wax, ten dozen of pensils, and twelve dozen of escutcheons. He had four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches. The church and street were all hung with black, and arms in great store; and on the morrow three goodly masses were sung."—*Stow.*

The last State Lottery in England was held at Cooper's Hall in Basinghall Street, Oct. 18, 1826.

Farther down London Wall, on the right, at the entrance of Throgmorton Avenue, is the *Hall of the Carpenters Company*, erected 1877 from designs of *G. Pocock*. Many will remember with bitter regret the noble old building which was destroyed when this was built—the staircase and vestibule adorned with exquisite medallions from designs of Bacon; and the hall, so picturesque without, and so full of glorious oak carving within—one of the best of the buildings which survived the Fire. On its western wall were frescoes illustrative of the carpenter's art, which had been white-washed in Puritan times and re-discovered in 1845, viz.:—

Noah receiving the instructions of the Almighty as to building the Ark.

Josiah repairing the Temple (his workmen in the costume of Henry VIII.).

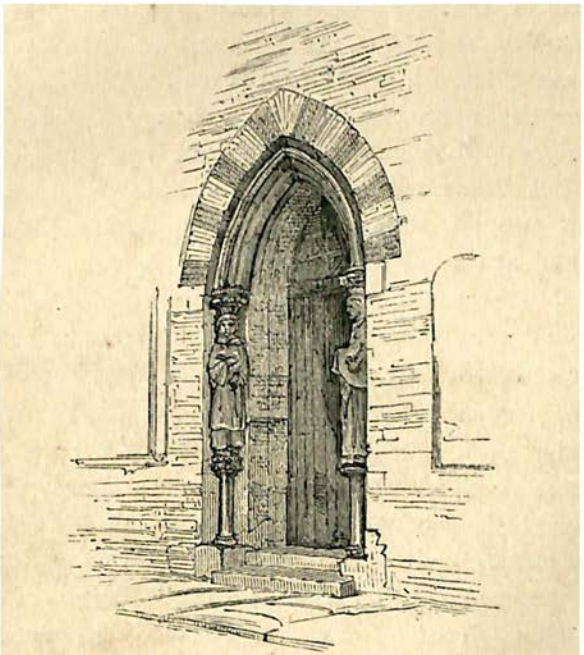
Our Lord gathering chips in the workshop of Joseph, who was represented at work, with the Virgin spinning by his side.

The Teaching of the child Jesus in the Synagogue. "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

The first Hall, built "by citizens and carpenters of London," was erected in 1428 on land leased in this neighbourhood from the Priory of St. Mary Spittal.

Passing the ugly Church of *Allhallows in the Wall*, built in 1765, containing an altar-piece by *Dance*, we may enter *Broad Street* and turn to the right.

Where Broad Street falls into Throgmorton Street a gateway on the right leads into the quiet courts of *Austin Friars*, occupying the site of a famous Augustinian convent founded in 1243 by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. At the Dissolution it was granted by



In Austin Friars.

Henry VIII. to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester; but the church, which was retained for the king, was granted by Edward VI. "to the Dutch nation in London to have their service in (as he says in his journal of June 29, 1550), for avoiding of all sects of Ana-Baptists, and such like." The Dutch still own the building, which has some handsome

Decorated windows. The tombs in this church—once like a cathedral, the present edifice being only part of the ancient nave—were amongst the most magnificent in London—and it still contains the remains of a vast number of eminent persons, including Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Surrey, beheaded in 1397 by Richard II. for joining the league against Vere and De la Pole; Humphrey de Bohun, godfather of Edward I., who fought in the Battle of Evesham; Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who was so powerful in the reigns of John and Henry III.; Edward, eldest son of the Black Prince and of the Fair Maid of Kent, who died in his seventh year, 1375; the 10th Earl of Arundel, executed at Cheapside in 1397; John de Vere, 12th Earl of Oxford, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1461; the barons who fell in the Battle of Barnet, buried together in the body of the church in 1471; William, Lord Berkeley (1492), and his wife Joan; and Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, through the jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey,—of whose death Charles V. said that "a Butcher's son (Wolsey) had devoured the fairest buck in all England." It will scarcely be believed that the monuments of all these illustrious dead were sold by the second Marquis of Winchester for £100! The monastery had been granted by Henry VIII. to the first Marquis, who is celebrated as having lived under nine sovereigns, and who, when asked in his old age how he had contrived to get on so well with them all, said "by being a willow and not an oak." He was the builder of Winchester House in Austin Friars, which was sold to a city merchant by the 4th Marquis, but only pulled down in 1839. In this house the famous Anne Clifford, who "knew everything from predestination to

slane silk,"* married her first husband, Richard, Earl of Dorset, February 25, 1608—9. Winchester House is commemorated in *Great Winchester Street*, which till lately contained more ancient houses than almost any street in London. Now many of them are rebuilt, but the street has an old-world look, and ends in a quiet court surrounded with ancient brick houses, with a broad stone staircase leading to the principal doorway. The *Hall of the Pinners Company* is in this street.

Turning to the right from the gate of Austin Friars, we find ourselves at the western front of the Royal Exchange, before which is the seated *Statue of George Peabody* by *W. Story*.

* Dr. Donne.

CHAPTER VIII.

BISHOPSGATE.

RETURNING to the Royal Exchange, we must follow *Threadneedle Street*, properly Three-Needle Street, which belongs to the Merchant Tailors. On the right, concealed by a row of houses (for which an annual rent of £3 per foot is paid), is the *Hall of the Merchant Tailors Company*, which was incorporated in 1466. It was built after the great Fire by the city architect Jarmin, and surrounds a courtyard. It can only be visited by a special order from the Master or Clerk of the Company. The Hall is a noble chamber (90 feet by 48), rich in stained glass and surrounded by the arms of the members. At the end are the arms of the Company—the Lamb of their patron St. John Baptist, and a pavilion between two royal mantles, with camels as supporters. A corridor beyond the Hall has stained glass windows which commemorate a quarrel for precedence between the Merchant Tailors and Skinners Companies in 1484—5. The Lord Mayor (Sir R. Belesdon) was called upon to decide it, and ordained that the Companies should have precedence by alternate years: and in commemoration of their peace the Skinners Company dines

with its rival every year in July, when the Master of the Merchant Tailors proposes the toast—

> "Skinners and Merchant Tailors,
> Merchant Tailors and Skinners,
> Root and branch may they flourish
> For ever and eve;"

and in August the Skinners return the hospitality, giving the same toast and reversing the order in which the Companies are named.

The Court Dining-Room contains—

George III. and Queen Charlotte—copies of pictures at Hatfield by *Sir T. Lawrence.*
George Bristow, clerk of the Company—*Opie.*
George North, clerk—*Hudson.*
Samuel Fiske—*Richmond.*

A noble staircase, the walls of which bear portraits of former masters, leads to the *Picture Gallery*, containing—

Charles I.—*School of Vandyke.*
Duke of Wellington—*Sir D. Wilkie.*
Lord Chancellor Eldon with his favourite dog—*Pickersgill.*
Duke of York—*Sir Thomas Lawrence.*
*Henry VIII.—*Paris Bordone.*
William Pitt—*Hoppner.*

The Drawing-Room contains—

Charles II., James II. } *Sir G. Kneller.*
William III., Mary II. } *Murray.*

In the *Court Business Room* are—

Sir Thomas White, 1561, Founder of St. John's College at Oxford, said to have been painted, after his death, from his sister who was exactly like him.
Sir Thomas Row. 1562.
Sir Abraham Reynardson, Lord Mayor, 1640.

In the *Kitchen* eighteen haunches of venison can be cooked at once and *are* cooked for the great dinner on the first Wednesday in July. A small but beautiful vaulted *Crypt* is a relic of the Hall destroyed in the great Fire. The magnificent collection of plate includes some curious Irish tankards of 1683, and the silver measure by which the Merchant Tailors had the right to test the goods in Bartholomew Fair.

On the north of Threadneedle Street was the South Sea House, rendered famous by the "bubble" of 1720. Threadneedle Street falls into the picturesque and irregular *Bishopsgate Street*, which, having escaped the great Fire, is full of quaint buildings with high roofs and projecting windows, and is rich in several really valuable memorials of the past.

The most interesting of the remaining houses is one which we see on the right immediately after entering Bishopsgate—*Crosby Hall*, with a late lath and plaster front towards the street, but altogether the most beautiful specimen of domestic architecture remaining in London, and one of the finest examples of the 15th century in England.

Sir John Crosby, "Grocer and Woolman," was an Alderman, who represented the City of London in 1461. In 1471 he was knighted by Edward IV. He obtained a lease of this property for ninety-nine years from Alice Ashfield, Prioress of St. Helens, and built "this house of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest," says Stow, "at that time in London." But he died in 1475; so that he only enjoyed his palace for a short time.

It was here, says Sir Thomas More, that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, "lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's court was crowded

and King Edward's left desolate," and it was in the hall which we now see that he planned the deposition, most probably the death, of his nephew. Shakspeare knew Crosby Hall well, for we know from the parish assessments that he was residing in 1598 in St. Helens, where, from the sum levied, he must have inhabited a house of importance. He introduces Crosby Hall as the place where Richard induced Anne of Warwick to await his return from the funeral of her father-in-law, the murdered Henry VI., and he otherwise twice mentions it in his play of *Richard III.*, to which fact it is probable that we owe the preservation of the grand old house, amongst the vicissitudes which have attended other historical buildings.

Sir Thomas More lived here for some years; and here, without doubt, wrote his Life of Richard III. In 1523 he sold it to the man whom he himself describes as his "dearest friend," Antonio Bonvisi, an Italian merchant of Lucca, who was settled in London. It was to this Bonvisi that he wrote a last touching letter with charcoal from the Tower, and, on the morning of his execution, the dress he put on was the "silk camlet gown given him by his entire good friend M. Antonio Bonvisi." It would seem that after Sir Thomas More's execution his devoted daughter Margaret longed to return to a place so much connected with her father's sacred life, and in 1547 Bonvisi leased Crosby Hall to More's son-in-law, William Roper, and to his nephew, William Rastell, who was an eminent printer. By the religious persecutions under Edward VI., Bonvisi, Roper, and Rastell were all obliged to go abroad, but they returned under Mary. The next proprietor of the house was Alderman Bond, who added a turret to it, and died

here in 1576. The rich Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer, bought Crosby Place in 1594, and during his occupation M. de Rosny, afterwards Duc de Sully, the minister of Henry IV., was received here as ambassador, when he came over to persuade James I. to preserve the league which had existed between Elizabeth, France, and the Hollanders, and not to make war with Catholic Spain. In his Memoirs he gives a curious account of a scene which occurred here in the great hall during his visit. Previous ambassadors had brought great disrepute upon their country through the excesses committed in London by members of their suite, and of these he was determined to prevent a recurrence. To his horror, upon the very evening of his arrival, he discovered that one of his attendants, going out to amuse himself, had murdered an English merchant in a brawl in Great St. Helen's. He immediately made the whole of his companions and servants range themselves against the wall; and taking a lighted flambeau, he walked up to each in turn, and, throwing the light full upon them, scrutinised their faces. By his trembling and his livid paleness it was soon disclosed that a noble young gentleman, son of the Sieur de Combaut, was the culprit. He was related to the French Ambassador M. de Beaumont, who demanded, urged, and entreated his pardon, but in vain. Sully declared that Combaut should be beheaded in a few minutes. He was finally induced to give him up to the Mayor, who saved his life; but his severity, says Sully, had this consequence, that "the English began to love, and the French to fear him more."

Sir John Spencer, having but a poor opinion of the Compton family in that day, positively forbade the first

Earl of Northampton to pay his addresses to his daughter, who was the greatest heiress in England. One day, at the foot of the staircase, Sir John met the baker's boy with his covered barrow, and, being pleased at his having come punctually when he was ordered, he gave him sixpence; but the baker's boy was Lord Northampton in disguise, and in the covered barrow he was carrying off the beautiful Elizabeth Spencer. When he found how he had been duped, Sir John swore that Lord Northampton had seen the only sixpence of his money he should ever receive, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. But the next year Queen Elizabeth, having expressed to Sir John Spencer the sympathy which she felt with his sentiments upon the ingratitude of his child, invited him to come and be "gossip" with her to a newly-born baby in which she was much interested, and he could not refuse; and it is easy to imagine whose that baby was. So the Spencer property came to the Comptons after all, and an immense inheritance it has been, and Lord Northampton lived to erect the magnificent tomb to his "well-deserving father-in-law," where the disobedient daughter, in everlasting contrition for her fault, may be seen kneeling, in a tremendous hoop, at her father's feet.

The rich wife continued to live frequently in Crosby Place, and was rather an expensive wife to her husband, especially considering the value of money at that time, as may be judged from the following letter written soon after her marriage. It seems worth giving as characteristic of the people, the place, and the times.

"My sweet Life. Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider

within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2,600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none should dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with their chamber-maids', nor theirs with their wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before the carriages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, and for that it is undecent for me to crowd myself up with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl-chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life. . . So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me £2,000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."

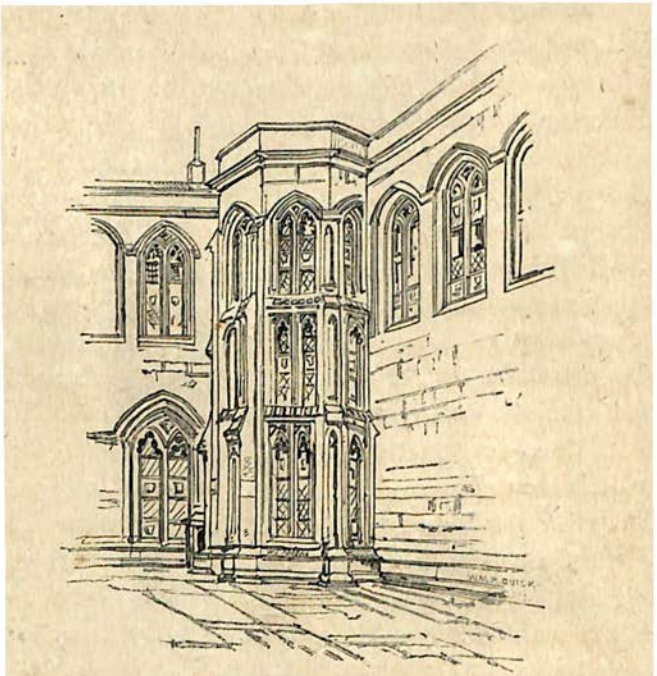
Here for many years lived the Countess of Pembroke, immortalised in Ben Jonson's epitaph. In 1640 Crosby Place was leased to Sir John Langham. In 1672 it became a Presbyterian Meeting House. It was later a packer's warehouse, till, in 1831, a subscription was raised to restore it as we now see it.

A passage, one of those obscure and almost secret ways of the City, which yet are crowded with foot passengers, leads under an archway into and through Crosby Square. It passes in front of the noble oriel of the *Hall*. This is a stately room, 54 ft. long, 27 ft. broad, and was once 40 ft. high, but this has been curtailed, with a noble perpendicular timber roof. The great oriel window has been filled by *Willement* with stained glass armorial bearings of the different possessors of Crosby Place. It is one of the few ancient halls in which there is no indication of a raised dais. Above the adjoining *Council Chamber* is the so-called *Throne Room*, with a peculiarly beautiful window. Crosby Place is now occupied by the Restaurant of Messrs. Gordon and Co.

In *Crosby Square*, at the back of the Hall, are some admirable modern buildings of brick and terra-cotta. *Crosby Hall Chambers*, close by, have a good chimney-piece of 1635.

Close to Crosby Place, a low timber-corbelled gateway leads out of Bishopsgate Street into *Great St. Helen's*, where, from the noise and bustle of the great thoroughfare, you

suddenly enter upon the quiet of a secluded churchyard, filled in early spring with bright green foliage. Here, c. 1216, the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's was founded by William Basing, Dean of St. Paul's. The old Hall of the Nuns was only removed in 1799. Their *Church* remains,



Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street.

and from the number of monuments connected with the City of London within its walls it has become a kind of Westminster Abbey for the City, and is of the highest interest. Lately the number of these monuments has been greatly increased by the destruction, in 1874, of the ancient

Church of St. Martin Outwich (so called from its founder, John de Oteswitch), and the removal to St. Helen's of all the tombs which it contained.

The church consists of two aisles, separated by perpendicular arches, with chapels attached at the south-east. Only a very small portion of the building is used for congregational purposes, and till a few years ago a large part of the west end, screened off, and always known as "The Void," was only used for funerals. The whole building is surrounded with monuments. An inscription over the west door reminds us that "This is none other than the house of God," but the usual entrance is by the handsome Jacobean door on the south side of the building. The small altar-tomb with incised figures opposite the entrance is that of William and Magdalen Kirwen of 1594. On the left of the door is the stately alabaster tomb of the rich Sir John Spencer (1609), raised by Lord Northampton to his "well-deserving father-in-law." "Some thousand men in mourning cloakes" assisted at his funeral.* The figures of Sir John and his wife (Alicia Bromfeld) repose under a double canopy; the heiress daughter, almost eclipsed in the immensity of her hoop, kneels at a desk at their feet. Next is the tomb of Dame Abigail Lawrence (1682), "the tender mother of ten children, nine of whom she suckled at her breast." Opposite, on the north wall, is the tomb of John Robinson, alderman, and merchant of the Staple, with Christian his wife (1592, 1599), who were "happy in nine sonnes and seaven daughters": all this family are kneeling behind their parents at a faldstool. Beyond this is an exquisite Gothic canopy (from St. Martin Outwich) of Pur-

* Letter from Mr. John Beaulieu to Mr. Turnbull. March 22, 1609—1610.

beck marble, over the tomb of Alderman Hugh Pemberton and his wife Katerina (1500).

Here the line of monuments is broken by a great tomb like a house, to Francis Bancroft, founder of the Mile End Almshouses, who "settled his estate in London and Middlesex for the beautifying and keeping in repair of this monument for ever." It is very ugly, but very curious. Being the property of the Drapers' Company, when a new Master is appointed, he generally pays his respects to Francis Bancroft, for the tomb can be entered by a door, and the lid of the coffin turns back, displaying the skeleton. Bancroft was so unpopular as a city magistrate in his life-time, that the people pealed the bells at his funeral, and tried to upset the coffin on its way to the grave. He desired that for a hundred years a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine might be placed in his grave every year on the anniversary of his death, because he was convinced that before that time he should awake from his death-sleep and require it. The hundred years have now expired.

Beyond Bancroft's tomb are a staircase and a door, which formerly communicated with two stories of the convent. There, against the wall, are the tombs of William Bond—"Flos Mercatorum"—"a merchant-adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great enterprises by sea and land" (1576); and Martin Bond (1643), governor of Tilbury Fort in the time of Elizabeth. He is represented sitting in a tent, with sentries outside, and a servant bringing up a horse. The noble altar-tomb beneath, with a raised coat of arms, is that of the great Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, with the simple in-

scription, "Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, buried December 15, 1579." Above hangs his helmet, carried at his funeral. Against the wall is the quaint coloured monument of Sir Andrew Judde, Lord Mayor (1558), founder of the Grammar School at Tunbridge—

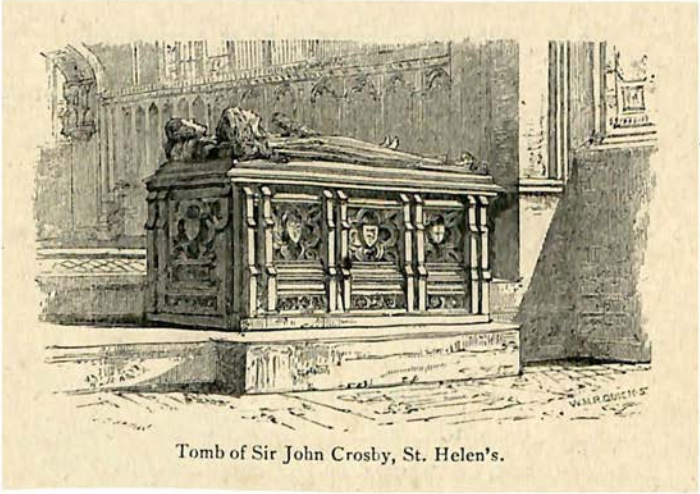
> "To Russia and Muscovia,
> To Spayne, Germany, without fable,
> Travelled he by land and sea,
> Both Mayor of London and Staple."

The great canopied tomb close by is that of Sir William Pickering, "famous in learning, arts, and warfare," and, moreover, very handsome, which caused him to stand so high in the favour of Elizabeth, that he (a simple knight) was at one time deemed to have a fair chance of obtaining the hand which was refused to the kings of Spain and Sweden. He died at Pickering House in St. Mary Axe in 1574. His son is commemorated on the same monument.

The beautiful Gothic niche behind Gresham's tomb has a kind of double grille of stone—"the Nuns' Grate"—which is believed to have been intended to allow refractory nuns* to hear a faint echo of the mass from the crypt beneath. In the "Nuns' Aisle," every Sunday morning, a dole of fresh loaves—"good sweet wheaten bread"—lies waiting on a clean white cloth for the poor, bequeathed to them by a humble benefactor of the early part of the seventeenth century, whose dust lies below.

* That the life of the Black Nuns of St. Helen's was not altogether devoid of amusements we may gather from the "Constitutiones" given them by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—"also we enjoyne you, that all daunsyng and revelng be utterly forborne among you, except at Christmasse, and other honest tymys of recreacyone, among yourselfe usyd, in absence of seculars in alle wyse."

On the wall above the Nuns' Grate is a monument erected in 1877 to the memory of Alberico Gentili, who, when driven to England by the religious persecutions of the latter part of the sixteenth century, established his reputation as a great international jurist by his famous work, "De Jure Belli." The register of St. Helen's mentions the burial of his father, Matteo, "near the cherry-tree," and that of the son "at the feet of Widow Coombs, near the gooseberry



Tomb of Sir John Crosby, St. Helen's.

tree"—*i.e.* in the convent garden, as near to the back of this monument as can be identified.

Passing the altar, we reach the noble tomb of Sir John Crosby (1475) and his wife Anneys—he wearing an alderman's mantle over plate armour, and with a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, round his neck. The lady has a most remarkable headdress. Steps lead down into the *Chapel of the Virgin*, almost paved with

brasses, the best being that of John Lementhorp (1510) in armour; and those of Nicholas Wootton (1482) and John Brent (1451), rectors of St. Martin Outwich, removed from that church. In the centre of the chapel is the fine tomb of John de Oteswitch and Mary his wife, of the time of Henry IV., founders of St. Martin Outwich. An admirable little figure of a girl with a book, of old Italian work-

St. Helena.

manship, on a bracket, is said to be intended for St. Helena. The ancient altar-stone and sedilia remain.

In the *Chapel of the Holy Ghost* is the altar-tomb of Sir Julius Cæsar, the son of Pietro Maria Adelmare and Paola Cesarino of Treviso. He was made Master of Requests (1590) and Master of St. Catherine's Hospital (1596) by Elizabeth, was knighted at Greenwich by James I. in 1603.

made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1606, and Master of the Rolls in 1610. He was "the charitable Sir Julius Cæsar" of Izaak Walton.* The tomb was executed in the life-time of Sir Julius by *Nicholas Stone*, the sculptor of Dr. Donne's monument in St. Paul's. On the top is a scroll of black marble representing a parchment deed, with a seal appendant, by which Cæsar covenants willingly to pay the debt of nature, when it shall please God to require it. The deed is signed Feb. 27, 1634, and the debt was paid April 18, 1636. But the Latin inscription is too curious to omit—

"Omnibus Xri fidelibus ad quos hoc presens scriptum pervenerit; sciatis, me Julium Adelmare alias Cæsarem militem utriusq. juris doctorem Elizabethæ Reginæ supremæ curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem et unum e magistris libellorum: Jacobo Regi e privatis consiliariis, cancellarium Scaccarii et sacrorum sereniorum Magistrum hac presenti carta mea confirmasse, me adiuvente divino numine Naturæ debitum libenter soluturum quam primum Deo placuerit."

The stalls on the north of the chancel are the ancient seats of the nuns. A picturesque bit of carving against a pillar bears the arms and marked the seat of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor, 1665.

On the north wall is the tomb (from St. Martin Outwich) of Alderman Richard Staper (1598), "the greatest merchant in his tyme, and the chiefest actor in the discoueri of the trades of Turkey and East India, a man humble in prosperity, payneful and ever ready in the affayres publicque, and discreetely careful of his private." The famous Robert Hooke, philosopher and mechanic, and Curator of the Royal Society, who died in Gresham College in 1702, is buried in this church without a monument. He

* See Walton's "Life of Sir Henry Wotton."

was the inventor of the first efficient air-pump, of the pendulum spring of a watch, of the circular pendulum adapted by Watt as his "governor of the steam-engine," and of the watch-wheel cutting machine. The first idea of a telegraph was originated by him.*

From the south porch of the church a labyrinthine passage leads by St. Mary Axe to St. Andrew Undershaft, of which there is a picturesque view where the passage opens upon the street. Several of the houses which look upon St. Helen's Churchyard deserve notice. No. 2 has a rich doorway, and good staircase of Charles I.'s time; Nos. 8 and 9 are subdivisions of a fine brick house of 1648, probably by Inigo Jones; and in No. 9 are a handsome chimney-piece and staircase of carved oak. The *Almshouses*, built in 1551 by Sir Andrew Judde, whose tomb we have seen, still exist here, but were rebuilt in 1729.

The next turn out of Bishopsgate Street leads into St. Helen's Place, near the end of which is the modern *Hall of the Leathersellers' Company*, incorporated by Richard II. It stands upon the still-preserved crypt of St. Helen's Priory. At the beginning of this century a curious fountain with the figure of a mermaid, sculptured by Caius Gabriel Cibber in 1779, in payment of a fine to the company, stood in the court in front of it; but it disappeared many years ago.

On the opposite side of Bishopsgate Street is the ancient hostelry of the *Green Dragon*, with wooden galleries overhanging its courtyard. The curious Inn of *The Four Swans* adjoining has been rebuilt and spoilt.

Near this on the left, with buildings extending to Broad

* The history of this church has been published in "Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate," edited by the Rev. J. E. Cox, 1877.

Street, stood Gresham College, founded in honour of Sir Thomas Gresham, who gave the Royal Exchange to the City on condition that the Corporation would institute lectures on Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Rhetoric, and Physic, to be delivered in his dwelling-house, which he bequeathed for the purpose.

Many eminent men were professors of this college, and their learned weekly meetings in 1645 gave birth to the Royal Society. During the time of the Commonwealth, Sir Christopher Wren was Professor of Astronomy here, and here he made his great reflecting telescope. On April 22, 1662, Charles II. formally constituted the college by the title of "The President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge." Quaint and credulous were many of the inquiries of these old philosophers, who wrote to ask one of their foreign correspondents to ascertain "if it were true that diamonds grew again where they were digged out," and to find out "what river in Java turns wood into stone;" and who preserved in their museum a bone taken out of a mermaid's head, and issued reports of a mountain cabbage three hundred feet high. Charles II. was often amused with these vagaries. Butler, who laughs at the attempts of the society—

> "To measure wind and weigh the air,
> To turn a circle to a square,
> And in the braying of an ass
> Find out the treble and the bass,
> If mares neigh *alto*, and a cow
> In double diapason low"—

especially satirises Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, one of the professors, who believed that a new world was

to be discovered in the moon and that it would be reached by flying machines. It was this Wilkins who, when a great lady required of him how he would contrive to bait upon the journey, replied that he was amazed that she who had herself built so many *castles in the air* should ask him such a question. In 1675 Samuel Pepys was President of the Royal Society in Gresham College. Isaac Newton, afterwards President, was here "excused from the weekly contribution of a shilling, on account of his low circumstances."

Gresham College was a noble building of brick and stone, "with open courts and covered walks, which seemed all so well suited for such an intention, as if Sir Thomas had it in view at the time he built the house." * The open archway towards the stables was decorated with two figures, the one standing with a drawn sword over the other upon his knees. Dr. Woodward, famous as an early geologist, fought a duel with Dr. Mead, the great physician and botanist under that porch. His foot slipped and he fell. "Will you beg your life?" demanded Mead. "No, doctor, certainly not, till I am your patient," returned the implacable Woodward.

After the Fire, which it escaped, Gresham College was temporarily used as an Exchange, and its Professors' lodgings were occupied by the City courts and offices, its piazza by the shops of the Exchange tenants, and its quadrangle by the merchants' meetings—"thus Gresham College became an epitome of this great city, and the centre of all affairs, both public and private, which were then transacted in it." * When the Exchange was rebuilt the Royal Society

* Ward. "Lives of the Professors of Gresham College."

returned to the College and continued to hold their meetings there till they moved to Crane Court in 1710. From that time the College fell into decay, and in 1768 it was sold to the Commissioners of Excise, and an Excise Office was built upon part of its site.

Almost concealed by its parasitic houses, so that we might easily pass it unobserved, is (right) the Gothic arch which forms an entrance to the solemn little *Church of St. Ethelburga*, dedicated to the daughter of King Ethelbert, one of the few churches which survived the Fire. It contains some good fragments of old stained glass, and its existence is mentioned as early as 1366. At the junction of Camomile and Wormwood Streets, a large episcopal mitre on a house-wall marks the site of the old Gate of the City called Bishops' Gate. Tradition ascribed the foundation of this gate (frequently rebuilt) to St. Erkenwald in 675, and the Bishops of London had an ancient right to levy one stick from every cart laden with wood which passed beneath it, in return for which they were obliged to supply the hinges of the gate. Beyond this, the street is called *Bishopsgate Without.*

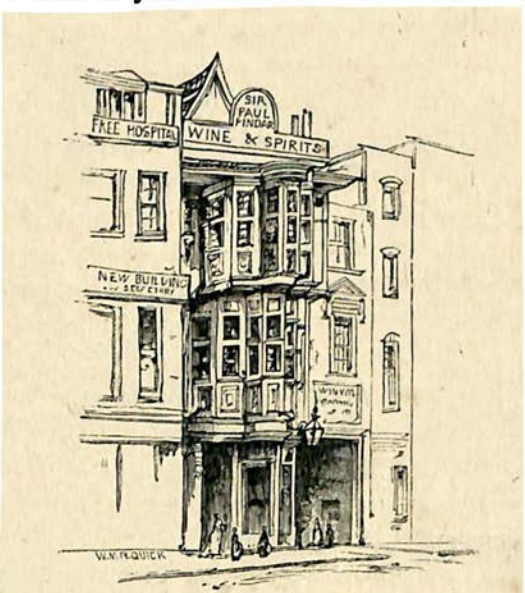
On the left of Bishopsgate Without is *St. Botolph's Church*, an ugly building of 1728. It occupies the site of an earlier edifice, one of the four churches at the gates, dedicated to this popular English saint, who travelled with his brother Adulph into Gaul, and coming back with accounts of the religious institutions he had seen there, and recommendations from two English princesses then in France, sisters of Ethelmund, King of the East Saxons, was given a piece of land in Lincolnshire by that prince—"a forsaken uninhabited desert, where nothing but devills and

goblins were thought to dwell; but St. Botolphe, with the virtue and sygne of the holy crosse, freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants, and by the means and help of Ethelmund, built a monastery therein." Of this Benedictine monastery, of which Boston, Botolph's town, is supposed to mark the site, Botolph was abbot, and there he died in the odour of sanctity, June, 680.

The church contains the monument (a tablet with a flaming vase) of Sir Paul Pindar (1650), a famous merchant and Commissioner of the Customs in Charles II.'s time. It is inscribed to "Sir Paul Pindar, Kt., his Majesty's Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor, Anno Dom. 1611, and nine years resident: faithful in negotiations foreign and domestick, eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence; an inhabitant twenty-six years, and bountiful benefactor to this parish. He died the 22nd of August, 1650, aged 84 years." The sunny churchyard is now a garden full of ornamental ducks and pigeons. It contains the tomb of Coya Shawsware, a Persian merchant, around which his relations sang and recited funeral elegies, morning and evening, for months after his death.

It is not far down Bishopsgate Street to (left) the beautiful old *House of Sir Paul Pindar*, "worthie benefactor to the poore," with overhanging oriel windows, very richly decorated with panel-work, forming a subject well worthy of the artist's pencil. The house was begun by Sir Paul Pindar on his return from Italy at the end of the reign of Elizabeth. He was born in 1566. His reputation of the richest merchant of the kingdom brought him frequent visits here from James I. and Charles I. to beg for a loan in their necessities. At the request of the

Turkey Company he was sent by James I. as ambassador to Constantinople, where he did much to improve the English trade in the Levant. On his return in 1620, he brought back with him, amongst other treasures, a great diamond which was valued at £30,000, and which he was wont to lend to James I. to wear at the opening of his



Sir Paul Pindar's House, Bishopsgate.

Parliaments; it was afterwards sold to Charles I. At the time of the civil wars it was Sir Paul Pindar who provided funds for the escape of the Queen and her children. He lived to give £10,000 for the restoration of St. Paul's, which was begun in Charles II.'s reign before the Great Fire. When he died the King owed no less than £300,000 to Sir Paul and the other Commissioners of the Customs, and Pindar's

affairs were found to be in such confusion, that his executor, William Toomer, was unable to bear the responsibility of his trust, and destroyed himself. When the great merchant was living, the house had a park attached to it behind, of which one of the richly ornamented lodges and some old mulberry trees, planted to please James I., existed till a few years ago in Half-Moon Alley. Now all is closely hemmed in by houses.

The name of *Devonshire Street* (on the right) commemorates the town-house of the Cavendishes, Earls of Devonshire, who lived in Bishopsgate during the seventeenth century, and some of whom are buried in St. Botolph's. The corner house has a chimney-piece with the arms of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the adored friend to whom the sonnets of Shakspeare are addressed.

[To the left, by Liverpool Street, are *Finsbury Circus* and *Finsbury Square*, occupying the site of Moorfields, a marshy ground which was a favourite Sunday walk with the citizens. Here, says Shadwell, "you could see Haberdashers walking with their whole fireside." Shakspeare alludes to the popularity of this walk in his *Henry IV.*—

> "And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
> As if thou never walk'st farther than Finsbury."

John Keats the Poet was born at No. 28 on the Pavement in Moorfields in 1795, being the son of a livery-stable keeper, who had enriched himself by a marriage with his master's daughter.

Tradition and an old ballad say that the name of Finsbury is derived from two ladies, daughters of a gallant knight who went to the Crusades :—

"And charged both his daughters
Unmarried to remain
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returned back again:
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain."

The eldest of them, Mary, became a nun of Bethlehem, spending day and night in prayer for her father—

"And in the name of Jesus Christ
A holy cross did build
Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate
Adjoining to Moorfield."

The younger, Dame Annis, opened a well—

"Where wives and maidens daily came,
To wash, from far and near."

So the sisters lived on

"Till time had changed their beauteous cheeks
And made them wrinkled old."

But when the King of England returned from the Crusades, it was only the heart of their brave father which he brought back to his loving daughters, which they solemnly buried, and gave the name of their father to its resting-place—

"Old Sir John Fines he had the name
Being buried in that place,
Now, since then, called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which time to come shall not outwear
Nor yet the same deface.

And likewise when those maidens died
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely hield.
And now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield.

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair
For that intent most freely given
By these two damsels fair."

Bloomfield Street, Moorfields, may be noticed as containing the *Museum of the London Missionary Society* (open Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 3 in winter, and 10 to 4 in summer). It is of little general interest.

Beyond Finsbury Square, by the *Finsbury Pavement*—once the only firm path in the marshy district of Moorfields—we reach, in the *City Road* (left), the modern castellated buildings of the *Artillery Barracks*, which are the headquarters of the London Militia—the "London Trained Bands" of our Civil Wars, which were the mainstay of the Parliamentary army, being the successors of the "Archers of Finsbury," incorporated by Henry VIII., but having their first origin in the Guild of St. George, established in the reign of Edward I. The artillery ground here is the Campus Martius—the Champ de Mars—of London.

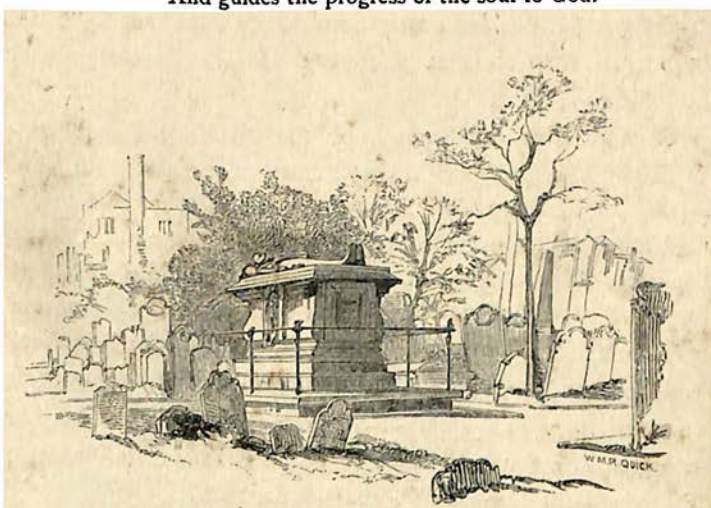
Just beyond the Barracks (divided by the street) is the vast burial-ground of *Bunhill Fields*, Anthony Wood's "fanatical burial-place," and Southey's "Campo Santo of the Dissenters," originally called "Bone-hill Fields" from having been one of the chief burial-places during the Great Plague.

Open, *Week-days*, 9 to 7 in summer, 9 to 4 in winter.
Sundays, 1 to 7 in summer, 1 to 4 in winter.

The burial-ground is now closed as a cemetery, but the forest of tombs on the left, shaded by young trees, remains

a green oasis in one of the blackest parts of London. Near the centre of "the Puritan Necropolis" a white figure, lying aloft upon a high (modern) altar-tomb, marks the *Grave of John Bunyan* (1628—1688), whither all will at once direct their steps, for who does not, with Cowper—

"Revere the man whose pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to God."



John Bunyan's Tomb.

Bunyan wrote as many books as the sixty years of his life, but is chiefly honoured as the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which was written during his imprisonment as a dissenter in Bedford jail, where "with only two books—the Bible and 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs'—he employed his time for twelve years and a half in preaching to, and praying with, his fellow-prisoners, in writing several of his works, and in making tagged laces for the support of him-

self and his family." * Being released in 1672, he spent his remaining years in exhorting his dissenting brethren to holiness of life, and, when James II. proclaimed liberty of conscience for dissenters, opened a meeting-house at Bedford. He died on Snow Hill from a cold taken on a missionary excursion, in the house of John Studwick, a grocer, who was buried near him in 1697.

"I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best Summa Theologiæ Evangelicæ ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. . . It is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are, the more necessary it is to be plain. This wonderful book is one of the few books which may be read repeatedly, at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure."—*Coleridge.*

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shews so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . We are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these minds produced the Paradise Lost, the other the Pilgrim's Progress." —*T. B. Macaulay.*

* Dr. Barlow.

Bunyan himself, in the preface to the "Holy War," describes the way in which his work grew :—

> "It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickeled;
> So to my pen, from whence immediately,
> On paper I did dribble it daintily."

"The spot where Bunyan lies is still regarded by the Nonconformists with a feeling which seems scarcely in harmony with the stern spirit of their theology. Many puritans, to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the reliques and tombs of their saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"—*Macaulay.*

Just beyond the tomb of Bunyan are altar-tombs to Henry Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, and William Cromwell. General Fleetwood, who had married that severe republican Bridget Cromwell, General Ireton's widow, has an altar-tomb nearer the gate.

At a turn of the path, beyond the tombs of the Cromwells, is the headstone of Susannah Wesley, the youngest daughter of Samuel Annesley, the ejected Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and widow of the Vicar of Epworth. She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most renowned were John and Charles. "The former" (in the words of her epitaph) "under God being the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists."

"No man was ever more suitably mated than the elder Wesley. The wife whom he chose was, like himself, the child of a man eminent among the non-conformists, and, like himself, in early youth she had chosen her own path: she had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong. The dispute, it must be remembered, related wholly to discipline; but her enquiries had not stopt there, and she had reasoned herself into Socinianism,

from which she was reclaimed by her husband. She was an admirable woman, of highly-improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding, an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, a fervent Christian."

Mrs. Wesley died in 1742.

"Arriving in London from one of his circuits, John Wesley found his mother 'on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call, to depart and be with Christ.' On the third day after his arrival, 'he perceived that her change was near.' 'I sate down,' he says, 'on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."' He performed the funeral service himself, and thus feelingly describes it: 'Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sate on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.'"—*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

The stanzas succeeding the verses which her sons placed upon the tomb of Susannah Wesley refer to her belief that she had received an assurance of the forgiveness of her sins at the moment when her son-in-law, Hall, was administering the Last Supper to her—

> "In sure and steadfast hope to rise
> And claim her mansion in the skies,
> A Christian here her flesh laid down,
> The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known,
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her Heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, 'Arise, my Love!'
I come, her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like as her Lord she died."

Around the spot where we may picture the vast multitude gathered amid the tombs and Wesley preaching by his mother's grave, the most eminent of the earlier Nonconformists had already been buried. Of these perhaps the most remarkable was Dr. John Owen (1616—1683), "the Great Dissenter," at one time Dean of Christ Church, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford when Oliver Cromwell was Chancellor, the divine who preached before the House of Commons on the day after the execution of Charles I. He was the author of eighty works!

"The first sheet of his 'Meditations on the Glory of Christ' had passed through the press under the superintendence of the Rev. William Payne . . . and, on that person calling on him to inform him of the circumstance on the morning of the day he died, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes looking upward, 'I am glad to hear it; but, O brother Payne! the long-wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world.'"

Amongst the graves of the three hundred notable Nonconformist ministers buried here, we may notice those of Dr. Thomas Goodwin (1587—1643), the President of Magdalen, ejected at the Restoration, who had prayed by

Oliver Cromwell's death-bed, and had asked a blessing upon Richard Cromwell at his proclamation as Protector; of Hansard Knollys, the Baptist, author of "Flaming Fire in Zion" (1691); of Nathaniel Mather (brother of Increase Mather), celebrated for his sermons (1697); of the learned Theophilus Gale (1678), who was ejected from his fellowship at Magdalen for refusing to conform at the Restoration, author of the "Court of the Gentiles," and many other works; of the zealous itinerant preacher Vavasour Powell, "the Whitefield of Wales" (1671), "an indefatigable enemy of monarchy and episcopacy," who died in the Fleet prison, where he had been confined for eleven years; of Thomas Rosewell (1692), the ejected rector of Sutton Mandeville, who was arraigned for high treason, condemned by Judge Jeffreys, and pardoned by the king; of Thomas Doolittle, the much-persecuted minister of Monkwell Street (1707); of Dr. Daniel Williams, founder of the Williams Library (1716); of Daniel Neal, author of the "History of the Puritans" (1743—4); of Thomas Bradbury, who refused the bribe of a bishopric under Anne, and who claimed to be the first minister who proclaimed George I. from the pulpit (1759); and of Dr. John Conder (1781), with the epitaph, by himself—"Peccavi, Resipui, Confidi; Amavi, Requiesco, Resurgam; Et, ex gratia Christi, ut ut indignus, regnabo." One of the most interesting tombs is that of Dr. Nathaniel Lardner (1684—1768), one of the most eminent of Nonconformist divines, author of the "Credibility of Gospel History."

"Dr. Lardner's extensive and accurate investigations into the credibility of the Gospel history have left scarcely anything more to be done or desired."—*Orme's Bibl. Bib.*

"No clergyman or candidate for the ministry can afford to be without Dr. Lardner's Works, and no intelligent layman should be without them. If any man—not idiotic, or destitute of ordinary good sense—can read Lardner's Credibility and still disbelieve the Gospel, it is absurd for him to pretend to believe the most common facts of history, or, indeed, the existence of anything beyond the cognizance of his five senses."—*Austin Alibone.*

Visitors must seek on the northern side of the burial-ground for the tomb of the famous Independent minister Dr. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), author of the well-known hymns and many other works.

"Every Sabbath, in every region of the earth where his native tongue is spoken, thousands and tens of thousands of voices are sending the sacrifices of prayer and praise to God in the strains which he prepared for them a century ago."—*James Montgomery.*

"It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well. . . He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verse, or his prose, to imitate him in all but his nonconformity, to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Not far from the grave of Watts, a modern pyramid marks that of Daniel de Foe (1661—1731), son of a butcher in St. Giles, Cripplegate, writer of many works, but renowned as the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

"He must be acknowledged as one of the ablest, as he was one of the most captivating, writers of which this isle can boast."—*Chalmers.*

"Robinson Crusoe is delightful to all ranks and classes. It is capital kitchen reading, and equally worthy from its deep interest, to find a place in the libraries of the wealthiest and the most learned."—*Charles Lamb.*

Amongst those, not ministers, who have been buried here in the last century, are Joseph Ritson, the Antiquary (1803);

John Horne Tooke, the Reformer (1812); Lady Anne Erskine, the trustee of Lady Huntingdon (1804); Joseph Hughes, the Founder of the Bible Society; David Nasmyth, the Founder of City Missions (1839); Abraham Rees, the Editor of "Chambers' Encyclopædia" (1825); William Blake, the painter and engraver of "marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain"* (1828); and Thomas Stothard, R.A. (1834).

The inscription on the tomb of Dame Mary Page (1728) tells that "In 67 months she was tapped 66 times and had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

Milton was living in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields (now destroyed), in 1666.

"An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones. He used also to sit in a grey, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality."—*J. Richardson.*

George Whitefield preached in Bunhill Fields (April 30, 1760) at the grave of Robert Tilling, who was hung at Tyburn for the murder of his master, Mr. Lloyd, a Bishopsgate merchant. He frequently preached in the open air in Moorfields to congregations of from twenty to thirty thousand persons, and it was there especially, as he wrote to Lady Huntingdon, that "he went to meet the devil." In 1741 a wooden tabernacle was built for him, which was superseded by a brick building in 1753, but he continued,

* Charles Lamb.

when the weather allowed, to address in the open air larger congregations than any building would contain. His open-air church was like a battle-field, Merry-Andrews exhibiting their tricks close by to draw off his congregations, recruiting sergeants with their drums marching through the midst of his hearers, showers of dirt, eggs, &c., being perpetually hurled at him. Whitefield's last sermon in an English place of worship was preached in the tabernacle of Moorfields (now pulled down) August 31, 1769.

Behind Bunhill Fields (west), in Coleman Street, is the entrance to the dismal *Friends' Burial Ground*, which was greatly reduced in its dimensions for building purposes in 1877, the bones in the appropriated portion of the cemetery being removed to the neighbourhood of the grave of George Fox (1624—1690), founder of the Society of Quakers, whose strong religious opinions were formed whilst tending his sheep as a shepherd in Leicestershire. He became an itinerant preacher in 1647, and his whole after-life was devoted, amid many persecutions, to the spiritual well-being of his fellow-men. George Fox was the only "Friend" buried with a monument, but his stone is now concealed by a Mission Chapel.]

Far down Bishopsgate Without, *Skinner Street* (on the left) was the centre of the Skinners' trade as early as the reign of Richard II.

On the right is *Spitalfields*, now densely inhabited by weavers. It once belonged to the Priory of St. Mary Spital, founded in 1197 by Walter and Rosia Brune. Its old name was Lolesworth. Sir Horatio Pallavicini lived here in the reign of Elizabeth. Silk weaving was introduced in Spitalfields by French emigrants expelled in 1685 on the

revocation of the edict of Nantes. "Spittlefields and the parts adjoining," says Stow, "became a great harbour for poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French, who, as in former days, so of late, have been found to become exiles from their own country for their religion, and for the avoiding cruel persecution. Here they found quiet and security, and settled themselves in their several trades and occupations, weavers especially; whereby God's blessing is surely not only brought upon the parish, by receiving poor strangers, but also a great advantage hath accrued to the whole nation, by the rich manufacture of weaving silks, and stuffs, and camlets, which art they brought along with them. And this benefit also to the neighbourhood, that these strangers may serve for pattern of thrifty honesty, industry, and sobriety." In the year 1687 alone, no less than 13,500 of these exiles took refuge in England. They so thoroughly identified themselves with the nation which received them, that many changed their French names into English synonyms. Thus Le Noir, became Black; Le Blanc, White; Le Brun, Brown; Oiseau, Bird, &c. Many historic French names are still to be found in the district—Le Sage, Fouché (Anglicised into Futcher), and Racine, whose possessor declares himself related to the famous dramatist. The mothers of the last generation were often to be seen in their old French costumes, and to this hour thousands work in their glazed attics, such as were used by their forefathers on the other side of the Channel, which give such a characteristic aspect to the neighbourhood.*

In a walk through Spitalfields no one will fail to be struck with the number of singing-birds kept in the houses,

* See the interesting Report of the New Nichol Street Ragged Schools, 1856.

and for these there is often a large cage near the roof. The catching and training of singing-birds is a branch of industry peculiar to Spitalfields. The weavers first train their call-birds. An amusing article on bird-catching in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" says, "The bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose *call-birds* can jerk (sing) the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenest before the candle is burnt out wins the wager. We have been informed that there have been instances of a bird having given a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet in such a trial persevere in its emulation till it swooned from its perch."

Spital Square, a gloomy red brick square of the early Georges, marks the site of the old Hospital. The number of remains dug up here prove that this district was the burial-place of Roman London. Elizabeth went to hear a sermon at St. Mary Spittal, with two white bears following her in a cart, to be baited as soon as it was over!

In Brick Lane, Spitalfields, is the great *Brewery* of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.

Shoreditch, which joins Spitalfields on the west, was originally Soersditch, from "its lord, Sir John Soerditch, of Ickenham, an erudite lawyer trusted by Edward III.," * but tradition continues to derive its name from the beautiful goldsmith's wife, beloved by Edward IV. The tradition has probably arisen through the old ballad of "Jane Shore's Lament," which ends—

* Pennant.

"I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent;

The which now, since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch called, as writers saye;
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king." *

Attached to the Church of St. Leonard was the Holy well nunnery, founded by Sir Thomas Lovel, who died in 1524. Most of its windows bore the lines—

"Al ye nunnes in Holywel
Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas Lovel."

Sir George Manners, who fought with Henry VIII. at the siege of Tournay, was buried under the high-altar.

Shoreditch has always had an immoral reputation. Here Mrs. Milwood, celebrated in the ballad of "George Barnwell," lived "next door unto the Gun." "The Theatre" and "the Curtain," the only two theatres which were in existence when Shakspeare came to London (between 1583 and 1592), were both in Shoreditch. "The Theatre" was built in 1576 by James Burbage, on land leased from one Giles Allen, and by 1577 it had become a favourite resort: it was removed by Richard the son of James Burbage, that its materials might be used in building

* Really Jane Shore, released from her prison of Ludgate on the death of Richard III., lived to be eighty, and died 1533.

the Globe Theatre in Southwark. "The Curtain," built about the same time as "the Theatre," continued to be used till the time of Charles I.: its site is marked by Gloucester Street, which was called Curtain Court" till 1745. The roof in both these theatres only covered the stage and galleries; the central space, for which admission was only one penny, was left open to the sky. There is a tradition that Shakspeare stood at the doors of the Shoreditch playhouses and held the horses of spectators during the performance. But there is no proof that he was ever reduced to this, and before 1597 his "Romeo and Juliet" had been acted at "the Curtain," while before December, 1594, he was himself an actor, for entries are found in the accounts of the Treasury of the Chamber for sums paid "to William Kempe, William Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberlayne, for twoe several comedies or interludes, shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme."* The theatres in Shoreditch were considered as centres of vice. In Stockswood's sermon at Paul's Cross, August 24, 1578, the preacher says, "What should I speak of beastlye playes, againste which out of this place every man crieth out? I know not how I might with the godly learned more especially discommende the gorgeous playing-place erected *in the fieldes* than to terme it, as they please to have it called, a theatre, that is even after the maner of the olde heathenish theatre at Rome, a shewplace of al beastlye and filthie matters." And in May, 1583, the Lord Mayor wrote to Sir F. Walsingham, "Among others we finde one very great and dangerous inconvenience, the assemblie of people to playes, beare-

* See Halliwell's "Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare."

bayting, fencers, and prophane spectacles at the Theatre and Curtaine, and other like places." *

Beyond Spitalfields to the east is the black poverty-stricken district of *Bethnal Green*, also chiefly inhabited by weavers. The whole population is of recent growth. Pepys went to Sir William Rider's gardens at Bethnal Green, and found there "the largest quantity of strawberries he ever saw and very good." Sir W. Rider's was supposed to be the house of "the Blind Beggar," so well known from the ballad in Percy's "Reliques"—

> "My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
> The siely blind beggar of Bednall-green,
> That daily sits begging for charitie,
> He is the good father of pretty Bessee.
>
> His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
> He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell,
> A siely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
> Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessee."†

"Bishop's Hall" and "Bonner's Fields" commemorate the residence of Bishop Bonner in this locality.

The district of *Hoxton*, beyond Shoreditch, was once celebrated for its balsamic wells, and, in the last century, in the annals of gardening. Farther east is the populous district of *Hackney*, of which Archbishop Sancroft was vicar. Here the popish conspirators assembled at "the Cock," Oct. 2, 1661, with the intention of assassinating Charles II. on his return from a visit to Sir Thomas Vyner; but the plot was revealed in time, though the conspirators escaped.

* See *The Builder*, April 17, 1875.

† The beadle of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, has a staff, of 1669, on the head of which, in silver gilt, the story of the Blind Beggar and his daughter is represented.

The sign of "the King's Head" at Hackney was changed to "Cromwell's Head" under the Commonwealth, for which its landlord was whipped and pilloried at the Restoration, and afterwards called his inn "King Charles's Head."

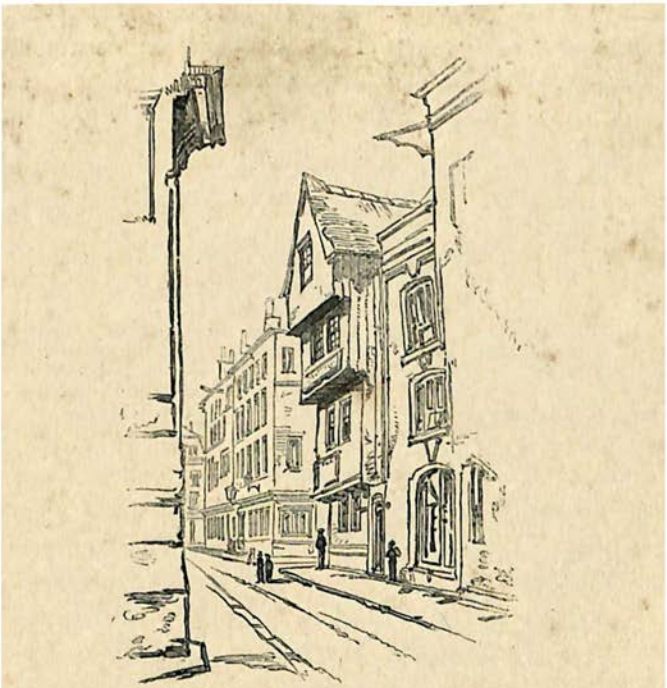
Returning down Bishopsgate, on the left is *Houndsditch*, a relic, in its name, of the old foss which encircled the city, formerly a natural receptacle for dead dogs, whose filth the street was intended to remedy. Richard of Cirencester says that the body of Edric, the murderer of Edmund Ironsides, was thrown into Houndsditch. His crime had raised Canute to the throne, but when he came to claim his promised reward—the highest position in the city—the Danish king replied, "I like the treason, but hate the traitor: behead this fellow, and, as he claims my promise, place his head on the highest pinnacle of the Tower." Edric was then scorched to death with flaming torches, his head raised on the highest point of the Tower, and his body thrown to the hounds of Houndsditch.

This is the Jews' quarter—silent on Saturdays, busy on Sundays. Houndsditch has long been a street famous for its brokers. In his "Every Man in his Humour" Ben Jonson speaks of a Houndsditch man as "one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker;" and Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the brokers of Dogsditch—

> "More knavery and usury,
> And foolery, and trickery, than Dogsditch."

Cutler Street, on the left, is the ancient centre for the cutlers.

Duke's Place, Houndsditch, occupies the site of Christ Church Priory, founded in 1108 by Queen Maude. It was granted at the Dissolution to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor. His daughter married Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (whence the name), and was wont to ride hither



In Bevis Marks.

through the city with one hundred horsemen in livery, preceded by four heralds. Holbein died in the Duke's house.

Behind Houndsditch on the right runs *Bevis Marks* (Bury's Marks), from the town-house of the Abbots of Bury

St. Edmunds, afterwards "granted to Thomas Heneage the father, and Sir Thomas Heneage the son." *

On the north side of this street, before the Dissolution, stood the Hospital of the Brotherhood of St. Augustine Papey. Here the sign of the tavern of *The Blue Pig*, only very recently removed, was a strange instance of the endurance of the sign of "the Blue Boar," the crest of Richard III., who, as Duke of Gloucester, resided close by in Crosby Hall.

* Maitland, ii. 782.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

THE labyrinthine but most busy streets which form the centre of the City of London to the south of the Royal Exchange are filled with objects of interest, though of minor interest, amid which it will be difficult to thread our way, and impossible to keep up any continuous connection of associations. The houses, which have looked down upon so many generations of toilers, are often curious in themselves. The City churches for the most part are dying a slow death; their congregations have ebbed and will never flow back. Very few are worth visiting for their own sakes, yet almost every one contains some tomb or other fragment which gives it a historic interest. Dickens vividly describes their general aspect and the kind of thoughts which are awakened by attending a service in one of these queer old churches.

"There is a pale heap of books in the corner of every pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such a fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of the music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family. And who were they? Jane Comport must have married young Dowgate, and come into the family that way. Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when

he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf. If Jane were fond of young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected.

"The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find to my astonishment that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as death it is! Not only in the cold damp February day, do we cough and sneeze dead citizens, all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ and half choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverised on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

* * * * * * *

"In the churches about Mark Lane there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was sometimes a subtle flavour of wine; sometimes of tea. One church, near Mincing Lane, smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little farther down the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually turned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the 'Rake's Progress,' where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse.

"The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window, with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the Master of the old Company, on which it drips. His

son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out."—*The Uncommercial Traveller.*

The great new street which leads out of St. Paul's Churchyard to the S.W. is *Cannon Street*, originally Candlewick Street, the head-quarters of the wax-chandlers who flourished by Roman Catholicism. In the formation of the new street, many old buildings were destroyed, the most interesting being Gerard's (Gisor's?) Hall in Basing Lane, with a noble crypt probably built by Sir John Gisors, Mayor in 1245: in which a gigantic firpole was shown as the staff of "Gerard the Giant." The figure of the giant, which adorned the outside of the house, is now in the museum of the Guildhall. *Distaff Lane*, near the entrance of Cannon Street on the right, leads to *Old Fish Street.* Here are the *Church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey*, the first church finished by Wren after the Fire, and the *Church of St. Mary Magdalen*, another of Wren's works, rather good in its proportions. In the vestibule is a brass rescued from the old church, with the date 1558, and the inscription—

> "In God the Lord put all your trust,
> Repent your former wicked daies.
> Elizabeth, our queen most just,
> Bless her, O Lord, in all her waies.
> So, Lord, increase good counsellours
> And preachers of His holy word;
> Mislike of all papists desires—
> Oh Lord, cut them off with thy sword.
> How small soever the gift shall bee,
> Thank God for him who gave it thee:
> XII. penie loaves to XII. poor foulkes
> Give, every Sabbath day for aye."

As a monument saved from a church burnt in the Great Fire this deserves notice.

Knightrider Street, which opens hence to the west, is supposed to derive its name from the processions of knights riding from Tower Royal to tournaments in Smithfield. No. 5 was the house of the great physician Linacre, bequeathed by him to the College of Physicians.

Cannon Street is now crossed by *Bread Street*, so called from the market in which bakers of Bromley and Stratford-le-Bow were forced to sell their bread before the reign of Edward I., being forbidden to sell it in their houses. On the right is *St. Mildred's, Bread Street*, one of Wren's worst rebuildings, dedicated to a Saxon princess who was abbess of Minster. It is wretched externally, but has an elegantly supported dome. The pulpit is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. An interesting monument commemorates Sir Nicholas Crisp, the indefatigable agent of Charles I., who at one time would wait for information at the water's edge dressed as a porter, with a basket of fish on his head, and at another would disguise himself as a butter-woman and carry his news out of London mounted between two panniers. His epitaph tells how "Sir Nicholas Crisp, anciently inhabitant in this parish and a great benefactor to it, was the old faithful servant to King Charles I. and King Charles II., for whom he suffered very much, and lost above £100,000 in their service, but this was repaid in some measure by King Charles II."

In Bread Street, at the sign of the Spread Eagle, the armorial ensign of his family, John Milton was born, December 9, 1608, being the son of a scrivener. His birthplace was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, before the publication of "Paradise Lost." The poet was baptised in the old *Church of All Hallows* at the corner of Bread

Street and Watling Street. It was destroyed in the Fire, but rebuilt by Wren. The second church was condemned to destruction in 1877, the same year which witnessed the demolition of the house in Petty France which was the last remaining of Milton's many London homes. In the register of All Hallows his baptism is recorded, and he was commemorated on the church wall towards Watling Street in the inscription, which city waggoners often lingered to decipher—

> "Three poets, in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
> The first in loftiness of thought surpast,
> The next in majesty—in both the last. .
> The force of nature could no further go:
> To make a third, she joined the former two.*
>
> John Milton was born in Bread Street on
> Friday the 9th day of December, 1608,
> And was baptised in the parish church of
> Allhallows, Bread Street, on Tuesday the
> 20th day of December, 1608."

In the old church was buried Alderman Richard Reed, who refused to pay his contribution to the Northern Wars of Henry VIII. and was sent down to serve as a soldier, at his own cost, "that, as he could not find it in his heart to disburse a little quantity of his substance, he might do some service for his country with his body, whereby he might be somewhat instructed of the difference between the sitting quietly in his house and the travail and danger which others daily do sustain, whereby he hath hitherto been maintained in the same." He was taken prisoner by the Scotch and obliged to purchase his ransom for a large

* Dryden.

sum. In the vestry of the later church was a monumental tablet inscribed "In memory of the Rev. W. Lawrence Saunders, M.A., Rector of All Hallows, who, for sermons here preached in defence of the doctrines of the Reformation of the Church of England from the corruptions of the Church of Rome, suffered martyrdom in ye third of Queen Mary, being burned at Coventry, February ye 8th, 1555." John Howe, the eminent nonconformist divine, author of "The Living Temple," "The Blessedness of the Righteous," &c., was buried here in 1705. Some of the fine oak carving from All Hallows is preserved at St. Mary-le-Bow.

Watling Street—so called from the Saxon word Atheling, *noble*—is part of the old Roman road from London to Dover. As we look down it we see one of the most picturesque views in the City. The tower on the right belongs to Wren's restoration of the *Church of St. Augustine*, formerly called "Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam" from its position at the south-west gate of the precincts of St. Paul's, one of the six gates by which the old cathedral was approached. "Here," says Strype, "the fraternity met on the eve of St. Austin, and in the morning at High Mass, when every brother offered a penny and was ready afterwards either to eat or to revel as the master and wardens directed." Beyond rises the great dome, "huge and dusky, with here and there a space on its vast form where the original whiteness of the marble comes out like a streak of moonshine amid the blackness with which time has made it grander than it was in its newness." * In Watling Street is the central station of the *Metropolitan Fire Brigade.*

The *Church of St. Mary Aldermary* or St. Mary the Elder,

* Hawthorne.

in Bow Lane (right), which crosses Watling Street to the east, occupies the site of the first church dedicated to the Virgin in the City. The present building (restored 1876-77) is Gothic (Perpendicular) in spite of its being one of Wren's restorations (in 1681), for he was forced by a bequest of £5,000 in aid of the rebuilding to make the new church a copy of its predecessor, which had been built c. 1510 by Sir Henry Keeble, a grocer, Lord Mayor in 1510, called, in his epitaph in the old building—

> "A famous worthy wight
> Which did this Aldermary Church
> Erect and set upright."

The monuments from St. Antholin's have been placed in the tower. Stow says that "Richard Chawcer, Vintner, gave to this church his tenement and tavern, with the appurtenances in the Royal Street, the corner of Kirion Lane, and was there buried, 1348": this was the father of Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet.

St. Pancras Lane, on the left of Watling Street, leads to a quiet little churchyard, where, an inscription says, "Before ye dreadful fire anno 1666, stood ye church of St. Benet, Sherehog."

Tower Royal (on the left of Cannon Street) now marks the site of an old Royal Palace, inhabited by King Stephen and restored by Queen Philippa, after which it was known as the "Queen's Wardrobe." It was here that the Fair Maid of Kent, widow of the Black Prince, was living during the Wat Tyler invasion, when the rebels terrified her by breaking in, and piercing her bed with their swords, but—

"King Richard, having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed the rebels, he, his lords, and all his company entered the City of London with great joy, and went to the lady princess his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights right sore abashed. But when she saw the king her son she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah! son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The king answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well, but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near-hand lost."—*Stow.*

Riley derives the name of Tower Royal from a street built in the thirteenth century by merchants of the Vintry, who imported wine from the town of La Réole near Bordeaux. The "great house" of Tower Royal was granted to the first Duke of Norfolk—"Jockey of Norfolk"—by Richard III. It afterwards became a "stable for the king's horses" and was gradually destroyed.

On the left, between the end of Watling Street and Budge Row, so called from sellers of Budge (lamb-skin) fur, was St. Antholin's or St. Anthony's, one of Wren's churches, destroyed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1876, and its site built over. Great intercession was vainly made for the preservation of the tower, built 1685—88, which was a noble work of the great City architect, and might have been the greatest ornament to the new street and utilised as a clock-tower. It only occupied forty-four square yards and in no way interfered with the traffic, but the impossibility of doing without the rent of this space in the most richly endowed square mile of the whole territory of the Church was considered a sufficient excuse for its destruction! The Commissioners from the Church of Scotland were lodged close by St. Antholin's, with a gallery opening from their house into the church, where their own chaplains preached,

of whom Alexander Henderson was the chief. "To hear these sermons," says Clarendon, "there was so great a conflux and resort by the citizens, out of humour and faction, by others of all qualities, part of curiosity, by some that they might the better justify the contempt they had of them, that from the first appearance of day in the morning of every Sunday to the shutting in of the light the church was never empty; they (especially the women) who had the happiness to get into the church in the morning (they who could not hung upon or about the windows without, to be auditors or spectators) keeping the places till the afternoon exercises were finished."* "S. Antholine's," says Dugdale "(from its 'Morning Lectures'), was the grand nursery whence most of the Seditious Preachers were after sent abroad throughout all England to poyson the people with their anti-monarchical principles."† The Puritanical piety of St. Antholin's is much ridiculed by contemporary poets.

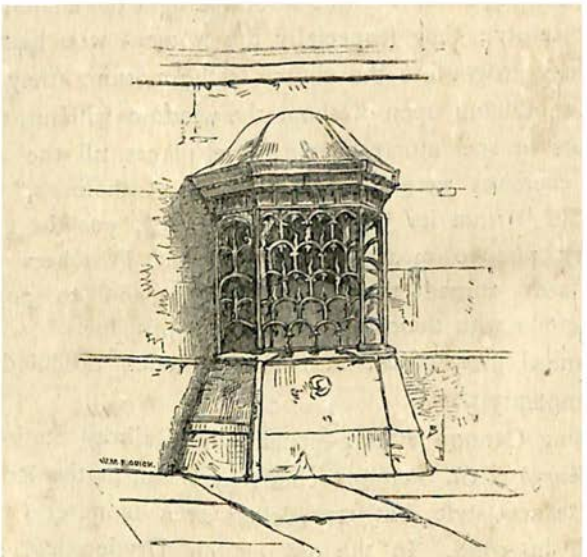
Facing Cannon Street, opposite the Railway Station, is the *Church of St. Swithin*, rebuilt by Wren, in the Roman Renaissance style, but remodelled as a mongrel Gothic church in 1869. In the old church Dryden had been married to Lady Elizabeth Howard, December 1, 1663.

Built into this church, facing the Station, is the famous *London Stone*, now encased in masonry and only visible through a circular opening with an iron grille. It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman Milliarium—the central terminus whence all the great Roman roads radiated over England, and which answered to the Golden

* Clarendon's "Hist. of the Rebellion," ed. 1826, i. 331.
† Dugdale's "Troubles in England," fol. 1681, p. 37.

Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It is probably now a mere fragment of its former self. Stow says, speaking of Walbrook—

"On the south side of this high street, neere unto the channell, is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so stronglie set, that if cartes do runne against it through negligence, the wheeles



London Stone.

be broken, and the stone itselfe unshaken. The cause why this stone was there set, the verie time when, or other memory hereof, is there none; but that the same hath long continued there, is manifest, namely since, or rather before the time of the Conquest. For in the end of a fayre written Gospell booke, given to Christes Church in Canterburie. by Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons, I find noted of lands or rents in London, belonging to the said Church, whereof one parcel is described to lye near unto *London Stone*. Of later time we read that, in the year of Christ 1135, the 1st of King Stephen, a fire

which began in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto *London Stone*, consumed all east to Ealdgate . . . . and those be the eldest notes that I read thereof."

London Stone seems to have been looked upon as a kind of palladium in London, as the Coronation Stone was in Scotland. As such, the adventurous Kentish rebel, Jack Cade, seems to have regarded it, for when, in 1450, in the time of Henry VI., he entered London with royal honours, calling himself John Mortimer, it was straight to London Stone that he rode, and, striking upon it with his sword, cried, "Now is Mortimer lord of the City." Shakspeare makes him say—

"Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me Lord Mortimer."—*Hen. VI. pt.* ii. *Act* iv. *sc.* 6.

Dryden alludes to this in his fable of the "Cock and the Fox"—

"The bees in arms
Drive headlong from the waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout."

The brick church of *St. Mary Abchurch* (from Up-church, being on rising ground), finished 1689, is externally one of Wren's ugliest rebuildings, but internally of peculiar and beautiful design. Its cupola, painted by *Sir James Thornhill* is supported by eight arches and pendentives. The altar-piece is an exquisite work of *Gibbons*, and the font-cover a fine piece of Renaissance work. Here are monuments to Sir Patience Ward, the Lord Mayor (1696) under whom the Monument was built (of whom the Merchant

Tailors' Company have a fine portrait); Edward Sherwood, 1690; and Alderman Perchard. In Crooked Lane, at the end of Cannon Street on the right, was St. Michael's Church (now destroyed), where Sir William Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler, was buried, with the epitaph—

> Here under lyeth a mon of fame,
> William Walworth called by name.
> Fishmonger he was in lyff time here,
> And twise Lord Maior, as in bookes appere;
> Who with courage stout and manly myght
> Slew Jack Straw in Kyng Richard's syght.
> For which act done and trew content,
> The kyng made him knyght incontinent,
> And gave hym armes, as here you see,
> To declare his fact and chivalrie.
> He left this lyff the yere of our God,
> Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd."

Cannon Street falls into King William Street opposite the statue of William IV. Behind the junction of King William Street and Grace Church Street is the *Church of St. Clement, Eastcheap*, one of Wren's restorations. In the old church Bishop Pearson (*ob.* 1686) was rector. His exposition of the Creed is dedicated "to the right worshipful and well-beloved, the parishioners of St. Clement's Eastcheap."

The name of this church is now the only relic of the street of Eastcheap, swallowed up in Cannon Street. It was once the especial mart of the Butchers, afterwards removed to Leadenhall.

> "Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe,
> One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
> Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape,
> But for lacke of money I myght not spede."
>
> *John Lydgate's London Lyckpenny.*

Here was the famous tavern of the Boar's Head, immortalised by Shakspeare, burnt in the Fire, rebuilt, and finally destroyed in 1831: William IV.'s statue marks its site. Washington Irving describes his vain search for the tavern, but narrates that he saw at the "Mason's Arms," in Mile Lane, a snuff-box presented to the Vestry Meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern in 1767, with a representation of the tavern on the lid, and a goblet from the tavern, which he fondly believed was the "parcel-gilt" goblet on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly.

Grace Church Street takes its name from the demolished church of St. Benet, called "Grass Church" from the adjoining herb-market. The name was formerly written "Gracious Street." In White Hart Court, opening from this street, was the Quakers' Meeting House, in which George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, preached two days before his death, and in the house of Henry Goldney in the same court he died, in 1690.

Leaving "the Monument" for the present, we must now make an inner circle, and turn up the broad new *King William Street* nearly as far as the Mansion House.

Here (on the right), in the junction of King William Street and Lombard Street, is the grotesque *Church of St. Mary Woolnoth** designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the "domestic clerk" of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1716. The niches and windows at the sides are tolerably bold imitations of fifteenth century Italian work. The interior is quadrangular, with odd wooden decorations against the walls, and gaudily painted pillars. Over the entrance hang the helmet,

* The origin of this name is unknown.

gloves, sword, spurs, and coat of Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1545, whose portrait is at the Goldsmiths' Hall. Against the north wall is a monument to John Newton, the friend of Cowper, author of the "Cardiphonia" and "Omicron" and of many of the "Olney Hymns." He was for sixteen years Rector of Olney, and for twenty-eight years rector of this parish, where he died December 21, 1807. The tablet is inscribed with an epitaph from his own pen—

"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy."

"I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken by my uncle to hear the well-known Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper the poet) preach his wife's funeral sermon in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street. Newton was then well stricken in years, with a tremulous voice, and in the costume of the full-bottomed wig of the day. He had, and always had, the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly and leisurely, but as he warmed, his ideas and his periods seemed mutually to enlarge: the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his action and expression were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. It was as the 'mens agitans molem et magno se corpore miscens.' In fact the preacher was *one* with his *discourse*. To this day I have not forgotten his text, Hab. iii. 17, 18: 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Newton always preached extemporaneous."—*Dibdin's Reminiscences of a Literary Life.*

Let us now turn down *Lombard Street*—the street of Bankers, which derived its name from the Italian merchants who frequented it before the reign of Edward II. Jane Shore, the beloved of Edward IV., was the wife of a gold-

smith in this street; Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was a bookseller here; and here, where his father was a linen-draper, the poet Pope was born in 1688 amongst the merchants and money-makers. At No. 68 was Sir Thomas Gresham's banking office and goldsmith's shop, once surmounted by a huge gilt grasshopper. On the right, Nicholas Lane leads by the churchyard of St. Nicholas Acon, never rebuilt after the Great Fire. On the left is the *Church of St. Edmund* the English King and Martyr, which now also serves for the parishes of St. Benet, Grace Church, and St. Leonard, Eastcheap. It is one of Wren's restorations. In the old church on this site was buried John Shute (1563), who published one of the first English architectural works—"The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture." Opposite this church a court till lately led to a Quakers' Meeting House, where Penn and Fox frequently preached. *Birchin Lane* (left) was formerly Burchover Lane, from its builder. In *Clement's Lane* (right) the quaint sign of "The Three Foxes" existed till the house it adorned (No. 6) was let to three lawyers, who felt it personal and had it plastered over.

On the left of Lombard Street is another poor work of Wren, the *Church of Allhallows, Lombard Street.* The church is of Saxon foundation and is mentioned in records of 1653. It is now called "the Invisible Church," so completely is it concealed by houses, and this is no loss. In the interior is some good wood-carving.

From Lombard Street, *Fenchurch Street* leads to Aldgate, taking its name from the fenny ground caused by the overflowings of the Lang Bourne, a clear brook of sweet water which ran down Fen Church Street and Lombard Street as

far as St. Mary Woolnoth, where it broke into several small rills which flowed southward to the Thames. Many of the buildings in this street bear a date immediately after the Great Fire, in which it was consumed. Pepys saw "Fanchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lombard Street all in dust." At the corner of *Lime Street* (so called from the lime-burners—the neighbouring *Coleman Street* and *Seacoal Lane* having the same origin) is the *Church of St. Dionis Backchurch* (dedicated to the Athenian, who is called St. Denys in France), rebuilt by Wren after the Fire. Its second name indicates its position. St. Gabriel (of which no trace remains), standing close by, was called "Forechurch," from its position in the centre of Fenchurch Street. St. Dionis is now (1877) condemned. It contains the monument of Sir Arthur Ingram, 1681, from whom Ingram Court, which we have just passed on the left, derives its name; and in the vestry are preserved four specimens of the earliest type of fire-engines—large syringes, three feet long, fastened by straps round the body of the man who works them. The *Pewterers' Hall* in Lime Street (No. 15) contains a curious portrait of William Smallwood, Master of the Company in the time of Henry VII.

On the right of Fenchurch Street, *Philpot Lane* records its ownership by Sir John Philpot, grocer and mayor under Richard II. Hard by, in *Rood Lane*, the next turn on the right, is the *Church of St. Margaret Pattens*, rebuilt by Wren, and so named "because, of old, pattens were there usually made and sold." * The church contains a good deal of handsome carving. Dr. Thomas Birch (*ob.* 1766), author of the "General Dictionary," "Memoirs of

* Stow.

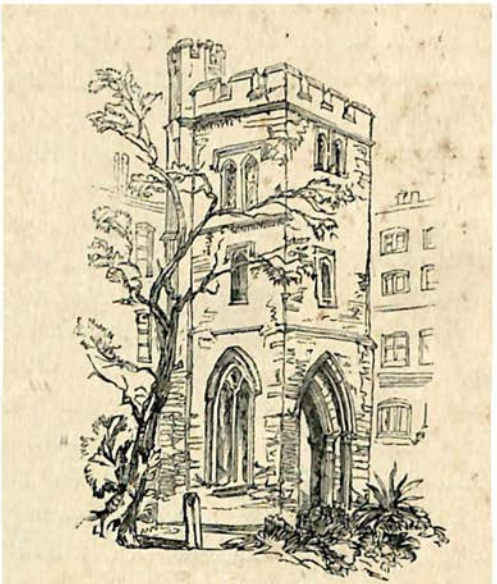
the Reign of Elizabeth," &c., was rector of this church and was buried in the chancel.

Mincing Lane (right) is named from houses which belonged to the Minchuns or nuns of St. Helen's. Near the entrance of the lane, on the left, an iron gate is the entrance to the *Hall of the Clothworkers' Company*, whose badge is a ram. About one hundred and ten poor men and the same number of women are clothed throughout by this Company, and receive a guinea each after attending a service at one of the neighbouring churches on the 16th of May. The Hall is very handsome, with stained windows and curious gilt statues of James I. and Charles I. saved from the Great Fire. The cash-books of the Company exist, "brought forward," from 1480. The garden of the Company is formed by the *Churchyard of All Hallows Staining*, in which most of the tombs have been ruthlessly buried under the shrubs and gravel. Elizabeth is said to have attended a thanksgiving service here on the day of her deliverance from the Tower, before dining at the Queen's Head. The church is demolished, and the churchyard ruined by gravel and silly rockwork, but the fine old tower, which escaped the Fire, is retained. All Hallows Staining claims to be the earliest stone church in the City.

To this churchyard has been removed a fragment of the beautiful *Crypt of the Hermitage of St. James in the Wall*, which was pulled down in 1874, when the chapel built above it by William Lambe the Clothworker (1495—1580) was removed from Cripplegate to Islington. It has low zig-zag Roman arches.

Returning to Fenchurch Street, on the left is the *Elephant Tavern*, rebuilt in 1826, on the site of a tavern which was

of great interest, because, being a massive house built of solid stone, it alone resisted the Great Fire, and the flames, which tore swiftly through the timber buildings of this part of London, left it standing smoke-begrimed and flame-blackened, but sufficiently uninjured to give a shelter to numbers of the homeless inhabitants of the 13,200 houses



All Hallows Staining.

which were swept away. William Hogart, who afterwards changed his name to Hogarth, came to lodge in this house, in 1697, soon after the death of his father, who kept a small school in the Old Bailey, and here for a long time he earned a hand-to-mouth subsistence by selling his engravings on copper. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the City with scarce a shilling, but

as soon as I have obtained two guineas for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied forth again with all the confidence of a man with thousands in his pockets." Sometimes, however, the plates accumulated unsold till the artist was glad to sell them at half-a-crown the pound to Mr. Bowles of the Black Horse at Cornhill. It was in 1727, while he was living here, that Hogarth made a tapestry design for Morris the upholsterer, for which he was refused payment, and vainly sued for it in the Courts. It is believed that this loss induced him to run so far into debt with his landlord that he consented to wipe off the score with his brush by caricaturing on the wall of the Elephant taproom the parochial authorities who had insulted his landlord by removing the scene of their annual orgie to a tavern (Henry the Eighth's Head) opposite, and insulted himself by omitting to send his accustomed invitation. The famous picture of "Modern Midnight Conversation" was the result, in which every phase of riotry and intoxication was represented,* and which delighted the landlord by attracting half London to his house. The host of the Elephant was only too glad to obliterate a second score for the picture of the "Hudson's Bay Company Porters going to dinner," in which Fenchurch Street, as it then was, was represented; and to these greater pictures the paintings of Harlequin and Pierrot, and of Harlow Bush Fair, were afterwards added, so that the Elephant became a little gallery of the best works of Hogarth.†

The next house is the *Hall of the Ironmongers' Company*, incorporated by a charter of Edward IV. At the foot of

* Orator Henley, the famous but eccentric and profligate preacher, who was the "orator of brazen face and lungs" of Pope's *Dunciad*, was introduced here.

† See *The Builder*, Sept. 11, 1875.

their staircase is an ancient wooden statue of St. Lawrence, their patron saint, and an ostrich, the bird which digests iron. Their picturesque *Hall* is hung with pictures and banners, and decorated with the arms of the Masters, from those of the first Master, Capel de Cure, in 1351. The portraits include—

Izaak Walton the angler.

Sir R. Jeffreys, founder of almshouses in Whitechapel.

Thomas Belton, who, dying in 1723, left 20,000 guineas to be applied to the redemption of Christian slaves taken by pirates. The bequest of late years has enormously increased in value, a portion of the building land purchased for £9,000 having been sold for £87,000. In 1847 the Company got a scheme passed by which the freemen and widows of the Company participated in the bequest, as well as 800 National Schools in England and Wales.

Admiral Lord Hood, a noble portrait by *Gainsborough*, presented on his admission to the Company.

Lord Exmouth, by *Sir W. Beechey*.

No. 53 on the opposite side of Fenchurch Street was the Queen's Head Tavern, pulled down in 1876. In it were preserved the metal dish and cover used by the Princess Elizabeth when she dined here on pork and peas upon her release from the Tower in 1554. The modern building erected on the site of the old tavern bears a commemorative statue of Elizabeth. On the left, in Church Row, is the truly hideous *Church of St. Catherine Coleman*, occupying the site of an ancient garden called Coleman Haw.

Mark Lane (right) is one of the busiest streets in London. It was originally "Mart Lane from the privilege of fair accorded by Edward I. to Sir Thomas Ross of Hamlake, whose manor of Blanch Appleton became corrupted into Blind Chapel Court."* In the reign of Edward IV.

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 267

basket-makers, vine-dressers, and other foreigners were permitted to have shops in the manor of Blanch Appleton and nowhere else in the City.

Descending Mark Lane, we find, on the left, *Hart Street*, where (four doors from Mark Lane) stood the richly ornamented timber house called "Whittington's Palace," where, with the same generosity shown by the Fuggers at Augsburg, the princely Lord Mayor burnt the royal bond for a debt of £60,000, when Henry V. and his queen came to dine with him. "Never had king such a subject," Henry is said to have exclaimed, when Whittington replied, "Surely, sire, never had subject such a king."

The interesting *Church of St. Olave, Hart Street*, is dedicated to a Norwegian who came to England and fought on behalf of Ethelred II. against the Danes. Being afterwards himself made king of Norway, he became a Christian, which irritated his subjects, who invited Canute to supplant him, by whom he was defeated and slain in 1028. Several churches were dedicated to him in England and three in London, on account of the assistance he had given to the Saxons against the Danes. This church* escaped the Great Fire, and is full of interest. It is the "our owne church" so frequently mentioned in his Diary by Samuel Pepys, whose parish church it was, and who is buried here (1703) with his wife and his brother Tom (1664) "just under my mother's pew." The interior is highly picturesque, and its monuments and relics of old iron-work have been respected in its "restoration," though the usual follies of shiny tiles are introduced. Making the round of the building from the left, we see—

* The keys are to be found near—at 10, Gould Square, Crutched Friars.

The Tomb of *Sir Andrew Riccard*, Turkey merchant and Chairman of the East India Company, 1672.

Monument to *Sir John Radcliffe*, son of Robert, Earl of Sussex, 1568.

Half-figure of *Peter Turner*, 1614, son of the herbalist.

Inscription to *William Turner*, author of the first English Herbal, 1568.

"The fore-mentioned William Turner, father of Peter, was an antient gospeller, contemporary, fellow-collegian, and friend to Bishop Ridley, the martyr. He was doctor of physic in King Edward the Sixth's days, and domestic physician to the Duke of Somerset, Protector to that king; he was also a divine and preacher, and wrote several books against the errors of Rome; and was preferred by King Edward to be Dean of Wells; and, being an exile under Queen Mary the First, returned home upon her death, and enjoyed his deanery again. He was the first that, by great labour and travel into Germany, Italy, and other foreign parts, put forth an Herbal in English, anno 1568, the groundwork of Gerard's Herbal, and then lived in Crutched Friars, from which he dated his epistle dedicatory of that book to the queen." —*Stow.*

"Dr. Turner's Book of Herbs will always grow green, and never wither as long as Dioscorides is held in mind by us mortal wights."—*Dr. Bulleyn.*

Kneeling Effigy of the Florentine merchant, *Pietro Capponi*, 1582.

Two curious Monuments (delightful in colour) of *Andrew Bayninge*, 1610, and *Paul Bayninge*, 1616, aldermen, with an epitaph which tells how—

> "The happy summe and end of their affaires,
> Provided well both for their soules and heires."

Above the tombs of these brothers the Bust of the foolish beauty, with whose little affectations and jealousies we are so singularly well acquainted—the *Wife of Samuel Pepys.*

(Right of altar) The admirable Figure, beautiful in profile, of *Dame Anne Radcliffe*, 1585.

The Monument of *Sir John Mennys*, 1671, the witty Comptroller of the Navy under Charles II., who wrote some of the best poems in the "Musarum Deliciæ." This is the Sir John Minnes mentioned in Pepys's Diary of June 6, 1666, when he says, "To our church, it being the common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church did stare upon me, to see me whisper the news of the victory over the Dutch to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below; and by and

by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford, to tell me the news which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten, in writing, and passed from pew to pew."

The Gate of the Dead, Seething Lane.

(South Aisle) The curious Brass, much mutilated, of *Sir Richard Haddon*, Lord Mayor, and his family.

The Brass of *John Orgone* and his wife *Ellyne*, 1584, with the inscription—

"As I was, so be ye;
As I am, you shall be,
That I gave, that I have;
That I spent, that I had;
Thus I ende all my coste,
That I lefte, that I loste."

Admirable Jacobian Monument of Sir J. Deane, 1608, with his wives and children.

Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general, was baptised in this church, 1591, by Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. Its churchyard was one of those used for burial during the Plague, a fact commemorated in the skulls over its picturesque and grimy gateway, which is surmounted by a curious *chevaux de frise* of ancient ironwork. Pepys, writing on January 30, 1665-6, says—

"Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the king's murther; and they being at church, I presently went into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague; and it frightened me indeed to go through the church, more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the Plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

The gateway looks out upon *Seething Lane*, where Pepys lived during the last nine years of his life, being here during the Great Fire, which this street escaped. Sir Francis Walsingham and his son-in-law the Earl of Essex lived here in a house built by Sir John Allen, Lord Mayor in the time of Henry VIII.

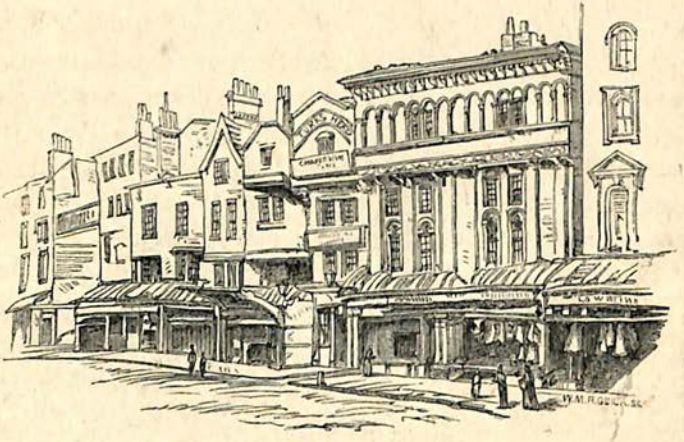
The Convent of Crossed or Crouched Friars (Fratres Sanctæ Crucis) in Hart Street, founded by Ralph Hosier and William Saberner in 1298, has given a name to the neighbouring street of *Crutched Friars*. Here, in Cooper's Row, were Sir John Milborne's Almshouses (lately removed to Seven Sisters Road, Holloway), built in 1535, in honour of God and of the Virgin, where, having strangely survived Puritan iconoclasm, a relief of the Assumption of the Virgin remained to the last over the entrance gate. Near this was an early Northumberland House, inhabited by the second Earl of Northumberland, who was slain at the Battle of St.

Alban's, and his son the third Earl, who fell, sword in hand, at the Battle of Towton. In Crutched Friars are the vast buildings of the East India Docks Indigo Warehouse.

Returning to Fenchurch Street, we pass, on the left, *Billiter Lane*, formerly "Bell-yeter Lane," from the bell-founders, though Stow says it was formerly "Belzettars Lane, so called of the first owner and builder thereof." Fenchurch Street leads into Aldgate High Street, where *Aldgate Pump* occupies the site of a famous well dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. Close by stood a little Chapel of St. Michael, which belonged to the neighbouring monastery of the Holy Trinity, where wayfarers to the eastern counties sought the divine protection for their journey. The chapel is destroyed, but its beautiful *Crypt* still exists beneath the pavement of Aldgate, though the approaches to it have been recently blocked up.

Aldgate was one of the great gates of the City, and the chief outlet to the eastern counties from the time of the Romans to its destruction in 1760. Its antiquity is shown in the name of Aeld or Old gate. It was rebuilt in the reign of John by the Barons, with money robbed from the coffers of the monks and stone taken from the houses of the Jews, for they feared that others might not experience more difficulty than they had done themselves, in entering the City on this side. The dwelling-house above the gate was leased by the corporation in 1374 (48 Edward III.) to the poet Chaucer for life, though he was not allowed to underlet any portion of the building to others. In 1471 Aldgate was attacked by Thomas Nevill, the "Bastard of Falconbergh," who succeeded in effecting an entrance, but, the portcullis being let down, was surrounded and slain with

his men. In 1553 Aldgate was hung from the top to the bottom with streamers to welcome Mary I., as she entered London in triumph, after the fall of the partisans of Lady Jane Grey. The gate built by the Barons was pulled down in 1606 and rebuilt in 1609. This last Aldgate bore on its east side a gilded statue of James I. with a lion and unicorn chained at his feet, and on the west side gilded



In Aldgate.

statues of Peace, Fortune, and Charity. It was used after the Fire for the prisoners who had been lodged in the Poultry Compter.

The name of *Nightingale Lane* just outside the site of Aldgate is an odd corruption of "Knighten Guild Lane," commemorating the district which Stow describes as "a certain portion of land on the east part of the City, left desolate and forsaken by the inhabitants, by reason of too

much servitude," which was given by King Edgar to "thirteen knights or soldiers well-beloved, for service by them done," and was formed by them into the liberty called Knighten Guild, which still exists as *Portsoken* (soke of the gate) *Ward.*

Stow, the antiquary, lived in Aldgate, and here witnessed the death of the Bailiff of Romford, "a man very well beloved," who was executed on an accusation of having taken part in a rising in the Eastern Counties. This accusation was brought by Sir Stephen, Curate of St. Andrew Undershaft, the popular agitator whose silly sermon at Paul's Cross led to the destruction of the parish Maypole. The bailiff died, protesting his entire innocence. "I heard the words of the prisoner," says Stow, "for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I kept house;" and the popular indignation was so great that the curate was forced to take flight from the City.

Duke Street, on the left, commemorates Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who married the heiress of the property on this site. On the right is *Jewry Street* (leading into Crutched Friars), called even in Stow's time "the poor Jurie, of Jews dwelling there." But the great settlement of Jews here was in 1655, under Cromwell, when they came to England in such numbers that there was no room for them in Old Jewry and Jewin Street.

The ugly *Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate*, was built by George Dance in 1744 on the site of an earlier church, for there were churches to this popular saint at four of the gates—Billingsgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate. Retained from the older church are the curious painted bust of Robert Dow, merchant tailor, 1612, and a figure in

a shroud on the tomb of Sir Nicholas and Lady Elizabeth Carew, with their son-in-law Lord Darcy of the north and their grandson Sir Arthur Darcy. Almost opposite St. Botolph's is an old house decorated with Prince of Wales's feathers, the Fleur-de-lis of France, the Thistle of Scotland, and Portcullis of Westminster.

The *Three Nuns Inn* (left) near St. Botolph's is mentioned in Defoe's History of the Plague. It takes its name of the nuns of the Minorite convent which gave its name to the opposite street of the Minories.

The name of Petticoat Lane (on the left) has been ludicrously changed into *Middlesex Street;* it is the "Hog Lane" of Stow. In Gravel Lane, close by, stood, till 1844, "the Spanish Ambassador's House," where Gondomar is said to have once lived. In another house near this, which belonged to Hans Jacobsen, jeweller to James I., John Strype was born, and his name, horribly perverted, remains in "Tripe Yard"! *

"Petticoat Lane is essentially the old clothes district. Embracing the streets and alleys adjacent to Petticoat Lane, and including the rows of old boots and shoes on the ground, there is, perhaps, between two and three miles of old clothes. Petticoat Lane proper is long and narrow, and to look down it is to look down a vista of many-coloured garments, alike on the sides and on the ground. The effect sometimes is very striking, from the variety of hues and the constant flitting or gathering of the crowd into little groups of bargainers. Gowns of every shade and every pattern are hanging up, but none, perhaps, look either bright or white; it is a vista of dinginess, but many-coloured dinginess, as regards female attire. Dress-coats, frock-coats, great-coats, livery and game-keepers' coats, paletots, tunics, trowsers, knee-breeches, waistcoats, capes, pilot-coats, working jackets, plaids, hats, dressing-gowns, shirts, Guernsey frocks, are all displayed. The predominant colours are black and blue, but there is every colour; the light dress of some aristocratic livery, the dull brown-green of velveteen,

* *The Builder*, May 11, 1877.

the deep blue of a pilot jacket, the variegated figures of the shawl dressing-gown, the glossy black of the restored garments, the shine of the newly-turpentined black satin waistcoats, the scarlet and green of some flaming tartan—these things, mixed with the hues of the women's garments, spotted and striped, certainly present a scene which cannot be beheld in any other part of the greatest city in the world, nor in any other portion of the world itself.

"The ground has also its array of colours. It is covered with lines of boots and shoes, their shining black relieved here and there by the admixture of females' boots, with drab, green, plum, or lavender-coloured 'legs,' as the upper part of the boot is always called in the trade. There is, too, an admixture of men's 'button-boots,' with drab-cloth legs; and of a few red, yellow, and russet-coloured slippers; and of children's coloured morocco boots and shoes. Handkerchiefs, sometimes of a gaudy orange pattern, are heaped on a chair. Lace and muslin occupy small stands, or are spread on the ground. Black and drab and straw hats are hung up, or piled one upon another, and kept from falling by means of strings; while incessantly threading their way through all this intricacy is a mass of people, some of whose dresses speak of a recent purchase in this lane."—*H. Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor.*

Aldgate now falls into the poverty-stricken district of *Whitechapel.* The name of *Wentworth Street* (left) commemorates Thomas Wentworth, Lord Chamberlain to Edward VI. On the right of the main street is the *Church of St. Mary*, which once occupied an important position, as before the time of railways most of the great roads into the eastern counties and all the coast lines on this side of London were measured from "Whitechapel Church," which "shared with Shoreditch Church, Hick's Hall, Tyburn Turnpike, and Hyde Park Corner the position now occupied by the great railway-termini north of the Thames." *

The church was rebuilt 1876-77, with a spire two hundred and ten feet high in the place of a hideous building of Charles II.'s time. It is one of the few churches in which,

* *Saturday Review*, Feb. 17, 1877

as the churchyard had frequently been used for open-air preaching, an outside pulpit has been added. The original name of the church, "St. Mary Matfelon," is derived from the Syriac word Matfel, meaning a woman who has recently given birth to a son. There is, in St. Alban's Abbey, a picture of the Last Supper which was painted by Sir J. Thornhill for this church, but which the Bishop of London caused to be removed as a scandal; because Kennett, Dean of St. Paul's, was therein represented as Judas Iscariot.

On the 21st of July, 1649, a man named Charles Brandon was buried in this churchyard—"a man out of Rosemary Lane, where he kept a rag-shop." His entry in the Burial Register is—"This man was the executioner of Charles I." and a rare tract entitled, "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his death-bed, concerning the beheading of his late Majesty," describes how, as his corpse was being carried to the churchyard, the people cried out, "Hang the rogue! Bury him in the dung-hill!" while others pressed upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the king, so that his body had to be rescued by force.* Brandon was succeeded in his horrible office by Dunn, who was followed by Jack Ketch, whose name has been transmitted to his successors for one hundred and fifty years.

[From Whitechapel the long broad thoroughfare of the *Commercial Road* leads (right) to *Stepney*—the Stibbenhidde or Stebenheth of early deeds: the affix indicating the *hid* or hæredium of a Saxon freeman. We must turn here to the left down White Horse Street, past the Radcliffe Schools,

* See The Trial of Charles I., The Family Library, No. xxxi.

founded in 1710, and adorned with quaint figures of the charity children of that date, to where *St. Dunstan's Church* stands in its great churchyard, a beautiful green oasis amid the ugly brick houses. Colet was vicar of this church before he was Dean of St. Paul's. He was followed by Richard Pace, also Dean of St. Paul's, described by Erasmus, who was his intimate friend and addressed many of his letters to him, as "utriusque literaturæ calentissimus," and by Stow as "endowed with many excellent gifts of nature: courteous, pleasant, and delighting in music; highly in the king's favour and well heard in matters of weight." In 1527 he was sent as ambassador to Venice. Afterwards he lost the royal favour through the influence of Wolsey, and was imprisoned for two years in the Tower. On his release, he lived in retirement at Stepney and was buried near the altar of the church. William Jerome, who was presented to the vicarage of Stepney soon after the death of Pace, was executed for heresy in 1540.

St. Dunstan's is a handsome perpendicular building, and contains a number of monuments, chiefly Jacobean. In the porch is a stone inscribed—

"Of Carthage wall I was a stone,
Oh, mortals, read with pity,
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town, or city.
Therefore oh mortals now bethink
Go where unto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust."
Thomas Hughes. 1663.

On the right, on entering the church, is the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, 1696, wife of Sir John Berry, and

afterwards of Thomas Elton of Stratford-le-Bow, which is regarded with much popular favour, though there are those who declare that Dame Rebecca has only been connected with the ballad of "The Fish and the Ring" or "The Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," by the coat-of-arms upon the tomb—which is heraldically speaking —paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling a fish; and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. The legend tells that a knight learned in the stars was present at her birth, and, reading her horoscope, knew that she was fated to become his wife. He tried various means for her destruction, and finally attempted to drown her by throwing her from a rock into the sea, but relented at the last moment, and threw a ring into the waves instead, bidding her never see his face again unless able to produce it. She became a cook, and having found the ring in a codfish she was dressing, presented it to the knight and was married. The knight can have had nothing to regret if we believe the epitaph—

"Come, ladies, you that would appear
Like angels fair, and dress you here.
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife,
Free from all envious brawls and jarrs
Of human life the civil warrs,
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind,
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife,

Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years.
The same in high and low estate,
Ne'er vex't with this, ne'er moved with that.
Go ladies now, and if you'd be,
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her humility."

On the left of the altar is the handsome canopied tomb of Sir Henry Colet, Knight, 1510, twice Mayor of London, the father of Dean Colet. Sir Thomas Spert, founder of the Trinity House and Comptroller of the Navy under Henry VIII., is also buried here. In the churchyard is the altar-tomb of Admiral Sir John Leake, 1720, "the brave and fortunate," who raised the siege of Londonderry. The great variety of curious epitaphs in this churchyard, "in which you may spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself," is described in No. 518 of the *Spectator*. Stupidly covered by gravel, in the path leading to White Horse Street, is the tomb of Roger Crab, 1680, described in the pamphlet called "The English Hermit, or the Wonder of the Age." He served for seven years in the Parliamentary army, and suffered much in the cause, but nevertheless was unjustly imprisoned by Cromwell. Soon after his release he literally followed the precept of the Gospel by distributing all his goods to the poor, except a cottage at Ickenham, where he lived entirely on herbs—"dock-leaves, mallows, or grass."

Stepney was the scene of a parliament under Edward I., and the Bishops of London had a country palace and park here till the reign of Elizabeth. There is a tradition that all children born at sea are parishioners of Stepney—

"He who sails on the wide sea
Is a parishioner of Stepney."]

We may return from Aldgate to the Exchange through *Leadenhall Street*. On the left is *Leadenhall Market*, so called from the manor of Sir Hugh Nevile, by whom it was founded.

> "Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,
> Seek Leadenhall."—*Gay. Trivia.*

On the north (right) of the street is the *Church of St. Catherine Cree*, rebuilt 1629, interesting because its interior was the first work executed by Inigo Jones, after his return from Italy, and as having been consecrated (in the place of an older church) by Laud, as Bishop of London (January 16, 1631), with ceremonies which were afterwards made a principal accusation of Popery against him, and were greatly conducive to his death. Hans Holbein, who died of the plague at the Duke of Norfolk's house in Aldgate, 1554, was buried in the old church. The south-eastern porch of the existing building was the gate of the watch-house. It bears an inscription stating that "this gate was built at the cost and charges of William Avernon, Citizen and Goldsmith of London, who died December, anno dni. 1631." Above—a strange memento mori to the ever-moving flow of life through the street beneath—is the ghastly figure of the donor, a skeleton in a shroud, lying on a mattress.

The church contains the tomb of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, 1570, Chief Butler of England (the father-in-law of Sir Walter Raleigh), from whom Throgmorton Street takes its name. His effigy in armour is interesting as that of one who played a conspicuous part in the reigns of the Tudors. Having been server to Henry VIII., he followed the fortunes of the queen-dowager, Katherine Parr, resided with her as

cup-bearer throughout her brief married life with Seymour, and was with her at her death. He afterwards served in Scotland under the Protector Somerset, who sent him to bear the news of the victory of Pinkie to London. Edward VI. appointed him privy-councillor, and he was present at the young king's death at Greenwich. In February, 1554, he was arrested on a charge of being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy, and was tried in the Guildhall, but was acquitted, after a fierce cross-examination, owing to his own presence of mind and his spirited defence, though the jury were fined for releasing him. For the third time present at a royal death-bed, he fulfilled the request of Elizabeth by taking the wedding-ring given by Philip from the dead finger of Mary, and delivering it to the new queen. In the words of his epitaph he became "one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, and Ambassador lieger to the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, in France." He was also the ambassador sent to remonstrate with Mary, Queen of Scots, on her intended alliance with Darnley. But in the close of his life he intrigued for the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk, and was sent a second time to the Tower. Though released, he never regained the favour of Elizabeth, and died of a broken heart, not without suspicion of poison, at the house of the Earl of Leicester, February 12, 1571.

"He was a man of large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence; but he died very luckily for himself and his family, his life and estate being in great danger by reason of his turbulent spirit."—*Camden.*

The epitaph of R. Spencer, a Turkey Merchant, records his death in 1667 after he had seen "the prodigious changes

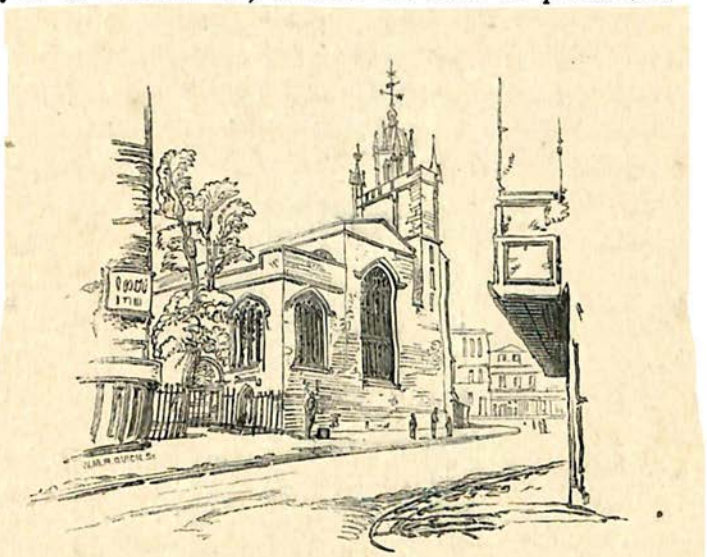
in the state, the dreadful triumphs of death by pestilence, and the astonishing conflagration of the city by fire."

"The Lion Sermon," which is still occasionally preached in this church, commemorates an adventure of Sir John Gayor, Knight and Merchant of London, who, while travelling in Arabia, became separated from his caravan, and, while wandering alone in the night, was attacked by a lion. Falling on his knees, he vowed his fortune for his deliverance. The lion turned aside, and, with other charitable bequests, Sir John left £200 to the parish of St. Catherine Cree, on condition of his escape being sometimes described in a sermon.

Cree Lane, which runs along the western wall of the church, once led to the magnificent Priory of Holy Trinity, also called Christ Church, which was founded by "good Queen Maude," wife of Henry I., on the persuasion of Archbishop Anselm. The first Mayor of London, the draper Henry Fitz-Alwyn, who continued twenty years in office, was buried in its church in 1212. The fact that this was one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom was probably the cause of its being one of the first to be attacked. Henry VIII. gave it to Thomas Dudley, afterwards Lord Chancellor. His daughter married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who, after Audley's death, lived here in great state at "Duke's Place." His son, the Earl of Suffolk, sold the property to the City of London for a large sum, which he expended in the building of Audley End.

We now reach, on the right (at the entrance of the ancient street called St. Mary Axe, where the famous surgeon Sir Astley Cooper commenced practice), the *Church of St. Andrew Undershaft*, so called, says Stow, "because

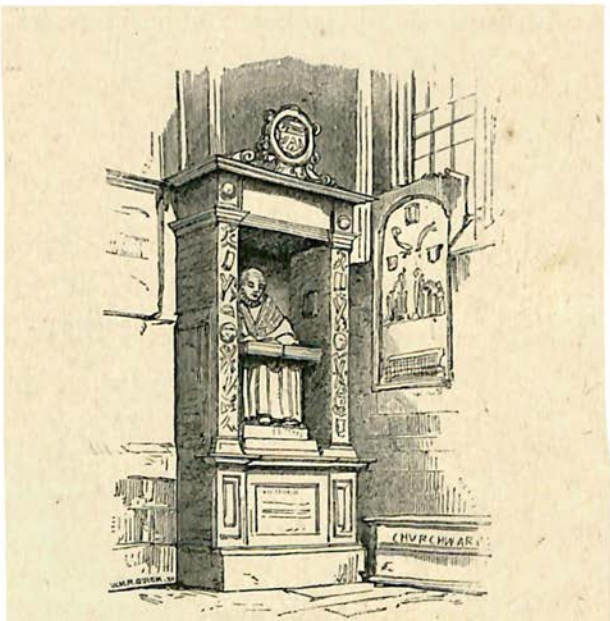
that of old time every year (on May-day in the morning), it was used that a high or long shaft or May-pole was set up there before the south door." The shaft of the May-pole was higher than the steeple. It was pulled down on "Evil May Day" in the reign of Henry VIII., but continued hanging on hooks in Shaft Alley till the third year of Edward VI., when it was sawn in pieces and



St. Andrew Undershaft.

burnt by the people after a sermon at Paul's Cross, in which the preacher told them that it had been made an idol of, inasmuch as they had named their parish church "under the shaft." The church, which has a picturesque many-turreted tower, is a good specimen of Perpendicular (1520—1532). In the east window are portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I.,

Charles I., and Charles II. On the north wall is a monument to Sir Hugh Hammersley, 1637, with effigies of him and his wife kneeling under a tent, and two standing figures at the sides, attributed to one Thomas Madder. Close by, a curious little specimen of a painted monument, is that of Alice Bynge, who had "three husbands, all



Stow's Tomb.

bachelors and stationers." At the end of the north aisle is the striking terra-cotta tomb (never painted) of John Stow the famous antiquary (1525—1605), author of the "Survey of London," to which all later writers on the city are so much indebted. The venerable old man is represented sitting at his table with a book, and a pen in his hand. He was a

tailor by trade and resided near the well in Aldgate. He describes how the compilation of his works, printed and manuscript, "cost many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study." In his old age he fell into great poverty, but all he could obtain in his eightieth year from James I. for his great literary services was "a license to beg." His collections for the "Chronicles of England," now in the British Museum, occupy sixty quarto volumes. But the same misfortunes which attended him in life were suffered to follow after death, and his remains were disturbed, if not removed, in 1732.

"The fact that Stowe was originally a tailor may account for the interest which he always took in matters of dress, in which he was 'the grave chronicler of matters not grave.'"—*Disraeli.*

"I confess, I have heard Stow often accused, that (as learned Guicciardini is charged for telling *magnarum rerum minutias*) he reporteth *res in se minutas*, toys and trifles, being such a *Smell-feast*, that he cannot pass by Guildhall, but his pen must taste of the good chear therein. However this must be indulged to his education; so hard is it for a citizen to write an history, but that the *fur* of his gown will be felt therein. Sure I am, our most elegant historians who have wrote since his time (Sir Francis Bacon, Master Camden, &c.), though throwing away the basket, have taken the fruit; though not mentioning his name, making use of his endeavours. Let me adde of John Stow, that (however he kept *tune*) he kept *time* very well, no author being more accurate in the notation thereof."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Opposite St. Andrew Undershaft is an Elizabethan house from whose boldly projecting stories the inmates must have watched the erection of the Maypole and the dances around it. The *New Zealand Chambers*, hard by, are an ambitious modern imitation by *Norman Shaw* of old street architecture.

On the opposite side of Leadenhall Street, at the north-

west corner of Lime Street, was the House of the East India Company, "the most celebrated commercial association of ancient or modern times." The Company was incorporated in 1600, and first leased these premises from Lord Craven, who was born in the old house on this site. The East India House was several times rebuilt, and finally pulled down in 1862, when its most valuable contents were transferred to the Indian Museum in Whitehall. Charles Lamb was a clerk in the House. "My printed works," he said, "were my recreations—my true works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios."

Leadenhall Street joins *Cornhill* (so called from a corn-market) where the conduit-fountain called the Standard (built 1582) formerly stood like a high round tower. Cornhill also had its may-pole, which was of prodigious size, for Chaucer, writing of vain-boasters, says that they look as if they could "bear the great shaft of Corn-hill." Gray the poet was born (December 26, 1716) in Cornhill, where his father was an Exchange Broker, at a house on the site of No. 41, which was destroyed by fire in 1748, and rebuilt by him. No. 65, the offices of Messrs. King the publishers, rebuilt in 1871, stand opposite the place where the fountain known as "the Standard at Cornhill" stood, at which the Great Fire stopped. The old house, while occupied by Messrs. Smith and Elder, was interesting from its association with Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Bronté, and others. It was here that Charlotte and Anne Bronté presented themselves in 1848, to prove their separate identity to the publishers who imagined, as all the world did then, that Currer, Acton,

and Ellis Bell were the same person. Hence also issued the "Cornhill Magazine," with Thackeray as its first editor.

St. Michael's, Cornhill, is one of the churches built by Wren after the Fire. Robert Fabyan, Alderman and Sheriff, who wrote the "Chronicles of England and France" (1511), and the father and grandfather of John Stow the historian were buried in the old church. The marked feature of the present building is its great Perpendicular tower, a bad imitation of that of Magdalen College at Oxford. There is a rich modern door with a relief of St. Michael weighing souls. The interior is covered with foolish decorations in polychrome. Seven seats at the end of the nave are set apart as—the Royal pew, Diocesan, Corporation, Drapers', Merchant Tailors' and Rector's pews.

St. Peter's, Cornhill—hideous outside—one of Wren's rebuildings and a singularly bad specimen of his work, claims to stand on the earliest consecrated ground in England, and to take precedence of Canterbury itself, for there (according to a tablet preserved in the vestry) King Lucius was baptized four hundred years before the coming of Augustine and the conversion of Ethelbert, when he made it the metropolitan church of the whole kingdom. The wood screen in this church was set up by Bishop Beveridge (of St. Asaph), who was rector here 1672—1704, and is mentioned in one of his sermons. A touching monument by Ryley commemorates the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Woodmason, burnt in their beds in their father's house in Leadenhall Street, January 18, 1782. The cherub heads upon the monument are known from a beautiful engraving by Bartolozzi.

Change Alley, Cornhill (formerly Exchange Alley), leading into Lombard Street, was the chief centre of the money transactions of the last century, when the Stock Exchange was held here at "Jonathan's Coffee House." It was the great scene of action in the South Sea Bubble of 1720, by which so many thousands of credulous persons were ruined.

Another Coffee House in this alley which played a great part in the same time of excitement was "Garraway's," so called from Garway its original proprietor. It was here that tea was first sold in London.

"There is a gulf where thousands fall,
There all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Meanwhile, secure on Garway's cliffs,
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead."

Swift.

Now we reach the Royal Exchange, whence we set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE TOWER AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

FROM the statue of William IV. at the foot of King William Street, Little East Cheap and Great Tower Street lead to the Tower of London. This is one of the busiest parts of the City, movement is impeded, and all the side streets teem with bustle and traffic. At the end of Great Tower Street is the Church of *Allhallows, Barking*, which derives its surname from having been founded by the nuns of Barking Abbey before the reign of Richard I., who added a chantry in honour of the Virgin where the north chancel aisle now is. This chantry—"Berking Chapel"—contained a famous image of the Virgin placed there by Edward I. in consequence of a vision before his father's death, in which she assured him that he should subdue Wales and Scotland, and that he would be always victorious, whilst he kept her chapel in repair. To the truth of this vision he swore before the Pope, and obtained an indulgence of forty days for all penitents worshipping here at her shrine. In the instrument which set this forth, prayer is especially asked for the soul of Richard I., "whose heart is buried beneath the high altar": the lion-heart, however, is really in the museum at Rouen, having been exhumed from

the cathedral, where it was deposited when the king's body was buried at Fontevrault.

The church, which is chiefly Perpendicular, is entered on the south by a handsome modern Decorated door. The interior has all the charm which want of uniformity gives, and its old ironwork (observe the sword-rests of three Lords-Mayor—the last of 1727—over the Corporation Pew), its ancient monuments, and numerous associations give it a peculiar interest. Making the circuit of the church we may notice—

North Aisle. The beautiful canopied altar tomb of John Croke, Alderman and Skinner, 1477, and his wife Margery, 1490, who bequeathed her "great chalys of silver guilt" to the church, to have the souls of herself and her husband more "tenderly prayed for." They are represented, in brass, accompanied by small groups of their sons and daughters, with prayers coming from their lips: these, and the coats of arms, are enamelled, not incised.

The figure of Jerome Bonalius, 1583, an Italian (probably the Venetian Consul), kneeling at a desk.

Brass of Thomas Virby, Vicar, 1453.

Brass of John Bacon, 1437, and his wife, very well-executed figures with flowing draperies. He was a woolman and is represented on his bag. The inscription is in raised letters.

Pavement of North Aisle. The grave of George Snayth, 1651, "sometimes auditor to William Lawd, late Archbishop of Canterbury." Snayth, a witness of the archbishop's will, who bequeathed to him £50, desired to rest near his master. (The windows in this aisle commemorate the escape of the church in the Great Fire.)

The Altar, beneath which the headless body of Archbishop Laud was buried by his steward George Snayth, January 11, 1644. It is curious that Laud, the champion of the Book of Common Prayer, was buried according to the ceremonies of the Church of England, long after it was disused in most of the London churches. His body was removed to St. John's College, Oxford, in 1663.

Nave. Brass of Roger James, 1563, bearing the arms of the Brewers' Company; and the noble Flemish brass of Andrewe Evyngar, citizen and salter, and his wife Ellyn, 1536, which has all the delicacy of a Memling picture and is well deserving of study. Evyngar was

the son of a brewer at Antwerp, where his monument was probably executed. There is only one brass superior to it in England—in the Church of St. Mary Cray at Ipswich. On the upper part of this monument is a representation of the Virgin seated in a chair with the dead Christ upon her knees. On the right are the arms of the Salters' Company, on the left those of the Merchant Adventurers of Hamburg. The symbols of the four Evangelists appear at the angles of the inscription (from the litanies of the Sarum breviary), "Ne reminiscaris domine delicta nostra vel parentum nost. neque vindictam sumas de peccatis nostris." Above and below the figures are the words (from the second and third nocturn of the office for the dead, and the responsory in the second nocturn of the same), "Sana domine animam meam quia peccavi tibi. Ideo deprecor majestatem ut tu Deus deleas iniquitatem meam."

Monument of John Kettlewell the Nonjuror, 1695, who desired "to lie in the same grave where Archbishop Laud was before interred." This voluminous author was the Vicar of Coleshill, deprived in 1690 for refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary. His funeral service was performed by Bishop Ken. He "so happily and frankly explained all the details of our duty, that it is difficult to say whether he more formed the manners of men towards evangelical virtue, or exemplified it in his own life."

South Aisle. A canopied tomb of c. 1400, with a small enamel of the Resurrection.

Brass of John Rusche, 1498; and that of Christopher Rawson, Merchant of the Staple, 1518, and his two wives, for the repose of whose souls he founded a chantry in the chapel of St. Anne.

The important brass of William Thynne, "chefe clerk of the kechyn" to Henry VIII., who "departed from the prison of his frayle body" in 1546. This brass is a palimpsest, the other side being engraved with the figure of an ecclesiastic, and was evidently one of the monastic brasses torn up at the Dissolution. Thynne wears the chain which was the badge of court officers, for he was Clerk of the Kitchen, Clerk of the Green Cloth, and Master of the Household to Henry VIII. He was the "Thynnus Aulicus"—the courtier, of Erasmus,* and was the originator of the wealth and power of the Thynne family. His father was Thomas Boteville, of an ancient family which came from Poitou in the reign of John, and which acquired the name of Thynne from John of th' Inn, one of its members who resided in an Inn of Court. William Thynne edited the first edition of the Works of Chaucer in 1532, which he dedicated to Henry VIII., and which was

* Epistolæ xv. 14.

complete, with the exception of "the Plowman's tale," which was then suppressed by the king's desire, but which appeared in the edition of 1542, which was edited by his son Francis, who narrates—

"This tale when Kinge Henry the Eigth had redde he called my father unto him and said: 'William Thynne, I doubt this will not bee allowed; for I suspect the bishoppes will call thee in question for ytt.' To whome my father, being in great favore with his prince, sayed, 'If your grace be not offended I hope to be protected by you.' Whereupon the king did bidd hym go his waye and feare not. All which notwithstanding my father was called in question by the bishopps and heaved at by Cardinall Wolseye his olde enemeye for many causes, but mostly for that my father had procured Skelton to publish his *Collin Cloute* against the Cardinall, the most part of which book was compiled in my father's house at Erith in Kent."

The only son of William Thynne was Francis, the Lancaster Herald, a distinguished antiquary, who assisted Holinshed in his chronicles, "seeing," says Fuller, "the shoulders of Atlas himself may be weary, if not sometimes beholden to Hercules to relieve him." Of his nephews, one was William, Steward of the Marches, who has a noble alabaster tomb in Westminster Abbey, and another Sir John Thynne of Longleat, who founded the House of Bath.

Brass of Elizabeth (1540) wife of W. Denham, Alderman and Sheriff, whose portrait is in the Ironmongers' Hall.

The carvings of the *Font* are by *Gibbons*.

The Parish Register records the baptism, October 23, 1644, of "William, son of William Penn and Margarett his wife, of the Tower Liberty." The eldest son of Sir William Penn (Commander in Chief of the Navy under the Duke of York, Knighted in 1665) was born "on the east side of Tower Hill, within a court adjoining to London Wall." * Being turned out of doors by his father for his Quaker opinions, he obtained a grant (in consideration of his father's services) from Charles II. of land in the province of New Netherlands in America, where he became the founder of "Pennsylvania." Returning to England, he died at Beaconsfield in 1718."

In the Churchyard of Allhallows was buried Humfery Monmouth, Alderman, the great benefactor of the early reformers, who harboured and helped Tyndale, was imprisoned for heresy by Sir Thomas More, and who be-

* Letter from P. Gibson to William Penn, the Quaker.

queathed money for "four godly ministers" (Mr. Latimer, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Crome, and Mr. Taylor) "to preach reformed doctrines" in the church where he was buried. From its nearness to the Tower, this church also became the burial-place of several of its victims. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the Cardinal of St. Vitalis who was never allowed to wear his hat, his grave being "digged by the watches with their halberds," was laid here (without his head, which was exposed on London Bridge) "without coffin or shroud," near the north door, in 1535, but was afterwards moved that he might be near his friend Sir Thomas More in the Tower. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (beheaded for quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor, though he had a license to do so from the Heralds' College), "the first of the English nobility that did illustrate his birth with the beauty of learning,"* was also buried here in 1546, but was moved to Framlingham in 1614. Here still reposes Lord Thomas Grey (uncle of Lady Jane), beheaded in 1554 for taking part in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and his perhaps may be the headless skeleton lately found at the west end of the nave.†

The sign of the *Czar's Head* (No. 48), opposite this church, marks a house where Peter the Great, when in England, used to booze and smoke with his boon companions.

We now emerge on *Tower Hill*, a large plot of open ground, surrounded with irregular houses. In one of these lived Lady Raleigh while her husband was imprisoned in the Tower. Where the garden of Trinity Square is now planted,

* Camden.

† For further details as to this church, consult "Collections in Illustration of the Parochial Hist. of Allhallows, Barking," by Joseph Maskell.

a scaffold or gallows of timber was always erected for the execution of those who were delivered by writ out of the Tower to the sheriffs of London, there to be executed. Only the queens and a very few other persons have suffered within the walls of the Tower—almost all the great historical executions have taken place here on the open hill. Amongst others, this honoured spot has been stained with the blood of Bishop Fisher, June 22, 1535; Sir Thomas More, July 6, 1535; Cromwell, Earl of Essex, July 28, 1540; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1547; Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, 1549; the Protector Somerset, 1552; John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, 1553; Lord Guildford Dudley, February 12, 1553; Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1554; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, May 12, 1641; Archbishop Laud, January 10, 1645; Algernon Sydney, December 7, 1683; the Duke of Monmouth, July 15, 1685; the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmuir, 1715; Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, August 18, 1746; and Simon, Lord Lovat, April 9, 1747, the last person beheaded in England, who died expressing his astonishment that such vast multitudes should assemble "to see an old grey head taken off."

Below Tower Hill, separated from it by a wide moat and ramparts now planted with gardens on the side of the town, is the immense pile of fortifications known as the *Tower of London.* Though one of the most ancient, and quite the most historical, of English fortresses, a great feeling of disappointment will be inevitably felt by those who see it for the first time. Its picturesque points have to be carefully sought for. Its general aspect is poor, mean, and uninteresting, a fault which is entirely owing to the feeble-

ness of our later English architects—to the same utter ignorance of the honour due to light and shadow—and the same sacrifice of general outline to finish, which has ruined Windsor Castle. Here, where an Italian would have used enormous blocks of stone, perfect rocks heaped one upon another, all work of rebuilding or restoration has been done with small stones neatly cut and fitted together like bricks, producing an impression of durable piteousness, which it requires all the romance of history to counteract.

A tradition which ascribes the first building of the Tower to Julius Cæsar has been greatly assisted by Gray through the lines in the Bard—

> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

But no existing buildings are of earlier date than the *White Tower* or Keep which was built by William the Conqueror in 1078. Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, the builder of Rochester Castle, was overseer of the work. He was surnamed "the Weeper" and appropriately "laid in tears the foundation of the fortress which was to be the scene of so much suffering." The Tower was much enlarged by William Rufus, of whom Henry of Huntingdon says, "He pilled and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the great hall of Westminster." By Rufus and Henry I., St. Thomas's Tower was built over the Traitor's Gate,—"they caused a grate castle to be builded under the said Tower, to wit on the south side towards the Thames, and also encastelated the same about." In the reign of Henry I. we read of Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, being imprisoned in the

Tower, but a rope was sent to him, concealed in a cask of wine, and he escaped safely, being let down from the walls.

King Stephen frequently resided in the Tower. The moat was made by Longchamp Bishop of Ely in 1190 when he was intrusted with its defence for Richard I. against John. He "enclosed the castle with an outward wall of stone, thinking to have environed it with the river of Thames." Of all English sovereigns the Tower was most enriched and adorned by Henry III., for he regarded it rather as a palace than a fortress. Griffin, Prince of Wales, was imprisoned here in 1244 and attempted to escape by a rope made of his bedclothes, but it broke, and he met with a frightful death in the moat. Under Edward I. the great prisoners taken in the Scottish wars were immured here. Baliol, after three years, was released on the intercession of the Pope, but William Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser only left their prison to be executed with the most horrible brutality in Smithfield.

Edward II. frequently resided in the Tower, where his eldest daughter, thence called Jane of the Tower, was born. Under Edward III., John, King of France, and David Bruce, King of Scotland, were imprisoned here. In the reign of Richard II. the Tower was continually filled with prisoners who were victims of the jealousy of rival factions, the most illustrious being the young king's tutor, the excellent Sir Simon Burley, of whom Froissart says, "To write of his shameful death right sore displeaseth me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise . . . yet no excuse could be heard, and on a day he was brought out of the Tower and beheaded like a traitor—God have mercy on his soul." For this act, when his own friends

obtained the chief power, King Richard caused his uncle the Duke of Gloucester to be put to death at Calais, and the Earl of Arundel lost his head on Tower Hill.

During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, when the king, who had previously been fortified in the Tower, was induced to go forth to meet the insurgents, the rebels broke into the fortress and pillaged it, beheading Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury (who had abused them as "shoeless ribalds"), Sir Robert Hales the treasurer, and others whom they found there. It was in the upper chamber of the White Tower that Richard II. abdicated in favour of his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke, and hence Henry IV. went to his coronation, a custom which was followed by all after sovereigns of England till James II. Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, the king's brother-in-law, was the first of a long series of victims beheaded in the Tower in the reign of Henry IV., in which Prince James of Scotland, son of Robert III., was imprisoned there. Under Henry V. the prisons were filled with the captives of Agincourt, including Charles, Duke of Orleans,* and his brother John, Count of Angoulême. In this reign also the Tower became the prison of many of the reformers called Lollards, of whom the greatest was Lord Cobham, who was dragged by a chain from the Tower to be burnt in St. Giles's Fields.

In the reign of Henry VI. the fortress was occupied by the prisoners of the Wars of the Roses, and here in June, 1471, King Henry VI. died mysteriously just after the Battle of Tewkesbury—according to Fabian and Hall, by the hand of the Duke of Gloucester, who "murthered the

* The father (by his third wife) of Louis XII. He had previously married Isabella of Valois, widow of Richard II. of England.

said kyng with a dagger." Queen Margaret was imprisoned here till 1475. Two years afterwards George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was put to death in the Tower. With the death of Edward IV. the darkest page in the annals of the fortress is opened by the execution of Lord Hastings, soon to be followed by the alleged murder of the young King Edward V., and his brother Richard, Duke of York.

Hence Elizabeth of York went to her coronation as wife of Henry VII., and here she died after her confinement in 1503. Her little daughter Katherine was the last princess born in the Tower. The most illustrious victim of this reign was Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of the murdered Duke of Clarence, and the last male Plantagenet, who was beheaded in 1499, his only crime being his royal blood. In the same year Perkin Warbeck, the White Rose of England, who claimed to be the younger son of Edward IV., was imprisoned here before being taken to be hung at Tyburn.

The accession of Henry VIII. witnessed the imprisonment and execution of Empson and Dudley the tax-gatherers of his father, and in 1521 that of Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, whose chief fault was his descent from Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. The next great executions on Tower Hill were those of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, who suffered for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy. These were soon followed by the private execution of Queen Anne Boleyn and her brother Lord Rochford, and by the death on Tower Hill of Henry Norris, William Brereton, Sir Francis Weston, and Mark Smeaton for her

sake. The endless victims of the northern insurrections and of the dissolution of monasteries next succeeded to the prisons of the Tower, followed by those accused of treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, including his venerable mother, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, niece of the Kings Edward IV. and Richard III., who was brutally beheaded within the walls. In 1540 Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the chief promoter of the dissolution of monasteries, who had offended Henry VIII. by bringing about his marriage with Anne of Cleves, was imprisoned and brought to the block. His execution was soon followed by that of Queen Catherine Howard and her confidante Lady Rochford.

In 1546 Anne Askew was racked in the Tower for the Protestant faith before her burning in Smithfield. And in 1547 the poet Earl of Surrey was executed on Tower Hill, the only ground for the accusation of high treason brought against him being that he quartered (as he had a right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor, and that he was fond of conversing with foreigners. His father Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, only escaped being added to the victims of Henry VIII.'s jealousies by the tyrant's death.

In the reign of Edward VI., Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, his uncle, and the widower of his stepmother, Queen Katherine Parr, was beheaded on Tower Hill for government intrigues, and for having defrauded the mint to an amount of something like £40,000 and having established cannon foundries where he had twenty-four cannons ready for immediate service.

"As touching the kind of his death, whether he be saved or no, I refer that to God. In the twinkling of an eye He may save a man,

and turn his heart. What He did I cannot tell. And when a man hath two strokes with an axe, who can tell but between two strokes he doth repent? It is hard to judge. But this I will say, if they will ask me what I think of his death, that he died very dangerously, irksomely, and horribly. He was a wicked man, and the realm is well rid of him."—*Latimer's Sermons*, p. 162.

In 1551 the King's other uncle, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, being most unjustly found guilty of felony, was beheaded amid the tears of the people. His execution was followed by those of his friends, Sir Thomas Arundel, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Ralph Vane, and Sir Miles Partridge.

The accession of Mary brought Lady Jane Grey and her husband Lord Guildford Dudley to the Tower and the scaffold, with her father-in-law John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and his adherents Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer. The rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, a principal cause in the execution of Lady Jane Grey, led to his being beheaded, to the execution of the Duke of Suffolk and Lord Thomas Grey, and to the imprisonment in the Tower of the Princess Elizabeth.

The accession of Elizabeth sent a number of Roman Catholic bishops and abbots to the Tower for refusing to acknowledge her supremacy. Lady Katherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane, was also kept in prison till her death in 1567 for the crime of a secret marriage with the Earl of Hertford. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, son of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, was imprisoned and executed in 1571, for having aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. In the latter part of the queen's reign numbers of Jesuit priests were committed to the Tower and executed, and Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, being imprisoned there,

died by suicide. Sir John Perrot, a natural son of Henry VIII., unjustly imprisoned, died of a broken heart. Through the bitter jealousy of the reigning court favourites, Cecil and Raleigh, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was imprisoned and beheaded privately in the Tower in 1601, his execution being followed by those of Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Gilley Merrick, and Henry Cuffe.

Shortly after James I. came to the throne an alleged plot for the re-establishment of popery and raising of Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne led to that lady's imprisonment for life in the Tower (where she died insane) with Lord Thomas Grey and Lord Cobham, and to the execution of George Brook the brother of the latter. Sir Walter Raleigh, imprisoned at the same time (1603), was released in 1616, but he was reimprisoned in 1618 to gratify the malice of Gondomar the Spanish ambassador, and (though he had been appointed admiral of the fleet with command of an expedition to Guiana, during his short interval of liberty) he was beheaded two months afterwards on his old accusation.

In 1606 the dungeons of the Tower were filled with the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, who were all hung, cut down, and disembowelled while they were still living. In 1613 Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the Tower by the Earl of Rochester and the Countess of Essex, who obtained a pardon by the favour of King James, though he had prayed that "God's curse might light upon him and his posterity (which it did) if he spared any that were guilty."

In 1630 Sir John Eliot was committed to the Tower, where he wrote his "Monarchie of Man," and continued,

though his lodging was ten times changed, till his death in Nov. 1632.

In 1641 Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, unjustly condemned for high treason against the will of his sovereign Charles I., was beheaded on Tower Hill, having been blessed from a window on his way to execution by Archbishop Laud, who was then himself a prisoner, having been impeached for Romish tendencies, and who was himself beheaded on January 4, 1643. In the wars which followed, Sir John Hotham and his son, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland and Lord Capel were imprisoned and suffered death for the cause of their king.

With the return of Charles II. came the imprisonment and death of many of the regicides, but the next important executions were those of Algernon Sidney and William Lord Russell; and that of the Duke of Monmouth, who was executed for high treason against his uncle James II. in 1685. In 1688 the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops were imprisoned in the Tower for a libel upon the king and his government. Executions were now rare, but numerous prisoners still filled the Tower. Among these in 1722 was Bishop Atterbury, whose imprisonment for Jacobitism is commemorated by Pope—

> "How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour,
> How shone his soul unconquered in the Tower."

In 1715 Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmuir were beheaded on Tower Hill for their devotion to the Stuarts. The Earl of Nithsdale escaped in a cloak and hood provided by his heroic wife. Loyalty to the Stuarts likewise led in 1746 to the execution of Lords Kilmarnock,

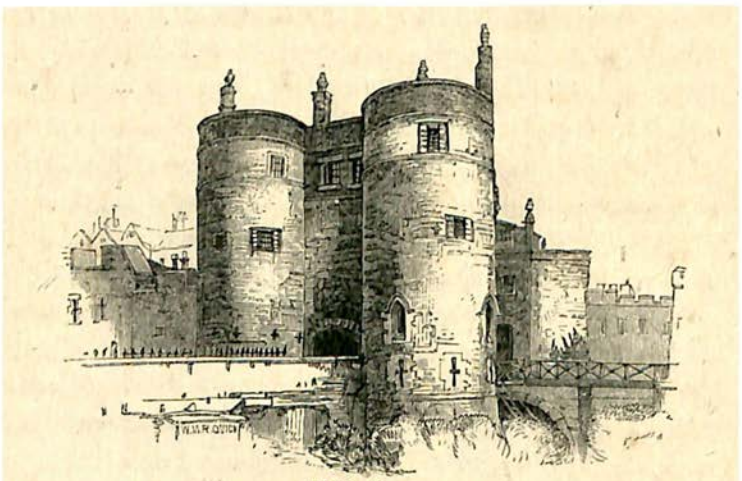
Balmerino, and Lovat, with Charles Ratcliffe, younger brother of Lord Derwentwater.

The parts of the Tower generally exhibited to the public are the Armoury and the Jewel Tower. These, however, are the parts least worth seeing. To visit the rest of the Tower an order should be obtained from the Constable. Visitors are shown over the Tower by *Beefeaters*, as the Wardens of the Tower are called, who still wear the picturesque dress of the Yeomen of the Guard of Henry VIII. established in 1285, a privilege which was obtained for them in perpetuity from Edward VI. by his uncle the Protector Somerset, who had noted their diligence in their office while he was a prisoner in the Tower. It has been well observed that the dress of the Beefeaters in the Tower shows, more than anything else in London, the reverence of England for her past. Their name is supposed to be derived from the fact that the commons of the early Yeomen of the Guard, when on duty, was beef—and the name was probably derisory, beef being then a cheap article of consumption, for when under Henry VIII. butchers were compelled by law to sell their mutton at three farthings, beef was only a half-penny.

Before reaching the moat we pass by what is called "the Spur" beneath the *Middle Gate*, where an ancient arch with a portcullis is now built into modernised bastions. This was the gate where Elizabeth, coming from Canonbury before her coronation, on entering the fortress which had been her prison, alighted from her palfrey, and falling upon her knees "offered up to Almighty God, who had delivered her from a danger so imminent, a solemn and devout thanksgiving for an 'escape so miraculous,' as she ex-

pressed it herself, 'as that of Daniel out of the mouths of the Lions.'" *

Adjoining the Middle Gate was the *Lion Tower*, with a semi-circular area, where the kings of England formerly kept their wild beasts. The first of these were three leopards presented to Henry III. by the Emperor Frederick, in allusion to the royal arms. A bear was soon added, for which the



Middle Tower.

sheriffs of London were ordered to provide a muzzle and iron chain to secure him when out of the water, and a strong cord to hold him "when fishing in the Thames." An elephant was procured in the same reign, and a lion in that of Edward II. The wild beasts at the Tower were the most popular sight of London in the last and the beginning of the present century,—"Our first visit was to the lions,"

* See Burnet's "History of the Reformation."

says Addison in the "Freeholder." In 1834 the royal menagerie was used as a foundation for the Zoological Gardens collection. To the right is a terrace along the bank of the Thames, where we should walk to admire the wide reach of the Thames, here called *the Pool*, crowded with shipping, so that one seems to be walking through a gallery of beautiful Vanderveldes. The first steps leading to the river are the Queen's Stairs (once much wider), where the sovereigns embarked for their coronations. The wharf from which we are gazing is the same which—twice destroyed and twice rebuilt during his reign—made Henry III. so excessively unpopular with the Londoners.

"A monk of St. Alban's, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, 'Why build ye these?' As he spoke he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk and asked him the archbishop's name—'St. Thomas the Martyr,' said the shade. . . . The ghost further informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. 'Had they been built,' said the shade, 'for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away.'

"The names of these popular saints still cling to the Watergate. One of the rooms, fitted up as an oratory, and having a piscina still perfect, is called the Confessor's Chapel; and the barbican itself, instead of bearing its official name of Watergate, is only known as St. Thomas's tower."—*Hepworth Dixon.*

An arch beneath the terrace forms the approach to the *Traitor's Gate*, through which the water formerly reached to the stairs within the gloomy low-browed arch which we still

see. Here it was that Anne Boleyn was landed, having been hurried hither without warning from a tournament at Greenwich, and fell upon her knees upon the steps, praying God to defend her, as she was innocent of the crime of which she was accused. Here, eighteen years after, her daughter Elizabeth stepped on shore, exclaiming, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O God, I speak it." Fuller mentions the proverb, "A loyal heart may be landed at Traitor's Gate"—

> "That gate misnamed, through which before,
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."
>
> *Rogers' Human Life.*

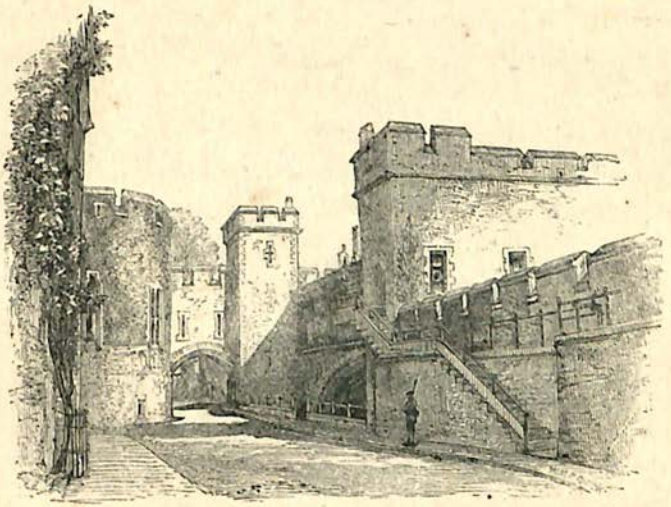
In the room over the gate died the last Lord Grey of Wilton (1614) after eleven years of cruel imprisonment—on accusation of wishing to marry Lady Arabella Stuart without permission of James I.

Beyond the Traitor's Gate, guarding the outer ward towards the river, were the *Cradle Tower*, the *Well Tower*, and the *Galleyman Tower*. Near the last was the approach called the *Iron Gate*.

Returning to the main entrance, we pass into the *Outer Ward* through the *Byward Tower* (so called from the password given on entering it), having on the left the Bell Tower, in which Bishop Fisher and Lady Arabella Stuart were confined. There is a similar "Bell Tower" at Windsor, there almost the only remnant of the ancient castle.

We should examine the Traitor's Gate as we pass it. The walls, both at the sides and in front towards the river, are perforated with little passages, with loopholes from

which the Lieutenant of the Tower could watch, unseen, the arrival of the prisoners. We may linger a moment at the top of its steps also, to recollect that it was here that as Sir Thomas More was being led back to prison, after his condemnation, with the fatal sign of the reversed axe carried before him, his devoted daughter Margaret, who had been watching unrecognised amid the crowd, burst through the



Traitor's Gate.

guards and flinging herself upon his neck, besought his blessing.

"The blushing maid
Who through the streets as through a desert stray'd,
And when her dear, dear father passed along,
Would not be held; but bursting through the throng,
Halberd and axe, kissed him o'er and o'er,
Then turned and wept, then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more."

Rogers' Human Life.

Margaret was forced away from her father, but a second time broke away and threw her arms round his neck, with such piteous cries of "Oh my father, my father!" that the very guards were melted into tears, while he, "remitting nothing of his steady gravity," gave her his solemn blessing and besought her "to resign herself to God's blessed pleasure, and to bear her loss with patience."

The Bloody Gate.

Immediately opposite the Traitor's Gate, another ancient arch with a portcullis admits us to the *Inner Ward*. The old ring on the left of the arch is that to which the rope was fastened, stretched across the roadway, from the boat which brought in the prisoners. This is altogether the most picturesque point in the building. It is called the *Bloody Tower*, from the belief that here the sons of Edward

IV. were murdered by order of their uncle Richard III. There is not, however, any proof that, if the murder was committed, it occurred here, and the present name has only been given to the place since the reign of Elizabeth: it was previously called "the Garden Tower," because it joined the constable's garden, which now forms part of the parade.

Though there is no proof that the princes were murdered here, a very old tradition points out the angle at the foot of the wall, outside the gate on the right, as the place of their hasty burial by their reputed assassins, Dighton and Forrest, before their removal by Richard III. to the foot of the staircase in the White Tower.

The gate looks the same now as it did when Sir Thomas Wyatt passed through it to his prison, when Sir John Bridges seized him and shook him by the collar, calling him names and saying—"but that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee with my dagger"—"To the which," says Holinshed, "Wyatt, holding his arms under his side, and looking grievously with a grim look upon the lieutenant, said, 'It is no mastery now,' and so passed on."

It is from the little portico on the right within the Bloody Gate that nightly, at 11 P.M., the sentry of the guard challenges the Chief Warder having the keys of the fortress —"Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." Upon which the Warder exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The soldiers respond, the keys pass on, and the guard disperse.

Just within the gate, on the right, some steps lead into the *Wakefield Tower*, where the Regalia is now kept. This tower, which is said to derive its name from the prisoners kept here after the Battle of Wakefield, has a beautiful

vaulted roof. Opening from the raised recess of the window on the south side is the oratory of Henry VI., which tradition points out as the scene of his murder. The centre of the chamber is occupied by a great glass-case containing *the Regalia*, with the magnificent gold plate used at Coronation banquets. The collection of plate and jewels here

The Wakefield Tower.

is valued at three millions. The most important objects are—

The Queen's State Crown, made 1838. It is covered with precious stones. In front, in the centre of a cross of diamonds, is the famous ruby given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile (1367) after the Battle of Najera. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt.

St. Edward's Crown, made for the Coronation of Charles II., and used ever since at coronations. It replaced a crown destroyed during the Commonwealth, which tradition ascribed to the Confessor.

The Prince of Wales's Crown, of gold, without jewels.

The Crown used for the Queen's Consort, of gold, set with diamonds and precious stones.

The Queen's Circlet, made for Mary of Modena, wife of James II.

The Orb, a ball of gold, set with jewels and surmounted by a cross, held by the sovereigns in their right hand at coronation, and carried in their left on their return to Westminster Hall. This is a badge of universal authority, borrowed from the Roman emperors.

St. Edward's Staff, a golden sceptre carried before the sovereign at coronation.

The King's Sceptre with the Cross, which is placed in the right hand of the sovereign at coronation by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King's Sceptre with the Dove, surmounted by a cross, with a dove as the emblem of Mercy.

The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross.

The Queen's Ivory Rod, an ivory sceptre, with a golden cross and dove, made for Mary of Modena.

The Armillæ, or Bracelets, worn by sovereigns at coronations.

The Royal Spurs, carried by ancient custom at coronations by the Lords Grey de Ruthyn, as representatives of the Earls of Hastings.

The Ampulla, or golden eagle, which holds the consecrated oil at coronations. The spoon belonging to the Ampulla is the oldest piece of plate in the collection.

The Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, carried at coronations between the Swords of Temporal and Spiritual Justice.

The Salt-cellar of State—a model of the White Tower.

The Silver Fountain, presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth.

The Silver Font, used at the baptisms of the royal children.

The crown jewels have frequently been pledged by the English kings to Flemish and French merchants. A determined attempt to carry them off was made by an Irishman named Thomas Blood in the reign of Charles II. He was a desperate ruffian, who, amongst other wild deeds, had carried off the Duke of Ormond and very nearly succeeded in hanging him at Tyburn to avenge the deaths of some of his associates in a Dublin insurrection, when the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. On the present occasion he came first

with his supposed wife to see the Regalia, and while there the woman pretended to be taken ill, and her being conveyed into the rooms of Talbot Edwards, the Deputy-keeper, then eighty years old, was made the pretext for an acquaintance, which ended in a proposition on the part of Blood to bring about a marriage between his son and the daughter of Edwards. Some days after he returned with the imaginary bridegroom and two other companions, and, while waiting for the lady, begged to show them the crown jewels. Edwards complied, and, as soon as the door, according to custom, was locked on the inside, they gagged the old man, beat him till he was half senseless, and began to pack up the regalia. Fortunately young Edwards returned from Flanders at that moment and arrived to see his father. The old keeper, hearing him, contrived to cry out "Murder," and the conspirators made off, Blood carrying the crown, and one of his companions, Perrot, the orb. They were pursued and seized. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that backed by the reminiscence of his attack on the Duke of Ormond, Blood so contrived to terrify the king by his account of the vengeance which his friends would take in case of his execution, that he was not only released, but allowed a pension of £500 a year! while poor old Edwards, promised a pension which was never paid, was allowed to die almost in destitution.

Before the Regalia were removed hither, the Wakefield Tower was used as a Record office. It was here that Selden, with Sir Robert Cotton, searched for the precedents upon which the Petition of Rights was founded. Here also Prynne forgot the loss of his ears in compiling materials for his books, for when some one asked Charles II. at

the Restoration what should be done to keep Prynne quiet, he said, "Let him amuse himself with writing against the Catholics and poring over the records in the Tower," of which he forthwith gave him the custody, with a salary of £500 a year.

The centre of the Inner Ward is occupied by the mighty *White Tower*, an immense quadrangular building with corner turrets, and pierced with Norman arches and windows. Below it, on the south, under an open roof, are preserved several curious specimens of early guns, chiefly of the time of Henry VIII., the earliest dating from Henry VI. The most interesting pieces are "the Great Harry" of Henry VIII. and a gun inscribed "Thomas Semeur Knyght was Master of the King's Ordynannce when John and Robert Owen Brethren made thys Pece, Anno Domini 1546."

"If there be any truth in the proverb, 'As long as Megg of Westminster,' it relateth to a great gun, lying in the Tower, commonly call'd 'Long Megg,' and in troublesome times (perchance upon Ill May-day in the reign of King Henry the Eighth) brought to Westminster, where for a good time it continued. But this nut (perchance) deserves not the cracking."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

At the south-west angle is the entrance of the *Horse Armoury*, through which visitors are usually hurried full speed by the warders. The gallery is decorated, fantastically and rather absurdly, with weapons. In the centre are twenty-two equestrian figures in suits of armour, illustrating the different reigns from Edward I. to James II. The suits of armour are all ascribed to different kings or knights, but for the most part without authority.

The collection is a fine one, but not to be compared to those of Madrid and Vienna, or even to that of Turin.

Suits which really belonged to those to whom they are assigned, and which therefore especially require notice, are—

Right (in the recess). The glorious suit (of German manufacture) presented to Henry VIII. on his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. There is a similar suit in the Belvidere at Vienna.

"The badges of this king and queen, the rose and the pomegranate, are engraved on various parts of the armour. On the fans of the genouillères is the Sheaf of Arrows, the device adopted by Ferdinand, the father of Katharine, on his conquest of Granada. Henry's badges, the Portcullis, the Fleur-de-lys, and the Red Dragon, also appear; and on the edge of the lamboys or skirts are the initials of the royal pair, 'H. K.,' united by a true lover's knot. The same letters similarly united by a knot, which includes also a curious love-badge, formed of a half rose and half pomegranate, are engraved on the croupière of the horse.

"But the most remarkable part of the embellishment of this suit consists in the saintly legends which are engraved upon it. These consist of ten subjects, full of curious costume, and indicating curious manners."—*Hewitt's Tower Armouries.*

Suit of russet armour, covered with filigree work, of the time of Edward VI. The horse armour is adorned with the badges of Burgundy and Granada. It probably belonged to the Archduke Philip, who married the unfortunate Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. This horse armour is believed to have been presented to Henry VII. when Philip and Joanna were forced by storms to take refuge in England in 1506.

Left. Another suit of Henry VIII.—probably authentic.

Tilting suit which belonged to Robert Dudley, Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester. Observe the initials R. D. on the genouillères, and the Bear and Ragged Staff on the chanfron of the horse, encircled by the collar of the garter. This suit was originally gilt.

Gilt suit of the Earl of Essex (1581), which was worn by the king's champion at George II.'s coronation.

Gilt suit of Charles I. given by the Armourers' Company. This suit was laid on the coffin of the Duke of Marlborough at his funeral.

Gilt suit made for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., as a child.

Suit made for Charles II. in his fifth year.

Armour attributed to James II. The head is interesting as having been carved by Grinling Gibbons as a portrait of Charles II.

The oldest piece of armour here is an Asiatic suit of the time of the Crusades, brought from Tong Castle, in Shropshire.

In a cabinet in the recess at the end of the armoury (right) are the awful "Headsman's Mask," and the Burgonet of Will Somers, jester to Sir Thomas More and afterwards to Henry VIII.: it is a kind of head-piece, with ram's horns.

A staircase leads (passing through some imitation pillars and a Norman doorway formed out of a window) to Queen Elizabeth's armoury. Here also the old Norman walls are everywhere spoilt by deal panelling and a ridiculous decoration of pistols, sabres, &c., arranged in the forms of feathers or flowers. At the foot of the stairs is a curious suit of armour sent to Charles II. by the Great Mogul.

On the left of *Queen Elizabeth's Armoury* is a dark cell falsely called the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh. At the entrance are inscriptions left by prisoners after Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion—

"He that indvreth to the ende shall be savid M. 10.
R. Hudson. Kent. Ano. 1553."

"Be faithful vnto the deth and I wil give thee a crowne of life. T. Fane. 1554."

"T. Culpeper of Darford."

The Armoury is closed by a ludicrous figure of Elizabeth on horseback, as she is supposed to have appeared at Tilbury Fort. The objects especially to be observed here are—

The Instruments of Torture—thumbscrews; bilboes; the torture-cravat called "Skeffington's daughter" after its inventor; and a Spanish collar of torture taken in the Armada.

The Axe which is said to have beheaded the Earl of Essex.

The Block used at (and made for) the executions of Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat.

Returning to the outside of the Tower, we find a second staircase. On its first landing (as an inscription tells) some

bones were found in the reign of Charles II., and were buried in Westminster Abbey as those of the princes, sons of Edward IV. Edward V. was twelve at the time of his death, his brother Richard eight. Their murder has never been proved and is still one of the mysteries of history: Heywood, by his play of Edward IV., has assisted the belief in it. He thus describes their arrival here with their uncle Gloster.

"*Prince Edward.* Uncle, what gentleman is that?
Gloster. It is, sweet Prince, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Prince Edward. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.
I pray you, tell me, did you ever know
Our father, Edward, lodge within this place?
Brackenbury. Never to lodge, my liege, but oftentimes
On other occasions I have seen him here.
Prince Richard. Brother, last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marvell'd that my uncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a king's receipt
Within this city, had appointed none
Where you might keep your court but only here.
Gloster. Vile brats! how they do descant on the Tower.
My gentle nephew, they were ill-advised
To torture you with such unfitting terms
(Whoe'er they were) against this royal mansion.
What if some part of it hath been reserved
To be a prison for nobility,
Follows it therefore that it cannot serve
To any other use? Cæsar himself,
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many kings since him; the rooms are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.
Prince Edward. Uncle of Gloster, if you think it so,
'Tis not for me to contradict your will;
We must allow it and are well content.
Gloster. On then, in God's name.
Prince Edward. Yet before we go,

One question more with you, Master Lieutenant:
We like you well; and, but we do perceive
More comfort in your looks than in these walls,
For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.
I pray you, tell me, at which door or gate
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?
Brackenbury. At this, my liege! Why sighs your Majesty?
Prince Edward. He went in here that ne'er came back again!
But as God hath decreed, so let it be!
Come, brother, shall we go?
Prince Richard. Yes, brother, anywhere with you."

Heywood thus pourtrays the night before the murder:

"*Scene, a Bedroom in the Tower—enter the two young Princes in their bedgowns and caps.*
Richard. How does your lordship?
Edward. Well, good brother Richard.
How does yourself? You told me your head ached.
Richard. Indeed it does; my lord, feel with your hands
How hot it is!
Edward. Indeed you have caught cold
With sitting yesternight to hear me read;
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, poor little heart!
Richard. You'll give me leave to wait upon your lordship.
Edward. I had more need, brother, to wait on you;
For you are sick, and so am not I.
Richard. Oh lord! methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.
Edward. I pray thee do not speak of graves, sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest me.
Richard. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach us,
That when at night we went unto our bed
We still should think we went unto our grave.
Edward. Yes, that's true
If we should do as every Christian ought,
To be prepared to die at any hour.
But I am heavy.
Richard. Indeed, so am I.
Edward. Then let us say our prayers and go to bed.
[*They kneel, and solemn music within: it ceases and they rise.*]

Richard. What, bleeds your grace?
Edward. Ay, two drops, and no more.
Richard. God bless us both; and I desire no more.
Edward. Brother, see here what David says, and so say I: Lord, in thee will I trust although I die."

Parts I. and II.

Hence a winding stair leads to *St. John's Chapel* (of 1078), the most perfect Norman chapel in England, encircled by heavy circular pillars with square cornices and bases, and a very wide triforium over the aisles. The stilted horseshoe arches of the apse resemble on a small scale those of St. Bartholomew the Great. The pavement is modern but admirably adapted to the place. Here, while he was kneeling in prayer, Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, received an order to murder the young Edward V. and his brother, and refused to obey it; here Mary attended a mass for her brother Edward VI. at the time of his funeral; and here the Duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, heard mass and publicly "kneeled down and axed all men forgiveness, and likewise forgave all men," before his execution.

It is on this floor of the White Tower that Flambard, Bishop of Durham, Griffin, Prince of Wales, John Baliol, and the Duke of Orleans were confined. Baliol especially lived here in great state, with an immense household.

Adjoining the chapel was the ancient *Banqueting Hall*, now filled with weapons. The upper floor, also now divided as an armoury, was the *Council Chamber* in which Richard II. abdicated in favour of Henry IV.

"King Richard was released from his prison, and entered the hall which had been prepared for the occasion, royally dressed, the sceptre in his hand and the crown on his head, but without supporters on either side. He addressed the company as follows: 'I have

reigned king of England, duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat of him, in the presence of you all, to accept this sceptre.' He then tendered the sceptre to the duke of Lancaster, who took it and gave it to the archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised the crown with his two hands from his head, and, placing it before him, said, 'Henry, fair cousin, and duke of Lancaster, I present and give to you this crown, with which I was crowned king of England, and all the rights dependent on it.'

"The duke of Lancaster received it, and delivered it over to the archbishop of Canterbury, who was at hand to take it. These two things being done, and the resignation accepted, the duke of Lancaster called in a public notary, that an authentic act should be drawn up of this proceeding, and witnessed by the lords and prelates then present. Soon after the king was conducted to where he had come from, and the duke and other lords mounted their horses to return home."—*Froissart.*

Shakspeare has introduced the speech of King Richard—

"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all oaths unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live, in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthen pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!"

Here also occurred that stranger scene in 1483, when the Protector (afterwards Richard III.), coming in amongst the

lords in council, asked the Bishop of Ely to send for some strawberries from his famous garden in Holborn. It is irresistible to quote Sir Thomas More's graphic account of what followed.

"The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between 10 and 11, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and frothing and gnawing on the lips; and so sat him down in his place, all the lords much dismayed and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail.

"Then, when he had sitten still a while, thus he began: 'What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm?' At this question all the lords sate sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the lord-chamberlain,* as he who for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors whoever they were. And all the others affirmed the same. 'That is,' quoth he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and another with her,' meaning the queen.

* * * * * *

Then said the protector, 'Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch, of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body.' And therewith he plucked up his doublet-sleeve to his elbow, upon his left arm, when he shewed a werish withered arm and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave him, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also, if she would, yet would she, of all folk, least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth.

"Nevertheless the lord-chamberlain answered and said, 'Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.'

* Lord Hastings, whose wife, Catherine Neville, was Richard's first cousin.

"'What,' quoth the protector, 'thou servest me ill I ween with ifs and with ands; I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor.' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried 'treason' without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in came there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, 'I arrest thee, traitor.' 'What me, my lord?' quoth he. 'Yea thee, traitor,' quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, who shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for, as shortly as he shrank, yet the blood ran about his ears.

"Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers; except the lord-chamberlain, whom the protector bad speed and shrive him apace, 'for by S. Paul,' quoth he, 'I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.' It booted him not to ask 'why'; but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift; for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to till this were done, for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head interred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward; both whose souls our Lord pardon!"—*Life of Richard III.*

Having looked out of the window whence Richard beheld the execution on Tower Green, we may enter the broad triforium of St. John's Chapel, whence there was a communication with the royal apartments.

There is a glorious view from the leads on the summit of the White Tower. Greenwich is visible on a fine day. The turrets are restorations. In that by which we enter (N.E.) King John imprisoned the beautiful Maud, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter of Baynard's Castle.

The vaults of the White Tower were used as prisons, though there is no authority for the statement of the Warders that Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More were imprisoned there. As we descend, we may see the remains

of the old staircase on the right: a sword shown as Smith O'Brien's is kept there. The holes in which the rack was fixed upon which Anne Askew was tortured are still to be seen in the floor of the vault. Burnet narrates that the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, throwing off his coat, himself drew it so severely that he almost tore her body asunder. In the prison called *Little Ease* Guy Fawkes was imprisoned, with his companions, and here he was racked, and confessed after thirty minutes of torture. On a wall in one of the vaults is the inscription, "Sacris vestris indutus, dum sacra mysteria servans, captus et in hoc angusto carcere inclusus. T. Fisher"—probably by a Jesuit priest involved in the conspiracy.

The Armouries and the Regalia are the sights usually shown to strangers. Those really interested in the Tower will obtain leave to make the circuit of the smaller towers, of which there were twelve encircling the Inner Ward. Returning to the Bloody Gate, and ascending the steps on the right they will be shown the rooms over the gateway which are full of curious or great reminiscences.

On the wall of a small chamber (left) on the first floor is an inscription by the Bishop of Ross, so long an active partisan of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, while here, confessed the Norfolk and Northumberland plots in her favour, and declared her privy to the death of Darnley: only the name is now legible, the rest of the inscription having been chipped by axes in the time of the Commonwealth. Another room on this floor is that whither Felton, the murderer of Buckingham, was brought to prison, blessed by the people on his way. Here also Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned after the Restoration—"It was a great dark

room," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "with no window in it, and the portcullis of a gate was drawn up within it, and below there sate every night a court of guard." The same prison was afterwards occupied by a very different character, James II.'s Judge Jeffreys, who was taken at Wapping in the dress of a sailor by a man he had injured, and who died here of drinking, having, during his imprisonment, been insulted by receiving a present of a barrel, apparently containing Colchester oysters, but really a halter.

On the upper floor is the room where the supposed murder of the Princes took place. Its window opens upon a narrow passage by which the assassins are said to have entered from the outside walk upon the walls. The rooms have been subdivided in late times. In one of them Margaret Cheyne was imprisoned, the wild woman who excited the second pilgrim-invasion of Yorkshire in the reign of Henry VIII., its object being to overthrow the power of Cromwell and restore Catherine of Arragon. Here Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, was imprisoned, and hence he was led to the scaffold. Here was the first prison of Archbishop Cranmer. Henry, Earl of Northumberland, imprisoned for exciting a Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, shot himself here, June 21, 1585, to avoid the confiscation of his estates. In the same room Sir Thomas Overbury, in the reign of James I., underwent slow agonies of poisoning at the hands of the Earl and Countess of Somerset and their minions. Here also Sir Walter Raleigh lived through his second and longest imprisonment of sixteen years, being accused of a plot in favour of Lady Arabella Stuart. His imprisonment was not rendered unnecessarily severe, and his wife and son

were allowed to live near him in the Tower. In the still existing room he wrote his "History of the World," and burnt its second volume as a sacrifice to Truth on being convinced that a murder, which he fancied that he had seen from his prison window, was only an optical delusion.* Here he received the visits of Ben Jonson and other clever men of the time, and of Prince Henry, who said, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage." In the adjoining garden he used to work, to cultivate rare plants, and distil curious essences from them. The narrow walk upon the wall, connected with these apartments, is still called *Sir Walter Raleigh's Walk.*

We should next visit the *Lieutenant's Lodgings*, where Mrs. Hutchinson was born, being the daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower. On the ground floor we may see the curious *Axe of Office* of the Chief Warder, which was carried before the Lieutenant when he accompanied prisoners to the House of Lords. As they returned, the axe was carried before the prisoner. If the trial was not finished the face of the axe was away from him; if he was condemned it was turned towards him: thus those watching through the loopholes of the Traitor's Gate knew his fate at once.

To the south room on the upper floor Guy Fawkes and his friends were brought for examination before Cecil, Nottingham, Mountjoy, and Northampton. Cecil wrote of Guy Fawkes, "He is no more dismayed than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway." There is a fine bust in wood of James I. over the chimney-piece, and the names of the conspirators are given on one of a set of

* D'Israeli, "Curiosities of Literature."

tablets on the left, which contain curious Latin inscriptions put up by Sir William Waad, Lieutenant of the Tower, to flatter the vainglorious James I., from some of which the following are translated:—

"James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency, and the other royal virtues; champion and patron of the Christian faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august, and most auspicious.

"Queen Anne, the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of the Danes.

"Prince Henry, ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God.

"Charles, Duke of York, divinely disposed to every virtue.

"Elizabeth, full sister of both, most worthy of her parents.

"DoThou, all-seeing, protect these as the apple of the eye, and guard them without fear from wicked men beneath the shadow of thy wings.

"To Almighty God, the guardian, arrester, and avenger, who has punished this great and incredible conspiracy against our most merciful Lord the King, our most serene Lady the Queen, our divinely disposed Prince, and the rest of our Royal House; and against all persons of quality, our ancient nobility, our soldiers, prelates, and judges; the authors and advocates of which conspiracy, Romanised Jesuits, of perfidious, Catholic, and serpent-like ungodliness, with others equally criminal and insane, were moved by the infamous desire of destroying the true Christian religion, and by the treasonous hope of overthrowing the kingdom, root and branch; and which was suddenly, wonderfully, and divinely detected, at the very moment when the ruin was impending, on the 5th day of November, in the year of grace 1605. William Waad, whom the King has appointed his Lieutenant of the Tower, returns on the ninth of October, in the sixth year of the reign of James the First, 1608, his great and everlasting thanks."

This is the room where Pepys (Feb. 28, 1663-4) "did go to dine with Sir J. Robinson, his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high-carriaged, but comely-big woman." James, Duke of Monmouth, taken as a fugitive from Sedgemoor, was imprisoned in the Lieutenant's lodgings (1685) till his execution.

We now reach the *Bell Tower*, so called from being surmounted by a wooden turret, containing the alarm bell of the garrison. At the entrance of the upper room from the walk upon the wall is the inscription—

"Bi . tortvre . stravnge . my . trovth . was . tried . yet . of . my . lybertie . denied: ther . for . reson . hath . me . perswaded . that . pasyens . mvst . be . ymbrasyd: thogh . hard . fortvne . chasyth . me . wyth . smart . yet . pasyens . shall . prevayl."

The curious vaulted chamber of the Bell Tower is that where John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned in his eightieth year. He was condemned for treason because he believed in the prophecies of the Maid of Kent, who said that a judgment would follow Henry VIII.'s divorce of Katherine of Aragon. "You believe the prophecies," said Cromwell, "because you wish them to be true." From the Bell Tower he wrote piteously to Cromwell, "I beseech you to be good master in my necessity; for I have neither shirt, nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully. Notwithstanding, I might easily suffer that, if I could keep my body warm. But my diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times. And now in mine age, my stomach may not away but with a few kinds of meats, which, if I want, I decay forthwith." While Fisher was in prison the Pope, to comfort him, sent him a cardinal's hat. "Fore God," said the king, "if he wear it he shall wear it on his shoulders," and his death-warrant was signed, so that "his cardinal's hat and his head never met together."* The old man put on his best suit for what he called his marriage day, and went forth gladly to the scaffold, with his New

* Fuller.

Testament in his hand. It opened at the passage, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The Bell Tower is said to have been also the prison of the Princess Elizabeth, but it is more probable that she was confined in the royal apartments. It is certain that after a month's strict confinement she was allowed to walk in the Queen's Garden. Arabella Stuart, however, who had married Sir William Seymour, "with the love which laughs at privy councils,"* certainly languished here for four years after her capture in Calais roads while attempting to escape with her husband to France.

"What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment (four years) was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, 'Good my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission.' In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the King, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust."—*D'Israeli. Curiosities of Literature.*

"Where London's towres theire turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, childe of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleak windes roare,
So faste did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so faste her teares did poure."
From Evans's Old Ballads (probably by Mickle).

* D'Israeli.

Adjoining the Bell Tower is a room with an ancient chimney-piece inscribed—"Upon the twentieth daie of June in yere of our Lord a thousand five hundred three score and five, was the Right honorable countes of Lennox Grace committede prysoner to thys lodgynge for the marreage of her sonne my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queen of Scotland. Here is their names that do wayte upon her noble Grace in thys plase—M. Elizh. Hussey, M. Jane Baily, M. Elizh. Chamberlen, M. Robarte Partington, Edward Cuffin, Anno Domini 1566." This is a memorial of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, being the daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus. She was imprisoned on the marriage, and released on the murder, of Darnley. She died in great poverty (leaving two grandchildren, James IV., son of Henry, and Arabella, daughter of Charles Stuart), and was buried in state at Westminster at the expense of Elizabeth.

In the centre of the west side of the court is the *Beauchamp Tower*, which probably derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, having been imprisoned there by Richard II. before his removal to the Isle of Man, in 1397. The room on the upper story of this tower is one of the most interesting in the fortress. It is surrounded by a number of arched embrasures, and the walls are half covered with inscriptions from the hands of its prisoners, which will be found of the greatest interest by those who see them on the spot, though a description of them here is dull reading. We may notice—

Right of First Recess. In old Italian.—"Dispoi : che : vole : la : fortvna : che : la : mea : speransa : va : al : vento : pianger : ho :

volio : el : tempo : perdvto : e : semper : stel : me : tristo : e : discontèto : Wilim : Tyrrel . 1541."

Over the Fireplace. The autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, eldest son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded 1572, for the sake of Mary, Queen of Scots. "Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro. Arundell. June 22, 1587.

"Gloria et honore eum coronasti Domine.
In memoria eterna erit justus."

Lord Arundel, having embraced the Catholic faith, had wished to emigrate, but was seized, and imprisoned on an accusation of unlawfully supporting Catholic priests. The joy he expressed on hearing of the Spanish Armada caused his being tried in Westminster Hall and condemned to death, but he was reprieved and languished all his life in prison. Elizabeth vainly offered his restoration to liberty, riches, and honour, if he would renounce his faith. He died Oct. 19, 1595, thus, though not without suspicion of poison, escaping the capital punishment inflicted upon his father, grandfather, and great grandfather.

Right of Fireplace. Sculpture by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick; eldest son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, imprisoned for the cause of Lady Jane Grey, who had married his brother Lord Guildford Dudley. Beneath the lion, bear, and ragged staff, is the sculptor's name, and a border of roses (for Ambrose), oak leaves (for Robert), and two other flowers, the whole being emblematical of the names of his four brothers, imprisoned with him, as we see by the inscription—

"Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein——
4 brothers names who list to serche the ground."

Of the five brothers, John died in prison, Guildford was beheaded, the other three were released after six months' imprisonment.

Recess on Right of Fireplace. The inscription "Dolor patientia vincitur. G. Gyfford. August 8, 1586," and another, are probably by George Gyfford, gentleman pensioner to Elizabeth, falsely accused of having sworn to kill the queen.

On the left side of the same recess is a panel adorned with lozenges, inscribed—

"J. H. S.
1571 . die 10°. Aprilis.

"Wise men ought circumspectly to se what they do; to examine before they speake; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they trust. Charles Bailly."

The writer was a secret agent for Mary, Queen of Scots, arrested at Dover with letters in cipher for her, the Duke of Norfolk, and her other adherents, and harshly imprisoned and tortured on the rack to obtain additional disclosures. Amongst Lord Burghley's State Papers there is a touching letter from him to that statesman—"For God's sake, and for the passion which he suffered for us, take pitie of me; and bend your mercy full eyes towards me, Charles Bailly, a poore prisoner and stranger . . . who have no frend at all to help me with a penny, and am allready naked and torne."

Another inscription by the same hand is—

"Principium sapientie timor Domini. I.H.S. X.P.S. Be frend to one. Be ennemye to none. Anno D. 1571. 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; For, men are not killed with the adversities they have: but with ye impacience which they suffer.

"Tout vient apoient, quy peult attendre. Gli sospiri ne son testimoni veri dell' angoscia mia. æt. 29. Charles Bailly."

A third inscription by the same has simply the name and the date, 1571.

Close to this is—"1570. JHON Store. Doctor." This Store or Story was a member of the House of Commons, who was committed on the accession of Elizabeth, for the vehemence with which he spoke against the Reformation, but escaped to Antwerp. He was, however, ensnared on board an English ship, carried back to the Tower, and condemned and cruelly executed for the Roman Catholic faith, with tortures even more barbarous than those used against Protestants. He was drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, hung, cut down while still alive, and struggled with the executioner while he was being disembowelled!

Passing over inscriptions by persons of whom nothing is known, we find—

Third Recess—

(*Left side.*) "T. C. I leve in hope and I gave credit to mi frinde in time did stande me most in hande. So wovlde I never do againe, excepte I hade hime suer in bande; and to al men wishe I so, unles ye sussteine the leke lose as I do.

"Unhappie is that mane whose actes doth procuer
The miseri of this hous in prison to induer.
1576. Thomas Clarke."

(*Right side.*)

"Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try and then trvste.
For hapy is he who fyndeth one that is jvste.
T. C."

These are believed to be by Thomas Clarke, a Roman Catholic priest who recanted at St. Paul's Cross, July 1, 1593.

Below the first of these are the lines, by a sufferer on the rack—

"Thomas Miagh which liethe here alone
That fayne wold from hens begon
By tortvre stravnge mi trovth was
Tryed yet of my libertie denied
1581. Thomas Myagh."

Between the last two Recesses are, amongst many other inscriptions, under the name Thomas Rooper, 1570, the figure of a skeleton, and the words, "Per passage penible passons a port plaisant."

Near this is "Geffrye Poole. 1562." Doubtless inscribed by that descendant of George, Duke of Clarence, who was imprisoned in the Tower for life, and on whose evidence his own brother, Lord Montague, with the Marquis of Exeter and others, were beheaded.

Near this is the word JANE, supposed to refer to Lady Jane Grey and to have been cut by her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, imprisoned here with his brothers.

Near this also is "Edmonde Poole," which is several times repeated in the room, commemorating one of the great-grandsons of George, Duke of Clarence, imprisoned here for life on accusation of wishing to supplant the Protestant religion and make Mary of Scotland queen of England. His brother Arthur Pole has left his inscriptions—"Deo. servire . penitentiam . inire . fato . obedire . regnare . est. A. Poole. 1564. I. H. S." and "I. H. S. A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant. Ao. 1568. Arthur Poole. Æt. sue 37. A.P."

Last Recess (*left*). "I hope in th' end to deserve that I would have. Men: Novem: Ao. 1573," with the name "Hugh Longworthe" underneath and the prostrate figure of a man. This is especially curious as probably having been the work of one Peter Burchet of the Middle Temple, who being imprisoned here for wounding Sir John Hawkins, murdered (to "deserve" his punishment?) his fellow-prisoner Hugh Longworth, as he was reading his Bible in this window. Burchet was hung by Temple Bar, Nov. 11, 1573.

After the last Recess. "AS : VT : IS : TAKY . Thomas Fitzgerald," commemorates the eldest son of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl

of Kildare, imprisoned for a rebellion in Ireland, and hung and quartered at Tyburn, with his five uncles, Feb. 3, 1537.

Left of the (original) east window. Under the word "Thomas" is a great A upon a bell, being the rebus of Dr. Thomas Abel, domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, imprisoned and executed for his fidelity to the cause of his mistress.

Near this is "Doctor Cook," the signature of Laurence Cook, Prior of Doncaster, hung for denying the king's supremacy, and "Thomas Cobham, 1555," commemorating the youngest son of Lord Cobham, who was condemned for Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection.

The last inscription we need notice is a carving of an oak-tree with acorns and the initials "R. D." beneath, the work of Robert Dudley, afterwards Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, who, being already married to Amy Robsart, was imprisoned with his father and brothers for the affair of Lady Jane Grey.

An illustrious prisoner of the Beauchamp Tower, who has left no memorials, is Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was sentenced to be burnt to death for the doctrines of Wickliffe. The people broke into the Tower and rescued him, and he remained under their protection in safety for three months. After this, being forced to fly, he wandered for four years through England and Wales, with 1,000 marks set upon his head. At length he was betrayed by a Welsh follower, brought to London, and burnt before his own house in Smithfield.

On the wall at the top of this tower was the touching "Epitaph on a Goldfinch"—

> "Where Raleigh pin'd, within a prison's gloom,
> I cheerful sung, nor murmur'd at my doom;
> Where heroes bold, and patriots firm could dwell,
> A goldfinch in content his note might swell:
> But death, more gentle than the law's decree,
> Hath paid my ransom from captivity.
>
> Buried, June 23, 1794, by a fellow-
> -prisoner in the Tower of London."

Almost opposite the Beauchamp Tower is "the Green within the Tower" (now a gravelled space, where it is said that grass has never consented to grow since the executions) whither Hastings (1483) was brought hastily from the council chamber in the White Tower, and where, "without time for confession or repentance, his head was struck off upon a log of timber."

A stone here marks the spot on which several of the most illustrious of the Tower-victims have suffered death, the greater part of the prisoners having been executed on Tower Hill. Here the beautiful Anne Boleyn walked to her death in the calm of innocence, comforting her attendants, and praying with her last breath for her brutal husband. Here the aged Countess of Salisbury, the last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, refused to lay her head upon the block, and rushed round and round the platform, her white hair streaming on the wind, till she was hewn down by the executioner. Here a letter from an eye-witness describes the death of Queen Catherine Howard (who had been a wife only one year six months and four days) and Lady Rochford as "the most godly and Christian end that ever was heard tell of since the world's creation." Hither Lady Jane Grey, "the queen of nine days," came to her death "without fear or grief," attended by her faithful women, Mistress Tylney and Mistress Ellen.

"These are the words that the Lady Jane spake upon the scaffold at the hour of her death. First, when she mounted upon the scaffold, she said to the people standing thereabout, 'Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me: but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God,

and the face of you, good Christian people, this day:" and therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she, 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other mean, but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of his only son Jesus Christ: and I confess, that when I did know the word of God, I neglected the same, loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God, that of his goodness he hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers.' And then, kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this psalm?' and he said 'Yea.' Then said she the psalm of 'Miserere mei Deus' in English, in most devout manner, throughout to the end; and then she stood up, and gave her maiden, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Burges. And then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, paaft and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to bind about her eyes.

"Then the hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw; which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, 'I pray you decapitate me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off, before I lay me down?' And the hangman said, 'No, Madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, 'What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and so finished her life in the year of our Lord God, 1554, the 12th day of February."—*Foxe. Acts and Monuments.*

Lady Jane had "the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of the middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences."—*Holy State*, p. 311.

On this same spot, in 1598, suffered Henry Devereux, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, having obtained his last petition, that his execution might be in private, and coming

to his death "more like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death."

Close by, on the left (having observed the inscription "Nisi Dominus Frustra" over the chaplain's door), we may enter the Prisoner's *Chapel*, aptly dedicated to St. Peter in the Chains, built by Edward I., rebuilt by Edward III., but altered with perpendicular windows and arches in the reign of Henry VIII., and restored under Salvin, 1876-7. The chapel has always been used for the prisoners of the Tower, and it was here that the seven bishops imprisoned for conscience sake, being allowed to attend service, were consoled by the accident of the Lesson being from 2 Cor. vi. 3, 4 —"Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments," &c.

The chapel contains several interesting monuments. At the N.E. corner of the north aisle is the noble alabaster tomb (originally in front of the chancel) of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower under Henry VII. (*ob.* 1544), and his wife Elizabeth. His effigy is in plate armour with a collar of SS., his head rests on a helmet, his feet on a lion: his wife, who lies on her left side, has a pointed headdress: both the statues were once coloured and gilt. The north wall of the chancel is occupied by the tomb of Sir Richard Blount (1560) and Sir Michael Blount, his son (1592), both Lieutenants of the Tower. On the south wall of the chancel are some quaint monuments to the Carey family and the black marble tablet to Sir Allan Apsley (father of Mrs. Hutchinson), 1630. Other monuments commemorate Valentine Pyne (1677), Master Gunner

of England; Sir Jonas More (1670), Surveyor-General of the Ordnance under Charles II.; and Talbot Edwards (1674), the venerable Keeper of the Regalia at the time of the Blood conspiracy. On the east wall of the chancel are brass tablets to Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Constable of the Tower, 1870; and Lord de Ros, Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, 1874.

But no monuments mark the graves of the most illustrious of the victims of the Tower, whose bones lie beneath the pavement. When it was taken up in 1876 some bones of a female of 25 or 30 years old were found before the altar at two feet below the ground, and have been almost conclusively identified as those of Queen Anne Boleyn, whose body, says Burnet, was, immediately after her execution, "thrown into a common chest of elm-tree, that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel within the Tower before twelve o'clock." Stow describes how immediately before the altar lie "two Dukes between two Queens"—the Protector Somerset (1552) and Lady Jane Grey's Duke of Northumberland between Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. Of the girlish Queen Katharine no bones have been found, but some male bones with a skull have been identified as those of the Duke of Northumberland, whose head was buried with him. The Duke of Monmouth, the unfortunate son of Charles II., was buried beneath the altar, where his bones exist still. On the left of Anne Boleyn (north of chancel) lies her brother, Lord Rochford; to the right of Katherine Howard (south) were her friend Lady Rochford, and the venerable Countess of Salisbury, whose bones have been identified. Behind the Queens lie Lord Guildford Dudley, Lady Jane Grey, the Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas Overbury.

Under a stone at the west end of the chapel rest Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. Their coffin-plates are preserved in the vestry, inscribed—

"Willielmus, Comes de Kilmarnock, Decollatus 18° die Augusti, 1746. Ætatis suæ 42°."

"Arthurus, Dominus de Balmerino, Decollatus 18° die Augusti, 1746. Ætatis suæ 58°."

"Simon, Dominus Frazer de Lovat, Decollat. April 9, 1747. Ætat. suæ 80." (The inscription upon which Lord Lovat looked upon the scaffold and uttered "Dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori.")

To the north of this, Bishop Fisher was removed from Allhallows, Barking, that he might lie near his friend Sir Thomas More. Prisoners buried in the chapel were—

Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died in prison, 1534.
John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded, 1535.
Sir Thomas More, beheaded, 1535.
George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, beheaded, 1536.
Queen Anne Boleyn, beheaded, 1536.
Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded, 1540.
Margaret Clarence, Countess of Salisbury, beheaded, 1541.
Queen Catherine Howard, beheaded, 1542.
Jane, Viscountess Rochford, beheaded, 1542.
Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, beheaded, 1549.
Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, beheaded, 1551.
Sir Ralph Vane, hanged, 1552.
Sir Thomas Arundel, beheaded, 1552.
John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded, 1553.
Lord Guildford Dudley, beheaded, 1554.
Lady Jane Grey, beheaded, 1554.
Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, beheaded, 1554.
Arthur and Edmund Pole, grandsons of the Countess of Salisbury, died in the Tower between 1565 and 1578.
Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded, 1572.
Sir John Perrott, died in the Tower, 1592.
Philip, Earl of Arundel, died in the Tower, 1595.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, beheaded, 1601.
Sir Thomas Overbury, "Prisoner, poysoned," is the entry in the register, 1613.
Thomas, Lord Grey of Wilton, died in the Tower, 1614.
Sir John Eliot, died in the Tower, 1632.
William, Viscount Stafford, beheaded, 1680.
Arthur, Earl of Essex, "cutt his own throat within the Tower," says the register, 1683.
James, Duke of Monmouth, beheaded, 1685.
George, Lord Jeffreys, died in the Tower, 1689 (his bones were removed in 1693).
John Rotier, died in the Tower, 1703.
Edward, Lord Griffin, died in the Tower, 1710.
William, Marquis of Tullibardine, died in the Tower, 1746.
Arthur, Lord Balmerino, beheaded, 1746.
William, Earl of Kilmarnock, beheaded, 1746.
Simon, Earl Frazer of Lovat, beheaded, 1747.*

Behind St. Peter's Chapel, at the north-west angle of the wall, is the *Devereux Tower*, called in the survey of Henry VIII. "Robin the Devyll's Tower," and in that of 1597 "the Develin Tower," but which changed its name after the Earl of Essex was confined there in 1601.

Passing the Flint Tower (rebuilt) we reach the *Bowyer's Tower*, so called from having been the residence of the provider of the king's bows. The only ancient part is a vaulted chamber on the ground floor, in which, according to tradition, George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine.

Next, behind the barracks, is the *Brick Tower*, where the Master of the Ordnance resided. Here Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned. Hence she wrote her last touching words to her father, and those to her sister Katherine, Lady Herbert, on the blank leaves of her Greek Testament. From the

* For further particulars consult the interesting volume on the Chapel in the Tower by Doyne C. Bell.

window of this tower also, before she was herself taken to the scaffold, she beheld the headless body of her husband pass by in a cart from Tower Hill, and exclaimed, "Oh, Guildford, Guildford! the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared with that feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven."

"She had before received the offer of a crown with as even a temper as if it had been a garland of flowers, and now she lays aside the thought thereof with as much contentedness as she could have thrown away that garland when the scent was gone. The time of her glories was so short, but a nine days' work, that it seemed nothing but a dream, out of which she was not sorry to be awakened."—*Heylin.*

In this tower Sir Walter Raleigh underwent his first imprisonment (by Elizabeth) for having seduced Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the maids of honour, but was released on his marriage with her. Hither also, after his expedition to Guiana, he was brought for his third and last imprisonment.

The *Martin Tower*, at the north-east angle, was the prison for sixteen years of the Earl of Northumberland in the reign of James I. He was allowed to walk on the terrace between this and the Constable Tower, and to pursue his mathematical studies, under the guidance of Hariot, the astronomer. A sundial, still existing on the south face of the tower, was put up by the earl, and is the work of Hariot. Northumberland was eventually released on the intercession of his beautiful daughter, Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle. It was here also that the Seven Bishops were imprisoned. As the "Jewel Tower," this was the scene of Blood's conspiracy. This tower also was the scene of the well-known but disconnected "Tower-Ghost-Story." Mr. Edward Lent-

hall Swift, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, stated that on a Saturday night in October, 1817, he was at supper with his wife, her sister, and his little boy, in the sitting-room of the jewel-house. The room had three doors and two windows: between the windows a chimney-piece projected far into the room. On that evening the doors were closed, the windows curtained, and the only light was given by the candles on the table. Mr. Swift sate at the foot of the table, with his boy on his right, his wife facing the chimney, and her sister opposite. Suddenly the lady exclaimed, "Good God! what is that?" Mr. Swift then saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of his arm, hovering between the ceiling and the table. Its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, incessantly rolling within the cylinder. This lasted two minutes, after which the appearance began to move round the table. Mr. Swift saw it pass behind his wife, who shrieked in an agony of terror, "Oh Christ! it has seized me!" Neither the sister nor the boy saw anything. Soon afterwards the sentry at the jewel-house was terrified by "a figure like a bear," fell down in a fit, and died two or three days after.*

At the foot of this tower is preserved the sculpture of the royal arms, by *Gibbons*, which was the principal ornament on the front of the Great Storehouse, burnt October 30th, 1841.

On the east wall (modernised) are the *Constable Tower*, and the *Broad Arrow Tower*, which was used as a prison for Roman Catholic priests in the reign of Elizabeth.

* See Timbs's "Romance of London," vol. ii. The other ghostly appearance in the Tower, the axe, which appears in the shadow of moonlight on the walls of the White Tower, has had many advocates.

At the south-east angle is the picturesque *Salt* (*Assault*) *Tower*, with some good gothic windows. The ground floor is a vaulted chamber, with deep recesses. The upper floor, used as a prison, has some curious sculptures, a sphere with the signs of the zodiac, the work of a man imprisoned on accusation of sorcery, with the inscription, "Hew Draper of Brystow made thys spheer the 30 daye of Maye anno 1561." In another part of the room is a globe, probably by the same person. The name "Mychael Moody, May 15. 1587," is that of one imprisoned for conspiring against the life of Elizabeth.

The Royal *Palace* of the Tower occupied the ground between the Salt Tower and the Lanthorn Tower, one of the most ancient parts of the fortress, destroyed in 1788. Its site is now occupied by the hideous *Ordnance Office*. The Tower ceased to be used as a palace after the accession of Elizabeth, to whom it recalled the personal associations of a prison.

Returning through the Outer Ward, by the remains (left) of the *Cradle Tower*, we have one of the most charming views in the fortress, where some trees overshadow the archway, which crosess the ward close to the Wakefield Tower.

A visit to the Tower may be well followed by one to the *Church of Holy Trinity*, in the Minories, the long street which runs north from Tower Hill to Aldgate, for here, in a tin box, is preserved the most ghastly relic connected with the Tower. It is the still perfect *Head of the Duke of Suffolk*, father of Lady Jane Grey, which was found preserved in tannin in a small vault on the south of the altar, and which, in its aquiline nose and arched eyebrows,

corresponds with the portrait engraved by Lodge from a portrait at Hatfield, of which there is a duplicate in the National Portrait Gallery. The features are perfect, but the hair is gone, the skin has become a bright yellow, the cheeks and eyelids are like leather, the teeth rattle in the jaws. The neck shows the false blow of the executioner, which failed to extinguish life, and the fatal blow which cut through veins and cartilage, severing the head from the body. The church contains several curious monuments, including that of William Legge, who attended Charles I. upon the scaffold, and bore thence his message to the Prince of Wales "to remember the faithfullest servant ever prince had." In the same grave rests his son George, first Baron Dartmouth, Counsellor to Charles II. and James II., and Master of the Horse to James II. He was appointed Admiral of the fleet intended to intercept the landing of the Prince of Orange, and, failing, was sent, after the revolution, to the Tower, where he died in 1691. His son, William, first Earl of Dartmouth, is also buried here. The monument erected by Lady Pelham, daughter of a St. John of Bletsoe, to her husband and son has the epitaph—

"Deathe first did strike Sir John, here tomb'd in claye,
And then enforst his son to follow faste;
Of Pelham's line, this kniyghte was chiefe and stay,
By this, behold! all flesh must dye at laste.
But Bletsowe's lord, thy sister most may moane,
Both mate and sonne hathe left her here alone.

Sir John Pelham dyed October 13. 1580.
Oliver Pelham, his sonne, dyed January 19. 1584."

Here Sir Philip Sidney, who received his death-wound at Zutphen, lay in state before his national funeral in St. Paul's.

"Unto the Minories his body was conveyed,
And there, under a martial hearse, three months or more was laid;
But when the day was come he to his grave must go,
A host of heavy men repaired to see the solemn show."

This dismal little church is the only memorial of the convent founded for Minorites, "Poor Clares," who gave a name to the street, by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, wife of Edmond Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. It was probably on account of this foundation by his sister-in-law, that Edward I. deposited here the heart of his mother, the unpopular Eleanor of Provence, who died in the nunnery of Ambresbury in 1291. The Minorite Convent was granted to the Duke of Suffolk by Edward VI., in 1552. The Convent-farm was leased to one Goodman, from whom "Goodman's Fields," "Goodman's Stile," and "Goodman's Yard" take their names.

"At the which farm I myself in my youth have fetched many a half-pennyworth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a half-penny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a half-penny in the winter, and always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and obtained."—*Stow.*

It was in the Minories that Lord Cobham died, at the house of his laundress, "rather of hunger than any natural disease."* The street was formerly famous for its gun-smiths—

"The mulcibers who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Amelia with a shape to kill."

Congreve.

On Tower Hill, facing a garden on the north of the Tower, is the *Trinity House*, built by Samuel Wyatt for the company

* Works of Francis Osborn, ed. 1701, p. 381.

founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., for the encouragement of navigation, the regulation of lighthouses, the providing of efficient pilots, and the general control of naval matters not directly under the Admiralty.

A little farther east is the *Royal Mint*, built by Johnson and Sir R. Smirke. Here the gold and silver of the realm are melted and coined. Sir Isaac Newton and Sir John Herschel were Masters of the Mint, an office abolished in 1870.

The streets east of the Tower are the Sailors' Town. The shops are devoted to the sale of sailors' clothing, nautical instruments, and naval stores; the population is made up of sailors, shipbuilders, and fishermen.

The *Docks* connected with the Thames occupy a space of 900 acres. The principal Docks are *St. Katherine's Docks*, opened 1828; the *London Docks*, opened 1805; the *West India Docks*, opened 1802; the *East India Docks*, opened 1808; the *Commercial Docks*, opened 1809; and the *Victoria Docks*, opened 1856.

> "Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
> Whole forests send to reign upon the sea."—*Waller.*

Near St. Katherine's, a place which latterly bore the strangely corrupted name of Hangman's Gains, long marked the street which was the asylum of the refugees from Hammes et Guynes, near Calais, after that town was recaptured from the English!

Below the London Docks is *Wapping*, where Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, attempting to escape after the abdication of James II., was taken while he was drinking at the Red Cow, in Hope and Anchor Alley, King Edward's Stairs; he was identified by a scrivener of Wapping, whom

he had insulted from the bench, and who recognised the terrible face as he was lolling out of a window, in the dress of a common sailor, and in fancied security. *Execution Dock* is the place where pirates were hung in chains. Beyond Wapping are the miserable thickly inhabited districts of *Shadwell* and *Limehouse.*

At Wapping is the entrance of the *Thames Tunnel,* formed 1825—1843, by Sir Isambard K. Brunel, at an expense of £614,000. This long useless passage under the river, to Rotherhithe, was sold to the East London Railway Company in 1865, and is now a railway tunnel.

A number of taverns with riverside landing-places retain their quaint original names, but they are little worth visiting. The "Waterman's Arms" in Limehouse has some remains (1877) of an old brick front towards the street, and the view from its river balcony, with the ancient boat-building yards, and timbers green with salt weeds in the foreground, has often been painted.

The main thoroughfare of this part of London, which will always be known by its old name of *Ratcliffe Highway,* though it has been foolishly changed to St. George's Street, obtained unpleasant notoriety from the murders of the Marr family and the Williamsons in 1811, after which, as Macaulay says, "Many can remember the terror which was on every face, the careful barring of doors, the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen's rattles." But those who visit it now will find Ratcliffe Highway a cheerful airy street, without any especial evidence of poverty or crime. No. 179 is the famous "Wild Beast Shop," called Jamrach's, an extraordinary place, where almost any animal may be purchased, from an elephant to a mouse.

CHAPTER XI.

THAMES STREET.

WE may return from the Tower by the long thoroughfare of Upper and Lower Thames Street, which follows the line of the river, with a history as old as that of the City itself. Narrow and dark, Industry has made it one of the most important streets of London. Here—

> "Commerce brought into the public walk
> The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
> Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
> With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
> Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods!
> Chose for his grand resort."
>
> *Thomson.*

Thames Street is the very centre of turmoil. From the huge warehouses along the sides, with their chasm-like windows and the enormous cranes which are so great a feature of this part of the City, the rattling of the chains and the creaking of the cords, by which enormous packages are constantly ascending and descending, mingles with uproar from the roadway beneath. Here the hugest waggons, drawn by Titanic dray-horses, and attended by waggoners in smockfrocks, are always lading or discharging their enormous burthens of boxes, barrels, crates, timber,

iron, or cork. Wine, fish, and cheese are the chief articles of street traffic—

> "Thames Street gives cheeses, Covent Garden fruits,
> Moorfields old books, and Monmouth Street old suits."

There are no buildings which recall the days of Chaucer, who, the son of a Thames Street vintner, certainly lived here from 1379 to 1385, but now and then an old brick church breaks the line of warehouses, with the round-headed windows of Charles the Second's time and the stiff garlands of Gibbons, and ever and anon, through a narrow slit in the houses, we have a glimpse of the glistening river and its shipping. But one cannot linger in Thames Street—every one is in a hurry.

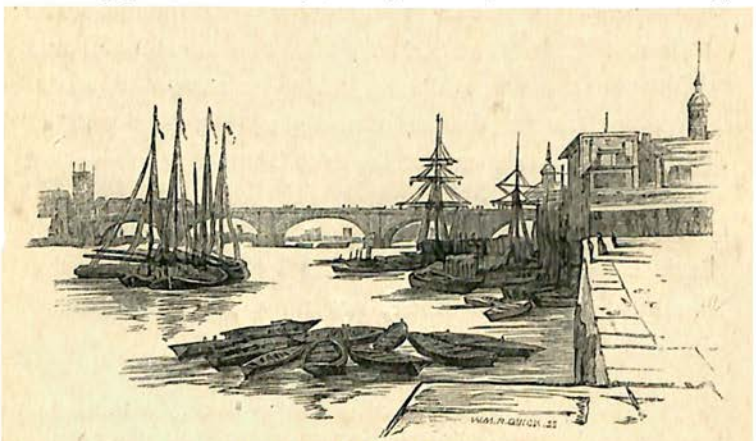
On the left is *The Custom House*, built from designs of *David Laing*, 1814—17, but altered by Sir Robert Smirke. The most productive duties are those on tea, tobacco, wine, and brandy.

"There is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary tradesman. For the purpose, I have a man; I bid him lay out twenty shillings in such and such commodities; but I tell him for every shilling he lays out I will have a penny. I trade as well as he. This every Prince does in his Customs."—*Selden.*

There is a delightful walk on the quay in front of the Custom House, with a beautiful view up the river to London Bridge. From hence the peculiarly picturesque boats called Dutch Crawls may be seen to the greatest advantage: they do not go higher than London Bridge. Hither, in one of his fits of despondency, came Cowper the poet, intending to drown himself.

"Not knowing where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower-wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom-house quay. I left the coach upon the Tower-wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach."—*Southey's Cowper*, i. 124.

Close to the Custom House is the famous fish-market of *Billingsgate*, rebuilt 1876, but picturesque and worth seeing,



London Bridge from Billingsgate.

though ladies will not wish to linger there, the language of Billingsgate having long been notorious.

"There stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
Her blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn."

Pope. The Dunciad.

"One may term Billingsgate the Esculine gate of London."

Fuller.

Geoffry of Monmouth says that the name Billingsgate was derived from Belin, king of the Britons, A.C. 400, having

built a water-gate here, and that when he was dead his ashes were placed in a vessel of brass upon a high pinnacle of stone over the said gate. The place has been a market for fish ever since 1351; all fish is sold by the tale, except salmon, which is sold by weight, and oysters and shell-fish, which are sold by measure. A fish dinner (price 2s.) may be obtained at the *Three Tuns Tavern* at Billingsgate.

Opposite Billingsgate is *The Coal Exchange*, by J. B. Bunning, opened 1849. *Botolph Lane* and *Wharf* commemorate the Church of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, not rebuilt after the Fire.

On St. Dunstan's Hill, between Tower Street and Little Thames Street, is the *Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East*, one of Wren's restorations. The spire rests on four flying buttresses, in feeble caricature of the grand steeple of St. Nicholas at Newcastle. It was Wren's first attempt at placing a steeple upon quadrangular columns, and was at first regarded by him with great anxiety. Afterwards he was very proud of this miserable work, and when told that a dreadful hurricane had ruined all the steeples in the City, said, "Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure." On the south of the church is a large tomb, with an effigy of Sir William Russell, 1705, a benefactor to the parish. On the north wall of the chancel is a monument to Sir John Moore (1702), whose loyalty as Lord Mayor (1681-2) is commemorated in the "Ziloah" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel."

Archbishop Morton, the tutor of Sir Thomas More, was rector of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. Rooks, till recently, built their nests in the trees in the churchyard.*

* See "Chronicles of St. Dunstan-in-the-East" by the Rev. T. Boyles Murray.

Mincing Lane, which leads northwards from hence, was "Mincheon Lane," so called from tenements in it which belonged to the Mincheons, or nuns of St. Helen's.

The *Church of St. Mary-at-Hill* was partially rebuilt by *Wren* after the Great Fire, but only the east end remains from his work. John Brand, author of "The Popular Antiquities," was rector, and was buried in the church, 1806. Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," was married here, May, 1731.

On *Fish Street Hill* the Black Prince had a palace. Here, and as we emerge into King William Street, the great feature on the right is the *Monument*, finished 1680, by desire of Charles II., from designs of Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. It is a fluted Doric column 202 feet in height, this being the exact number of feet by which it is distant from the site of the house in Pudding Lane, where the Fire began. The dragons on the pedestal are by Edward Pierce. The large and comical relief by Caius Gabriel Cibber commemorates the destruction and restoration of the City.

"The last figure on the left is intended to express London lying disconsolately upon her ruins, with the insignia of her civic grandeur partly buried beneath them. Behind her is Time gradually raising her up again, by whose side stands a female figure, typical of Providence, pointing with a sceptre formed of a winged hand enclosing an eye to the angels of peace and plenty seated on the descending clouds. Opposite the City, on an elevated pavement, stands the effigy of Charles II. in a Roman habit, advancing to her aid attended by the Sciences holding a terminal figure of Nature, Liberty waving a hat, and Architecture bearing the instruments of design and the plan of the new City. Behind the king stands his brother the Duke of York, attended by Fortitude leading a lion, and Justice bearing a laurel coronet. Under an arch beneath the raised pavement on which these figures stand appears Envy looking upward, emitting pestiferous flames,

and gnawing a heart. Eleven of the preceding figures are sculptured in alto-relievo; whilst the background represents in basso-relievo the Fire of London, with the consternation of the citizens on the left-hand, and the rebuilding of it upon the right, with labourers at work upon unfinished houses."— *Wilkinson's Londina Illustrata.*

Fish Street Hill.

The pillar is surmounted by a metal vase of flames. The original design was to have a plain column, with flames bursting from holes all the way up, and a phœnix at the top.

The Fire began early in the morning of Sunday the 3rd of September, 1666, in the house of one Farryner, the King's Baker, in Pudding Lane. This man, when cross-examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, proved that he had left his house perfectly safe at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and was convinced that it had been purposely fired. The rapidity with which the flames spread, chiefly owing to the number of houses built of timber, defied all measures for arresting them, though on the afternoon of the first day the King sent Pepys from Whitehall to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to "spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way." By the first night Pepys could "endure no more upon the water, and from Bankside (Southwark) saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appear more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the flame of an ordinary fire. We staid," he says, "till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long." Evelyn describes the dreadful scene of the same night—

"I saw the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation

there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights: God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length."

At noon on Tuesday the 5th the Fire first began to be checked, at the Temple Church in Fleet Street, and Pie Corner in Smithfield, gunpowder being then used in destroying the houses, and producing gaps too wide to be overleaped by the flames, but by that time the destruction had included eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; out of twenty-six wards it had utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City covered four hundred and thirty-six acres, the part left standing occupied seventy-five acres: the loss was eleven

millions, but—London has never since suffered from the Plague.

A committee was immediately formed to inquire into the causes of the Fire, before which one Robert Hubert, a French priest of Rouen, 25 years of age, declared that he had set fire intentionally to the house of Farryner, the baker in Pudding Lane, by putting a lighted fire-ball in at a window at the end of a long pole. He pointed out the exact spot where this occurred, and stated that he had been suborned at Paris for this deed, and that he had three accomplices. No one believed his story, yet the jury who tried him found him guilty, and he was hung. *Afterwards* it was shown that he was insane, and the master of the ship which brought him over from France proved that he did not land till two days after the Fire. Still the confession of Hubert, in those times of bitter religious animosity, when Titus Oates and his plot had excited additional horror of Papists, was considered sufficient to authorise the inscription on the pedestal of the Monument.

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by ye treachery and malice of ye popish factiō, in ye beginning of Septem, in ye year of our Lord 1666, in order to ye carrying on of their horrid plott for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and the introducing popery and slavery.

"Sed furor papisticus qui tam dira patravit nondum restinguitur."

This inscription was obliterated in the time of James II., recut deeper than before under William III., and finally effaced Jan. 26, 1831. It is this inscription which makes Pope say—

> "Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."
>
> *Moral Essays, Ep.* iii. 337.

The house on the site in Pudding Lane where the Fire began (No. 25) bore, till the middle of the last century, when it was removed because the crowds who stopped to read it intercepted the traffic, the inscription—

"Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell brake loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was hanged—viz., that here began the dreadful Fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring pillar, erected Anno 1680, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Knight."

The Monument, which may be wearily ascended for the sake of the view, which is very fine, when visible, is caged at the top in consequence of the mania for committing suicide from it.

Close by is the *Church of St. Magnus*, a Norwegian jarl, killed in the 12th century in Orkney, where the Cathedral of Kirkwall is dedicated to him. It was rebuilt by *Wren* after the Fire, in 1676, and is one of his best churches. The tower has an octagonal lantern, crowned by a cupola and short spire, picturesque and effective. The roadway beneath it was made in 1760, when it was found necessary to widen the approach to Old London Bridge. This possibility had been foreseen by Wren, so that it was effected without difficulty, but has injured the solid effect of an otherwise beautiful building. The carved and gilt dial on the tower, erected in 1709, at a cost of £485, was given in fulfilment of a vow by Sir Charles Duncomb, who when a poor boy, waiting for his master on London Bridge, lost him from not knowing the hour, and promised he would give a clock to St. Magnus, if he ever became rich.

On the destruction of the Church of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, the remains of Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, were removed to this church, of which he once was rector. A monument has been raised to his memory, and records how "On the 4th of October, 1535, the first complete English version of the Bible was published under his direction."

Passing under the approach to London Bridge and the Fishmongers' Hall, we enter *Upper Thames Street*. On the right is *St. Lawrence Poultney Hill*, so called from Sir John Poultney, Lord Mayor in 1333 and 1336, who founded a chapel there to St. Laurence: it was destroyed in the Fire; but its burial-ground remains. Poultney's Inn, the "right fair and stately house" of Sir John Poultney in Cold-Harbour (Cole-Harbour) on the other side of Thames Street, was given by Henry VIII. to Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, in exchange for Durham House, but, on his deprivation, was bestowed by Edward VI. on the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury. It was afterwards let out in poor tenements, inhabited by beggars, and as such is mentioned by Ben Jonson, and by Heywood and Rowley.

On the right is *Suffolk Lane*, commemorating the house of the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, and afterwards of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk (brother-in-law of Henry VIII.), as *Duck's Foot Alley* is Duke's foot-lane—the private road from his garden to the river. Suffolk House was built on part of the Manor of the Rose, originally called Poultney's Inn. In 1447 it was the scene of the alleged treason of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. Being afterwards in the hands of the Dukes of Buckingham, Charles Knevet, a surveyor who had been dismissed by Edward Stafford,

Duke of Buckingham, in consequence of his tenants' complaints, was moved by revenge and the hope of reward to accuse his late master of treason. The answer of the surveyor when questioned by the King as to the Duke's design upon the succession is given by Shakspeare almost in the words of Holinshed—

> "Not long before your highness sped to France,
> The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
> Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand
> What was the speech amongst the Londoners
> Concerning the French journey: I replied,
> Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
> To the king's danger."—*Henry VIII., Act I., sc.* 2.

After the attainder of Buckingham, the Manor of the Rose, being forfeited, was granted to Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter. He was beheaded in 1539, and the manor, being again forfeited to the crown, was granted to Robert Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, in whose family it continued till it was sold in 1651 to Richard Hill, Master of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who founded the Merchant Tailors' School, which stood in Suffolk Lane from the reign of Elizabeth till it was removed to the Charterhouse in 1873. The school buildings, of 1675, were pulled down when the school departed.

On the right is the *Church of Allhallows the Great*, also called Allhallows *ad foenum*, from its position in the rope-making district, an ugly work of Wren, finished 1683, with a very handsome chancel screen, probably by Gibbons. The altar screen was presented by the Hanse merchants in the last century, and all the carving in the church executed at their expense, as a recognition of the connection of

their ancestors, merchants of the neighbouring Steel Yard, with this church: the eagle of the Hanse merchants surmounts the pulpit. This, according to Pepys, was one of the first churches which set up the royal arms before the Restoration. It contains one of the curious metrical monuments to Elizabeth—

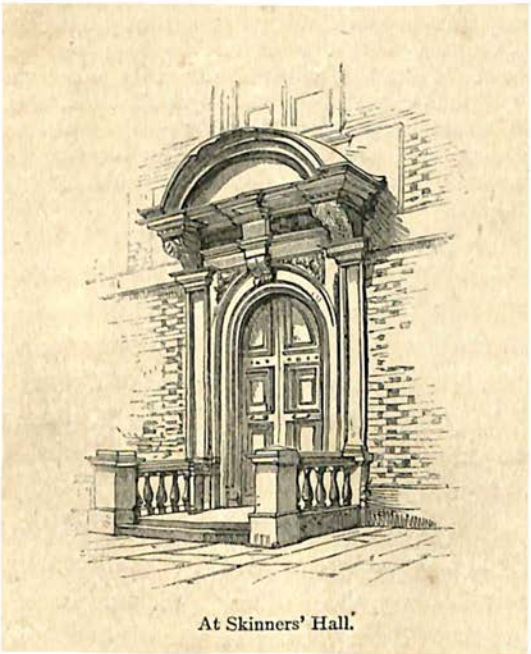
"Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy, World's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's nurse, and Faith's defender."

Passing under the Cannon Street Railway Terminus, occupying the site of the Stilliard, where the Hanse merchants settled in 1250 and remained till they were expelled in the reign of Elizabeth, 1597—8, we find an ancient water-gate—sometimes believed to have been the western as Billingsgate the eastern gate of Roman London—commemorated in *Dowgate* or *Downegate Hill*, where, says Strype, "the water comes down from other streets with that swiftness that it ofttimes causeth a flood in the lower part." Ben Jonson says—

"Thy canvass giant at some channel aims,
Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames."

On the west side of Dowgate Hill is the *Hall of the Dyers' Company*, and, adjoining it, the *Hall of the Skinners' Company*, incorporated in 1327. The front towards the street was rebuilt in 1790, but that facing the Courtyard, of red and black bricks alternately with a characteristic wooden porch, was built immediately after the Fire. In the Court Room is an admirable portrait of Sir Andrew

Judde (a skinner), the founder of Tunbridge School, whose tomb is in Great St. Helen's. A fine old staircase, adorned with a portrait of Sir T. Pilkington, Lord Mayor 1689, 1690, and 1691 (satirised in "The Triennial Mayor"), leads to the *Cedar Drawing Room*, one of the noblest old rooms



At Skinners' Hall.

in London, entirely panelled with cedar, relieved by gilding, with a far-projecting fireplace.

In *Cloak Lane*, Dowgate Hill, is the *Cutlers' Hall*, rebuilt 1854. An old house near it bears the arms of the Company, an elephant with a castle on its back.

On *College Hill* (right) was the College of St. Spirit and

St. Mary, founded by Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Here now is the *Mercers' School*, founded for 70 children by the Mercers' Company. The Collegiate Church of *St. Michael, Paternoster Royal*, also built from funds left by Whittington. Stow says—

"Richard Whittington was in this church three times buried: first by his executors under a fair monument; then, in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of that church, thinking some great riches (as he said) to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and, in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up, to lap him in lead as before, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again, and so he resteth."—p. 91.

He did not, however, even "so rest," for his monument was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present church is one of Wren's rebuildings. The altar-piece is *Hilton's* picture of the Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ. John Cleveland, the poetical champion of Charles I., whose works had such an enormous sale at the time, was buried in this church in 1659.

Three Cranes Lane, on the left, is so called from the machines so common here, used by the merchants of Bordeaux in landing their wines. It was in a warehouse near "the Three Cranes in the Vintry" that the Protectress, Oliver Cromwell's widow, secreted "seventeen cart-loads of rich stuff," which she had taken away from Whitehall.

Queen Street leads to *Southwark Bridge*, of cast-iron on stone piers, built by John Rennie, 1815—19. Just beyond, on the left, is the open court-yard of the *Hall of the Vintners' Company*, incorporated, under the name of "the

Wine Tonners," in the reign of Edward III. The flat-roofed hall is surrounded by good oak panelling, and has modern stained windows. The life-size swans at the end commemorate the right which this Company, with the Queen, and the Dyers' Company, alone hold to all the swans on the Thames. The Company annually go "swan-upping"* to Henley-on-Thames, and mark their cygnets with two nicks, whence the popular sign of "the Swan with two necks." The patron saint of the Company is St. Martin,† who is commemorated here by some very curious old tapestry, and in a picture by *Rubens*. The Court-Room has the usual royal portraits. The old staircase, with garlands on the bannisters, is admirable in design.

Behind the houses on the right of Thames Street is another wretched work of Wren, *St. James Garlickhithe*, so called because "of old time, on the bank of the river of Thames, near to this church, garlick was usually sold." It was in this church that Steele first "discovered the excellency of the Common Prayer," when he "heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive."‡

In Little Trinity Lane (right) is the *Painter-stainers' Hall*, rebuilt after the Great Fire on the site of the Hall where the Relief Commission met during the Great Plague of 1664. The Hall contains a number of good royal portraits from Charles I. downwards.

We now reach *Queenhithe*, a name derived from the

* On what is called "the Swan-voyage."

† The Church of St. Martin in the Vintry, where Sir John Gisors of Gisors Hall was buried with his brother and son, was burnt in the Fire and never rebuilt.

‡ *Spectator*, No. 147.

"quern" or mill for the corn landed there: in some documents of the twelfth century it is spelt Corn-hithe. The place, however, was early known as "Ripa Reginæ," being given by John to his mother Eleanor of Aquitaine. Tolls of this port, paid according to the value of the lading of vessels, were afterwards part of the revenue of the Queen's Consort. It was the attempt of Eleanor of Provence to force every vessel laden with corn, wool, or other cargo of value to land here which was a leading cause of her unpopularity. In Peele's "Chronicle-play of King Edward I." (1593) Eleanor, being accused of her crimes, replies—

> "If that upon so vile a thing
> Her heart did ever think
> She wish'd the ground might open wide,
> And therein she might sink!
>
> With that at Charing-cross she sunk
> Into the ground alive;
> And after rose with life again,
> In London at Queenhithe."

The *Church of St. Michael, Queenhithe*, lately destroyed, one of Wren's rebuildings, had a vane with a ship made to contain a bushel of grain, the great article of Queenhithe traffic.

At *Brokenwharf* (left) on the river was the stone palace of the Bigods and Mowbrays, Earls and Dukes of Norfolk, after their removal from the site of Norfolk Row in Lambeth.

Passing the *Tower of St. Mary Somerset*, which belonged to one of Wren's churches, and which groups so well with later buildings—the only tower of a destroyed Wren church which the City has respected, and, what an orna-

ment it is ! and glancing into the *Churchyard of St. Peter, Paul's Wharf*, destroyed in the Great Fire, and never rebuilt, we reach *St. Benet, Paul's Wharf* (on the right), another of Wren's feeble churches. It is strange that he should not have had the grace to restore the tomb of Inigo Jones, who was buried in the old church, June 26, 1652, aged 80, having been much persecuted for his Roman Catholic opinions. Sir William Le Neve, John Philpott, and William Oldys, also buried here, were all heralds from the college close by. In St. Benet's churchyard was the punning epitaph—

> "Here lies one More, and no more than he.
> One More and no more! how can that be?
> One More and no more may well lie here alone;
> But here lies one More, and that's more than one."

Castle Baynard Dock commemorates the feudal house called Baynard's Castle, destroyed in the Great Fire, and "so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror."* It was to Maud Fitzwalter, daughter of "the Lord of Castle Baynard," that King John paid his unwelcome addresses. The palace built on this site by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was the place where the crown was offered to Richard III. Those who have seen Shakspeare's play acted will remember Richard's appearance in the upper gallery here, between two bishops, and Catesby and Buckingham, in the hall beneath, with the mayor and aldermen, endeavouring to overcome his hypocritical reluctance to accept the kingdom. Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed here in 1553. Anne, "Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery," afterwards lived here while

* Stow, p. 136.

her husband was residing at the Cockpit in Whitehall. Baynard's Castle had ten narrow gloomy towers towards the river, and, in the centre, an arched water-gate and broad staircase.

Thames Street ends at *Blackfriars Bridge*, an ugly erection of Joseph Cubitt (1867) supplanting the fine work of Robert Mylne, executed in 1760—69. The older bridge was at first called Pitt Bridge, in honour of the great minister, who is still commemorated in William Street, Earl Street, and Chatham Place. Mylne's work was so appreciated at the time that he was buried in state near Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's, but his bridge was demolished within a hundred years of its erection, and even his house has been swept away by the erection of the Ludgate Hill Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

Near this, but invisible, is the point—

> "Where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."
>
> *Pope. Dunciad.*

Blackfriars takes its name from the Dominican monks who came to England in 1221, and first settled in Holborn on land now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. In 1276 they moved to the banks of the Thames, where their monastery and church rose to great splendour through the constant favour of Edward I., who deposited the heart of his beloved Eleanor at Blackfriars, when her body was taken to Westminster. The belief that "to be buried in the habit of the Order was a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil" afterwards led to the interment of many great and wealthy personages in the monastic church,

including Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and his wife Margaret of Scotland; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in the Wars of the Roses; and Sir Thomas and Dame Maude Parr, father and mother of Queen Katherine Parr. Several Parliaments met in the monastery. The "Black Parliament," which took its name from hence, with Sir Thomas More as its Speaker, here received the exorbitant demands of Henry VIII. for a subsidy for his French wars, insolently conveyed through Wolsey. Charles V. insisted upon lodging at the Prior's house when he came to London in 1522, though Bridewell Palace was proposed for him. But Blackfriars Monastery will always be best remembered as the place, made familiar by Shakspeare (who knew it well), where (June 21, 1529) the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio, sate in judgment upon the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and where the queen, as "a poor weak woman, fallen from favour," flinging herself at her husband's feet, made that touching speech, which has been scarcely altered by Shakspeare. On the same spot, only a few months later, Parliament pronounced its sentence of *præmunire* against Wolsey himself.

Blackfriars was granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Cawarden, "Master of the King's Revels," who pulled down its church of many associations and that of St. Anne, which adjoined it. Both, however, would have perished in the Fire. Sir William More, who was Cawarden's executor, granted part of the monastic buildings to James Burbage, who, in 1596, converted them into the first regular Theatre erected in Blackfriars, though plays had already been acted within the precincts. In this theatre Shakspeare, who

bought a house in Blackfriars, was himself an actor in 1598 in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. The theatre was pulled down in 1655.

Blackfriars has many other associations. Ben Jonson dates the dedication of his *Volpone* from "my house at Blackfriars this 11th day of February, 1607." Nat Field the player and dramatist; Dick Robinson the player; Vandyke (whom Charles I. came by water to visit here), Cornelius Jansen, and Isaac Oliver the painters; and Faithorne the engraver, resided here. The wicked Earl and Countess of Somerset were also inhabitants of Blackfriars, and were here at the time of Sir Thomas Overbury's murder.*

In order to visit in a group the interesting points in Blackfriars, we may turn up *Water Lane*, the last side street on the right before reaching New Bridge Street. Here (right) is the *Apothecaries' Hall*, belonging to one of the busiest and most useful of the City Companies, which was founded in the reign of James I. Except the Stationers' it is the only Company whose members are strictly what its name implies, and it has five hundred members. The laboratories connected with this Hall result from the association of the Apothecaries and Druggists. For till 1687 apothecaries were only what druggists are now, and it was their presuming to prescribe which gave such offence to the College of Physicians in the seventeenth century and led to the verses of Garth—

> "Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
> To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
> There stands a structure on a rising hill,
> Where tyros take their freedom out to kill."

* See *The Builder*, Aug. 12, 1876.

But in 1703 a decision of the House of Lords permitted apothecaries to advise as well as to dispense medicines, and no less than one hundred and ten examinations are now held annually at the Hall for students seeking a licence. The long black oak *Gallery* facing the court is called by the students the "Funking Room" because there they are kept waiting before being ushered into the presence of their examiners. It is lined with immensely deep cupboards (many of them concealed) used as bookcases. Its curiosities include a Catalogue of Plants of 1662, with the Latin MS. notes of John Ray (1627—1704), the eminent botanist and "founder of modern zoology,"* written during his travels. The stained windows bear the mottoes—"Beare with one another; Love as Brethren: Et bene dum vivis, post mortem vivere si vis." The *Hall*, lined with black oak, was built just after the Fire. A contemporary bust of Gideon de Laune here commemorates the physician of Anne of Denmark, who obtained their charter for the Apothecaries. Beneath it is a magnificent old iron-bound chest, with a lock guarded by four apes. In the *Court Room* is a picture of De Laune with many other portraits, including that of the famous Dr. Richard Mead, 1717, and a sketch by *Sir Joshua Reynolds* for his portrait of Dr. Hunter (1728—83) now in the College of Surgeons. A slight canopy on the left of the Court Room marks the spot where the Master formerly sate upon a dais, and formally admitted the student candidates, who bowed before him on the step.

At the back of the Hall are the *Chemical Laboratories*, established 1671, from which the Army is still supplied with

* Cuvier. "Biog. Univ."

medicines, and which formerly supplied the Navy also. We may visit the "Mortar Room," "Test Room," and "Magnesia Room." Jalap, Seidlitz Powders, Lozenges, and many other medicines are here in a constant state of preparation by machinery; and there are vaults for the formation and conserving of tinctures, with warehouses and dispensaries. The preparation of some of the drugs, especially those containing mercury, is so deleterious to the workmen that, though they work in helmets with glass eyes, they are constantly obliged to be allowed a few days' leave of absence.

Turning left we reach *Carter Lane.* The names of the side arteries of this Lane—Friar Street, Creed Lane, Holiday Yard, and Pilgrim Street—bear record of the great religious house in their neighbourhood, and of the ancient pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Erkenwald. On the right is the entrance of *Wardrobe Place,* a quiet court, with dark-red brick houses and young trees, which marks the site of the building known as "the Kings' Wardrobe," erected by Sir J. Beauchamp (whose tomb, in the centre of the nave of St. Paul's, was mistaken for that of Duke Humphrey), and sold to Edward III. It was a sort of Museum of the robes worn by the kings on different state occasions, and became, as Fuller describes, "a library for antiquaries therein to read the mode and fashion of garments of all ages."

Retracing our steps a little, *Church Entry* (on the left of Carter Lane as we return) contains, against the wall of Blackfriars School, a monument to Dr. William Gouge, who was minister of the old Church of St. Anne when Shakspeare was residing here, and who, being of like prin-

ciples, was probably of his personal acquaintance. Church Entry leads into *Ireland Yard*, which takes its name from the William Ireland whose name appears in a deed of conveyance to Shakspeare of a house on that site. Hence, turning to the right, through *Glass House Yard* (of which the name is the memorial of an attempt by a Venetian in Elizabeth's reign, to introduce one of his native glass manufactories, to the great disgust of London glass-workers) we come to *Play House Yard*, commemorating the old Theatre where Shakspeare acted. The yard now resounds with the roar of machinery in the *Times Printing Office*, which has a great new front towards Queen Victoria Street. The principal entrance, however, is in the retired court called *Printing House Square*, so called from the office of the King's Printer which existed here 1770, in the old building marked by the royal arms over its entrance. In the square are two rare old trees of much interest to botanists.

The *Times* Newspaper, the leading journal of Europe, was commenced by John Walter, its first number, of January 1, 1788, being a continuation of the *Daily Universal Register*. The *Times* of November 29, 1814, was the first newspaper printed by steam.

"No description can give any adequate idea of one of the *Times* machines in full work,—the maze of wheels and rollers, the intricate lines of swift-moving tapes, the flight of sheets, and the din of machinery. The central drum moves at the rate of six feet per second, or one revolution in three seconds; the impression cylinder makes five revolutions in the same time. The layer-on delivers two sheets every five seconds, consequently fifteen sheets are printed in that brief space. The *Times* employs two of these eight-cylinder machines, each of which averages 12,000 impressions per hour; and one nine-cylinder, which prints 16,000" (Ency. Brit.). In addition to these, Howe's American machine, with ten horizontal cylinders, prints 20,000 copies in an hour.

A charming drive along the new *Thames Embankment* leads from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster. Its great feature is *Waterloo Bridge*, the noble work of George Rennie, built 1811—1817 and opened on the second anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. It is built of granite, and has nine arches, one hundred and twenty inches span and thirty-five high. Canova considered it "the noblest bridge in the world—worth a visit from the remotest corners of the earth;" and Dupin describes it as "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars."

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON BRIDGE AND SOUTHWARK.

AT the entrance of London Bridge, upon the right, is the *Fishmongers' Hall*, rebuilt by *H. Roberts* in 1831, in the place of a Hall of which Jarnan was the architect after the Great Fire. It is one of those huge palaces of dignified repose which are such a feature of the City. On the landing of the stairs is a statue of Sir William Walworth, 1698, painted, but carved in wood by Edward Peirce the statuary, who died in 1698.* On the pedestal is inscribed—

"Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Major yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes.
The King, therefore, did give in liew
The Dagger in the cityes armes.
In the 4th yeare of Richard II. Anno Domini. 1381."

The dagger of Walworth is preserved in the Hall, in a glass-case, and is certainly of the fourteenth century, but unfortunately the so-called "dagger" was borne in the city-arms centuries before the time of Wat Tyler, and represents the sword of St. Paul, the patron of the corporation.

On the *Staircase* are portraits of—

* Horace Walpole.

William III. and Mary II. *Murray.*
George II. and Caroline of Anspach. *Shackleton.*

In the *Court Dining Room* are—

Romney. Frederick Christian, Margrave of Anspach, nephew of Caroline, Queen of George II., who sold his principalities to the King of Prussia and came to live in England. Ob. 1806.

Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach, 1750—1820, daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley, married in 1767 to William, sixth Lord Craven, and in 1791 to the Margrave of Anspach. The existence of the pictures here commemorates a fête she gave to the Fishmongers' Company at her residence of Brandenburg House on the Thames.

The *Great Banqueting Hall* contains portraits of

Queen Victoria, 1840. *Herbert Smith.*
The Duke of Kent. *Beechey.*
The Duke of Sussex.

In the *Small Meeting Room* is a fine portrait of

Earl St. Vincent, by *Beechey.* The flag presented to him by the crew of the *Ville de Paris* is preserved here.

In the *Waiting Room* are some curious old pictures, including a representation of the Pageant of the Fishmongers' Company on October 29, 1616, when Sir J. Leman, Fishmonger, became Lord Mayor. The relics here include—

The magnificent *Pall,* worked by nuns, used at the funeral of Sir William Walworth in 1381.* Its principal subject is our Saviour giving the keys to St. Peter, at the ends are representations of the Deity and Angels.

The *Master's Chair,* made of oak from the piles of Old London Bridge, with the seat formed from the foundation-stone laid in 1176, and fished up in 1832.

* The palls preserved in many of the old City Halls are relics of the time when the Halls were let out for ceremonies of lying in state.

The Fishmongers' Company were formidable neighbours to Billingsgate, as they had power "to enter and seize bad fish," and they still employ inspectors, who bring in a report of the quantity of unwholesome fish destroyed. A member of the company named Thomas Dogget, who died in 1821, being a determined Whig, left a sum for an orange coat and silver Hanoverian badge to be contended for on the Thames every 1st of August by six young watermen.

London Bridge was built 1825—31 from designs of John Rennie (son of a farmer in East Lothian) and his sons John and George, at a cost of nearly two millions, but is already found insufficient, and will soon (1877) be widened, and probably spoilt.

There was a bridge here in Saxon times, defended by towers and bulwarks, where, in 1008, was fought "the Battle of London Bridge," in which Olaf* the king and saint of Norway assisted Ethelred the Unready in defeating the Danes. In 1176 the first stone bridge was built by Peter, priest of St. Mary Colechurch, in which Thomas a Becket had been baptized. Hence, on the central pier, Colechurch erected a chapel in honour of the sainted archbishop, where, when he died in 1205, he was himself buried. This chapel was of great beauty, having a crypt, connected by a flight of stairs with the river. All the other piers were covered with houses, and towards the Southwark side from the end of the sixteenth century stood "Nonsuch House," a fantastic building of wood, said to have been constructed in Holland, with four towers, crowned by domes with gilded vanes. The last building on the Southwark side was "the

* Commemorated in the singular corrupted name of Tooley (Olaf) Street, on the south bank of the river, where he is patron of the parish.

Traitors' Gate." The heads exposed here included those of William Wallace, 1305; the Earl of Northumberland, 1408; and Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, 1535. Hall says that at the end of a fortnight Fisher's head had to be thrown into the Thames, because the bridge was choked up with people coming to see it, "for it could not be perceived to waste nor consume . . . but daily grew fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them." Sir Thomas More's head was removed after a time to make room for others, and would also have been thrown into the Thames, but this opportunity had been watched for by his loving daughter Margaret Roper, who bought it and conveyed it safely away to Canterbury. After the Restoration the heads of some of the regicides were exposed here.

On St. George's Day in 1390 the famous passage at arms in the presence of Richard II. was fought on London Bridge between Lord Welles and the chivalrous Sir David Lindsay of Gleneck, in which the Scottish knight was completely triumphant.*

In the sixth picture of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" the appearance of the houses on old London Bridge may be seen. At one time the booksellers' shops on London Bridge had the reputation which those of Paternoster Row have now. The infant daughter of Sir William Hewett, a famous clock-maker on the bridge, Lord Mayor of London in 1559, fell from one of the overhanging windows and was saved from drowning by the gallantry of his apprentice

* See the picturesque account in "The Lives of the Lindsays."

Edward Osborne, who was eventually rewarded with her hand and a large dowry. Osborne himself was Lord Mayor in 1582, and his great-grandson became Duke of Leeds. Pennant describes the street on London Bridge shortly before its fall—"narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timbers crossing the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." The narrowness of the arches beneath the bridge, and the consequent compression of the river, made "shooting the bridge" very dangerous. Ray's proverb, "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under," shows the popular feeling about its rapids. Cowley describes the river as—

> "Stopp'd by the houses of that wondrous street,
> Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet."

In its later existence most of the houses on the bridge were inhabited by pin-makers, and it was a fashionable amusement with west-end ladies to drive to buy their pins there. In the last century the old houses, in one of which Hans Holbein had lived, were removed one after the other. Fuller says of Old London Bridge—

> "The middle thereof is properly in none, the two ends in two counties, Middlesex and Surrey. Such who only see it *beneath*, where it is a bridge, cannot suspect it should be a street; and such who behold it *above*, where it is a street, cannot believe it is a bridge."

Immediately beyond London Bridge, on the left, now half-buried amongst raised streets and railways, is the fine

cruciform *Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark.* It has been sadly mutilated in the present century, but its Lady Chapel and choir are still amongst our best specimens of Early English architecture. They are surrounded by a flower and vegetable market, and a churchyard, in which the great dramatic poet Massinger was originally buried. The entry in the register is "March 20, 1639—40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger." This was formerly the church belonging to the priory of *St. Mary Overy*, which Stow on the authority of Linsted, the last prior, says was originally founded by Mary Overy, a ferry woman, who, long before the Conquest or the existence of any bridge over the river, devoted her earnings to this purpose. She was buried within the walls of the church, and, by some, its dedication has been supposed to refer to her, as the Virgin Mother is not the St. Mary referred to, having her own chapel—the "Lady Chapel"—annexed to the building. The foundation of Mary Overy was for a House of Sisters, but this was afterwards turned into a College of Priests by Swithin, a noble lady, who is said to have built the first timber bridge over the river; and, in 1106, it was refounded for canons regular by William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, two Norman knights. At the dissolution the church was made parochial. It had already become known as St. Saviour's, for in 1510 it was brought as a charge against one Joane Baker that she said she was "sorry she had gone on so many pilgrimages, as to St. Saviour's, and divers other pilgrimages."

The Choir, of the most exquisite and unspoilt Early English architecture, retains its beautiful altar-screen, erected by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in 1528, and adorned

with his device, the pelican. Here Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, grandson of the Fair Maid of Kent, was married in 1406 to Lucia, eldest daughter of Bernabo Visconti, tyrant of Milan, Henry IV. giving away the bride. In the pavement an inscription marks the grave to which Philip Massinger has been removed from the churchyard. Near it is that of John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher), 1625, of whom Aubrey says that, during the great Plague, he was invited by a Knight in Suffolk or Norfolk to take refuge with him till the danger should be over, but lingered while his tailor made him a suit of new clothes, fell sick, and died.

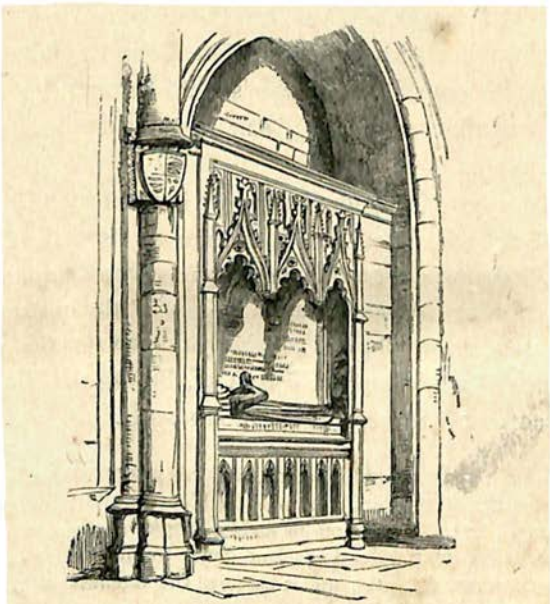
On the left of the north transept is the beautiful tomb of John Gower the Poet, *ob.* 1402, removed from the Chantrey of St. John, where he had been buried in accordance with his will. He had contributed largely to the restoration of the church, in which, in 1399, he had been married to Alice Groundolf by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Stow accurately describes the monument.

"He lieth under a tomb of stone, with his image also of stone over him: the hair of his head, auburn, long to his shoulders but curling up, and a small forked beard; on his head a chaplet like a coronet of four roses; a habit of purple, damasked down to his feet;* a collar of esses gold about his neck; under his head the likeness of three books which he compiled."—P. 152.

The three works of Gower upon which his head reposes are—1. The *Speculum Meditantis*, a work upon connubial chastity, written in French after the fashion of the time, which prescribed either French or Latin as the language of poetry, a rule first violated by Chaucer. 2. The *Vox*

* Now repainted.

Clamantis, written in Latin. 3. The *Confessio Amantis*, written in English, after Chaucer had published his other works, but before the Canterbury Tales. It is on this poem, which represents a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, that the reputation of Gower is founded. It was finished in 1393, and is said to have been written in answer



Gower's Tomb.

to the desire of Richard II., who, meeting the poet one day upon the Thames, called him into his barge, and desired him to "booke some new thing." The first edition contained many passages flattering to King Richard, but the time-serving poet afterwards either omitted these altogether or converted them to the praise of his rival and successor

Henry IV. Gower was educated for the law at the Middle Temple and is believed there to have contracted a friendship with Chaucer. Their tastes were the same, and Gower was especially attached to the patronage of Thomas of Woodstock, one of the uncles of Richard III., as Chaucer was to that of another, John of Gaunt. It is believed, however, that the friendship of the poets was turned to enmity

Sleeping Sifter, St. Mary Overy.

before the death of Chaucer. Gower became blind in the first year of Henry IV. and died in 1402. A tablet used to hang by his tomb inscribed, "Whosoever prayeth for the soul of John Gower, he shall, so oft as he doth, have an M and a D dayes of pardon."

Against the pillar on the left, adjoining the tomb, are the arms of Cardinal Henry Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt,

who was consecrated Bishop of Winchester and came to Winchester House close to this church in the year of Gower's death. Against the same pillar is a curious miniature tomb to William Emerson, 1575, "who lived and died an honest man." He is represented in his shroud.

Opposite that of Gower is the tomb, with curious coloured half-figures, of John Bingham, 1625, saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

In the south transept is the strange allegorical tomb of William Austen, 1626, author of "Certain Devout, Learned, and Godly Meditations." There is much grandeur in the figures of the sifters sleeping deeply with their prongs over their shoulders, while waiting for the great final harvest.

Next is the tomb of Dr. Lockyer the pill-inventor, with his figure in the costume of Charles II.'s time, reclining upon it, and the inscription—

"Here Lockyer lies interr'd; enough, his name
Speakes, which hath few competitors in fame.
A name, soe great, soe generalle, may scorne
Inscriptions which doe vulgar tombs adorne.
A diminution 'tis, to write in verse
His eulogiës, which most men's mouth's rehearse.
His virtues and his PILLS are soe well knowne,
That envy can't confine them under stone,
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,
Till all things else at th' universal fire.
This verse is lost, his PILL embalm's him safe
To future times, without an epitaph."

Alas, however, the pills have not survived the dust, and Lockyer is unembalmed.

Passing the tomb of Richard Blisse, 1703, and a weird nameless figure in a shroud ascribed by tradition to "Audery,"

father of Mary Overy,* we enter the south aisle of the choir, containing the tomb of John Trehearne, Gentleman Porter to James I., and his wife, with coloured half-figures, and the epitaph—

> "In the king's court-yard place to thee is given,
> Whence thou shalt go to the king's court of heaven."

An epitaph surpassed by that on Miss Barford, which narrates how—

> "Such grace the King of Kings bestow'd upon her,
> That now she lives with Him a Maid of Honour."

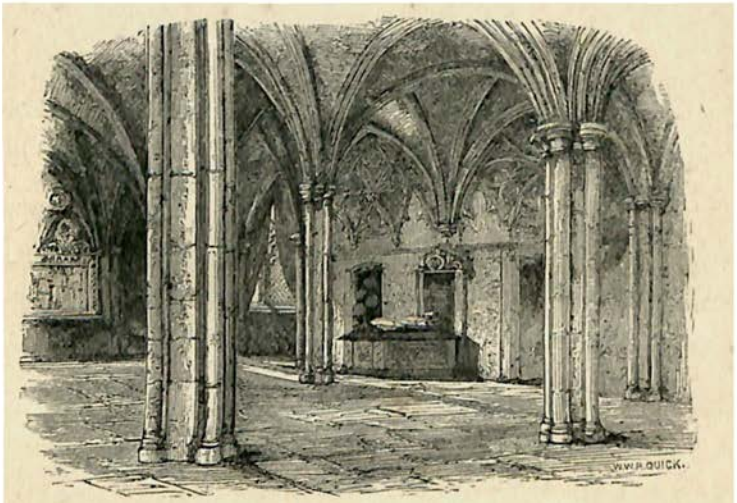
Close by are two niches, supposed to be the tombs of Pont de Arche and Dauncy, the second founders of the church; in one of them is a cross-legged effigy. Opposite, between the pillars of the choir, is the alabaster tomb of Alderman Richard Humble (1616) and his two wives. The inscription is attributed to Francis Quarles—

> "Like to the damask rose you see,
> Or like the blossom on the tree,
> Or like the dainty flower of May,
> Or like the morning of the day,
> Or like the sun, or like the shade,
> Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
>
> "E'en so is Man, whose thread is spun,
> Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
>
> "The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
> The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
> The sun sets, the shadow flies,
> The gourd consumes, and Man he dies."

* There is a curious tract called "The true History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferryman of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness; and of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of S. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built, and of the building of London Bridge." It narrates how John Overs counterfeited death, thinking to economise by making his household fast for a day, but they feasted instead, whereat he arose in a fury and killed an apprentice, for which he was executed.

Other persons buried here without a monument are Sir Edward Dyer, the Elizabethan pastoral poet, 1607, who lived and died in Winchester House; and Edmond Shakspeare, the poet's younger brother; the register merely says, "Edmond Shakspeare, a player, in the church."

The beautiful Lady Chapel was used in the time of Mary I. as the consistorial court of Gardiner, Bishop of



Lady Chapel, St. Mary Overy.

Winchester, and here Bishop Hooper and John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, were condemned to be burnt—the popular feeling in favour of the latter being so strong at the time that he had to be conveyed from hence by night in secrecy to Newgate.*

Here is the black and white marble tomb of Bishop

* Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's."

Lancelot Andrews, 1628, with the inscription "September 21. Die lunæ hora matutina fere quarta Lancelotus Andrewes, episcopus Wintonensis, meritissimum lumen orbis Christiani mortuus est (ephemeris laudiana) anno Domini, 1626, ætatis suæ 71." The tomb was brought hither from a chapel called the Bishop's Chapel, which formerly existed to the east of the Lady Chapel, where it had a canopy inscribed, "Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a man lies here." Queen Elizabeth, who delighted in the preaching of Andrews, raised him from the Mastership of Pembroke Hall to the Deanery of Westminster, but he refused to accept any bishopric in her reign, because he would not submit to an alienation of the ecclesiastical revenue. James I. preferred him to any other divine as a preacher, and selected him to answer Cardinal Bellarmine, who had attacked his "Defence of the rights of Kings." In 1605 he was made Bishop of Chichester, in 1609 Bishop of Ely, in 1618 Bishop of Winchester. Endless stories are preserved of the kindness, charity, and the unfailing humility of Bishop Andrews, whom all honoured but himself. He is chiefly remembered now by his "Manual of Private Devotions," composed in his latter years, and of which the manuscript was constantly wet with his tears. His death was received as a public calamity. Archbishop Laud* lamented him as "the great light of the Christian world;" and Milton wrote a Latin elegy upon him, which has been translated by Cowper.

Near the tomb are kept a number of bosses, from the roof of the nave, preserved when it was pulled down. Their

* Diary.

ornaments comprise the arms of Southwark, and those of Henry de Briton, Prior, 1462—1486, but the most curious is that of a painted head, with a man half-eaten. The present nave, on a different level to the rest of the church, is wholly uninteresting; the grand nave of 1469 was wantonly destroyed in 1831. The church tower contains twelve bells, of which nine are upwards of four hundred years old.

Between St. Saviour's and the river stood Winchester House, the old palace of the Bishops of Winchester, built in 1107—being, says Stow, "a very fair house, well repaired, with a large wharf, and a landing-place, called the Bishop of Winchester's stairs." Here Cardinal Beaufort (half-brother of Henry IV.) celebrated the marriage of his niece, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, with James I. of Scotland, the royal poet, who had first seen and loved her from his prison window at Windsor, and doubted whether she was

> —"a worldly creature
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature."

Bishop Gardiner—"politick Gardiner, who spared all the weeds, and spoiled all the good flowers and herbs,"*—lived here in state, with a number of pages of good family, whose education he superintended. It was the last household of the kind, for, after the Reformation, the bishops' houses were filled with their wives and children. Here, out of devotion to his patron the Duke of Norfolk, he arranged little banquets, at which it was arranged that Henry VIII. should meet the Duke's niece, Katherine Howard, then a lovely girl in her teens.

* Fuller.

In 1642 Winchester House was turned into a prison for Royalists by the Presbyterians, and amongst others Sir Kenelm Digby was confined there. Selden says*—

"Sir Kenelm Digby was several times taken and let go again; at last imprisoned at Winchester House. I can compare him to nothing but a great fish that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the bait; at last therefore we put him into some great pond for store."

The old Gothic hall was standing in the present century, but there is nothing left of the house now. It was Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, who, in 1215, founded for canons regular the religious house which at the dissolution became St. Thomas's Hospital, now removed to Lambeth.

Adjoining Winchester House was Rochester House, a residence of the Bishops of Rochester, destroyed in 1604.

On *Bankside*, the district between the Bishop of Winchester's park and the spot called Paris Garden, were several little amphitheatres for bear-baiting and bull-baiting, with other popular places of amusement. Most important of these was the Globe Theatre, built in the reign of Elizabeth, where James I. granted a patent to Shakspeare and his associates to play plays, "as within theire then usuall house, called the Globe, in the countie of Surry, as elsewhere." The theatre was burnt during a performance of *Henry VIII.* in 1613, and was rebuilt in the following year. Ben Jonson calls it "the glory of the Bank, and the fort of the whole parish."† An old print represents it as like a high martello tower with little slits for windows, and a turret and flag at the top.

* Table Talk. † See Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

Paris Garden took its name from Robert de Paris, who leased a house and garden there from the Abbot of Bermondsey, in the reign of Richard II. It had always an immoral reputation, and in the time of Charles I. obtained the name of "Holland's Leaguer," from an ill-working house established in the old manor by a woman named Holland, who contrived to keep the constables at bay by the help of the moat, which existed till 1660. The "Paris Garden Theatre" was in existence in the time of Henry VIII. Here also were "His Majesty's Bear Garden and Bull Ring" of "The Hope" and "The Swan."

Guy's Hospital, on the left of the Borough High Street, with an entrance in St. Thomas's Street, was built by Dance (*ob.* 1773). It owes its foundation to Thomas Guy (born 1645), son of a coal-merchant at Horsleydown, who became a Lombard Street bookseller. The hospital had a narrow escape of losing the wealth of the rich tradesman. He promised to marry his pretty maid, Sally, and had ordered various repairs to his house previous to his nuptials. Seeing that these were incompletely carried out, Sally, in her capacity of bride elect, ordered them to be properly finished; an assumption of authority which gave such offence to her betrothed that he broke off his marriage, and determining to remain a bachelor, built and endowed the hospital at a cost of £238,292. There is a blackened brass statue of the founder in the courtyard, and another in marble, in the chapel.

We are now in *Southwark*, the town on the south side of the Thames, "called by the Saxons," says Pennant, "Southverke, or the South Work." It is intersected by the great street called *the Borough High Street*, which was the

highway between the metropolis and the southern counties, and by which the Canterbury pilgrimages passed out towards the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. A memorial of these pilgrimages may be seen in a succession of ancient taverns, retaining their picturesque wooden galleries around their courtyards, with the chambers opening from them, like the old inns in the French towns. Of these, *The White Hart*, on the left, a little beyond Guy's Hospital, has a court surrounded by old balustraded galleries. It is mentioned by Shakspeare in his *Henry VI.*, when Jack Cade remonstrates with his peasant followers, who are forsaking him and accepting the pardon offered by Buckingham and Clifford, saying—

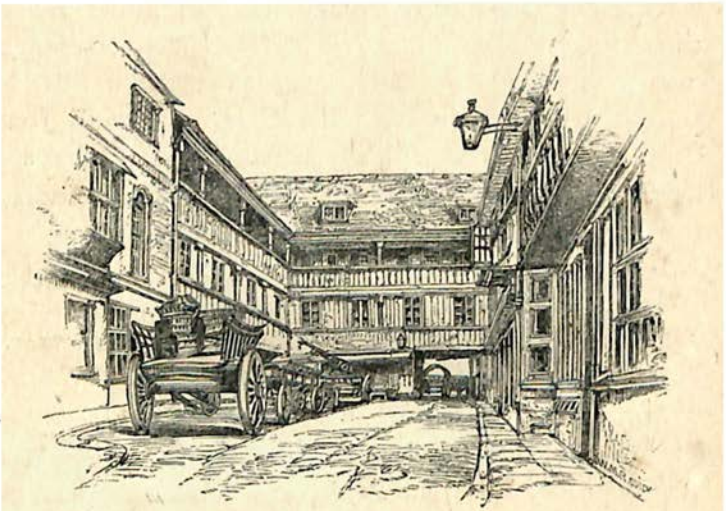
"Will ye needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?"—*Pt. II. Act IV. Sc.* 8.

The "Grey Friars Chronicle," describing Jack Cade's rebellion, says, "At the Whyte Harte in Southwarke, one Hawaydine, of Sent Martins, was beheddyd." A servant of Sir John Fastolf, named Payne, was only saved from the same fate by the intercession of one Robert Poynings, when he was sent from his master's house at Horsleydown to obtain the articles of the rebels' demands. The inn where Cade staid was burnt in 1669 and again in 1676, but was rebuilt in the same style, with the wooden balconies used in watching the open-air theatrical performances in the courts below, by which the taverns were made popular. Shakspeare's plays were probably acted in the courtyards of such inns, he himself being an actor. The White Hart is described by Charles Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers."

The next inn, *The George*, has double tiers of wooden

galleries. It is described by Stow as existing in his time, and is mentioned as early as 1554—35th Henry VIII., when its name was the St. George. The original inn was burnt in 1676, but it was rebuilt in the same style.

But the most interesting of old hostelries was the Tabard, mentioned even in 1598 by Stow as "the most



The George Inn, Southwark.

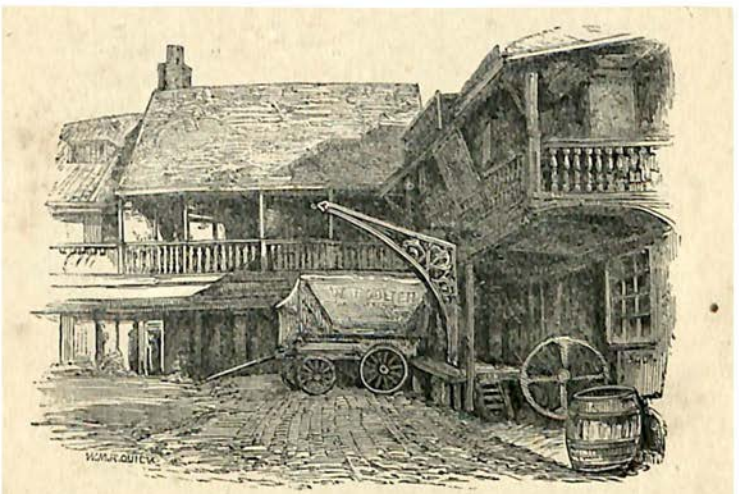
ancient of the inns of Southwark," and which had become for ever celebrated, when

> "Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
> At sixty, wrote the Canterbury tales." *

Up to a few years before its destruction it was marked by an inscription, which said, "This is the Inne where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." It was an old

* Longfellow.

house worthy of Nüremberg, and such as we shall never see again in London, with high roofs and balustraded wooden galleries supported upon stone pillars. A worn faded picture of the Canterbury Pilgrimage hung from the gallery in front of "the Pilgrim's Room." The front towards the street was comparatively modern, having perished in the fire of 1676, after which, says Aubrey, "the

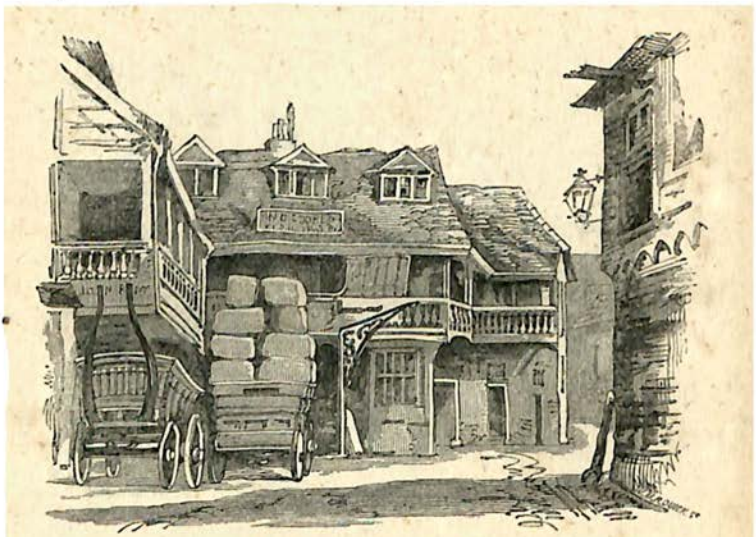


In the Courtyard of the Tabard, Southwark.

ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot or Dog." The ancient sign of the Tabard, says Stow, is "a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn by noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars, but then (to wit, in the wars) their

arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others."

There was such a completely old-world character in the courtyard of the Tabard that, though Chaucer certainly never saw the inn which has been lately destroyed,* those who visited it in 1873, imbued with the poem, would feel that the balustraded galleries, with the little rooms opening



The Tabard, Southwark.

out of them, and the bustling courtyard filled with waggons and wares, represented at least the ghost of the Gothic inn, built by the Abbot of Hyde in 1300 on the same site. They would share the sensation of Dryden, who wrote, "I see all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had

* The original inn was standing in 1602.

supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark," and would picture the meeting which the poet describes—

> "Befel, that in that season, on a day
> In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
> Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage,
> To Canterbury with devout courage,
> At night was come into that hostelry
> Well nine and twenty in a company
> Of sundry folk, by adventure yfall
> In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
> That toward Canterbury woulden ride."

On the left, between King Street and Mermaid Court, was the prison of the Marshalsea—used for persons guilty of offences on the high seas or within the precincts of the court. The Marshal of this prison was seized and beheaded by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381. Bonner, Bishop of London, was imprisoned for ten years in the Marshalsea for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Elizabeth, and died there Sept. 5, 1569. His repartee as he was being led to prison is recorded: "Good-morning, Bishop *quondam*," said a wag. "Farewell, knave *semper*," replied Bonner. At the instigation (as he asserted) of Horne, Bishop of Winchester, the mob gathered round him as he went and returned from the prison to the court. One said to him, "The Lord confound thee, or else turn thy heart." "The Lord," he replied, "send thee to keep thy breath to cook thy porridge." To another, saying "The Lord overthrow thee," he said, "The Lord make thee wise as a woodcock." A woman kneeled down and said, "The Lord save thy life. I trust to see thee Bishop of London again." To which he said, "Gad a mercy, good wife," and so passed on to his lodging.*

* See Strype.

George Wither the poet, who had been a general in Cromwell's army, was imprisoned at the Restoration in the Marshalsea for having written the satire "Abuses stript and whipt," and while here wrote his best poem, "The Shepheard's Hunting." He was released some years before his death. Dickens, in the Preface to "Little Dorrit," describes his search for relics of the Marshalsea—

"I found the outer front courtyard metamorphosed into a butter-shop; and then I almost gave up every brick of the jail for lost. Wandering, however, down a certain Angel Court,* leading to Bermondsey, I came to Marshalsea Place, the houses in which I recognised, not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose to my mind's eyes when I became Little Dorrit's biographer. . . . Whoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

Connected with the prison was the Marshalsea Court—the seat (siége) of the Marshal of the King's Household "to decide differences and to punish criminals within the royal palace, or on the verge thereof, which extended to twelve miles around it." This court was united with that of Queen's Bench in 1842.

St. George's Church, Southwark, was built by John Price (1733-36) upon the site of an old church where General Monk was married to Anne Clarges, and where Bonner, the bloody bishop of London, who died in the Marshalsea, and Rushworth, author of the "Collections,' who died in the King's Bench Prison, were buried. Opposite the church

*Angel *Court* is now Angel *Place*. It is close to St. George's Church.

was a palace of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, daughter of Henry VII. A Quakers' Meeting House in St. George's, Southwark, is connected with the story of the Quaker persecution in the reign of Charles II. It is here that George Fox, the Founder of the Society, was attacked by soldiers with their muskets while he was preaching; and here that, when (1682) a justice of the peace commanded him in the King's name to come down, he replied, "I proceed, for I am commanded by a higher, the King of Kings."

Southwark *Town Hall* stands on the site of St. Margaret's Church, and on the open space in front—"St. Margaret's Hill"—the famous fair was held which was granted by Edward VI., and was annually opened on Sept. 7 by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs riding in procession. Southwark Fair, which was suppressed in 1763, is commemorated by Hogarth.

To the west of High Street, in Park Street, Southwark, is the great *Brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co.*, founded by Henry Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who was his executor and sold the business to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins for £135,000. "We are not here," said Johnson, on the day of the sale, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Thrale's Brewery was built on the site of the oldest Independent or Congregational church in England, founded in 1616 by Henry Jacob, who migrated to Virginia in 1624. During the Long Parliament the Meeting House ventured to open its doors (January 18, 1640-1), the congregation having hitherto been "shifting from place to place."

The streets to the east lead into *Bermondsey* (Beormond's-Eye—from the island property of some Saxon or Danish noble in the marshes of the Thames), now a poor crowded district chiefly inhabited by tanners. There was a royal country-palace here, where Henry II. resided with Eleanor of Aquitaine, when she first came to England, and where she gave birth to her second son. But no remains exist now either of it or of the Cluniac abbey founded by Aylwin Child in 1082, which became celebrated from its connection with a number of royal ladies. Of these, the first was Mary, daughter of Malcolm III. of Scotland, sister of Maud, wife of Henry I., and wife of Eustace, Earl of Boulogne. She died April 18, 1115, and was buried here with the inscription—

> "Nobilis hic tumulata jacet Comitissa Maria.
> Actibus hæc nituit; larga benigna fuit.
> Regum sanguis erat; morum probitate vigebat,
> Compatiens inopi; vivit in arce poli." *

The body of Queen Joanna, widow of Henry IV., who died at Havering-atte-Bower in 1437, rested here in state, on its way to the tomb which she had erected for her husband in Canterbury Cathedral. Katherine de Valois, widow of Henry V., and then wife of Owen Tudor, died here in her thirty-fifth year; and here Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., was imprisoned by her son-in-law, Henry VII., in 1486, and languished till her death in 1492.† By her touching will, made in the abbey, she says that she leaves

* See Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

† Katherine was buried in the tomb of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey; Elizabeth Woodville in that of Edward IV. at Windsor, in a stone coffin, in accordance with the terms of her will—"I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout."

her blessing to Elizabeth of York and her other children, "having no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind." The abbey was surrendered in 1537 and the last abbot rewarded with the bishopric of St. Asaph *in commendam*. The greater part of the abbey buildings were pulled down by Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College at Oxford, and the palace of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Sussex, rose upon their ruins. The only relics still remaining of the abbey are a silver alms-dish, preserved in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, and the names of "Long Walk," "Grange Walk," &c., reminiscences of the monastic gardens and farm, now applied to streets of leather-dressers, leather-dyers, horse-hair manufacturers, &c.

Battle Bridge Wharf, on the river between Bermondsey and London Bridge, commemorates the town-house of the Abbots of Battle, and the intricacies of the wretched streets called the *Maze* mark the labyrinth in their gardens.

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